

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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MR. BRYAN

WHETHER it marks the final term of his leadership, Mr. Bryan's valedictory at Baltimore brings to a close a period without parallel in the history of American politics. Like Clay, Mr. Bryan has thrice been an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. Like Clay, he has preserved through discouragement and defeat that constant devotion of a mighty following which is the last test of democratic leadership. But in the larger matters of principle Mr. Bryan has never tried to win by compromise, and he has ever repaid his devoted followers by new demands of self-sacrifice. The great teachers have taught that the supreme reward men covet is the opportunity for service, and the light of that truth has not been lost on Mr. Bryan. Every defeat has swelled the numbers of his volunteers, and there are more men who would follow a forlorn hope led by him to-day than at any moment of his career.

Such a record indeed deserves to be noted. Although of late years the veil of prejudice has been gradually lifted, Mr. Bryan is still very imperfectly understood. While anything like a complete explanation of his character would far exceed the limits of my space and powers, I may perhaps, serve a useful purpose by setting forth a few of the causes which underlie his personal achievement.

The most familiar criticism of Mr. Bryan's leadership is that it has ever

led to failure. The Democratic sun set in 1896, precisely as Mr. Bryan's star rose from the horizon, and now, sixteen years later, as that star wanes, comes the promise of a Democratic dawn. Thrice during that period Mr. Bryan has not only been his party's candidate for president, but has dictated the plans of the electoral campaign; and each time the issues he has selected have been emphatically disapproved by the voters of the United States. Furthermore, upon the successful men within the party Mr. Bryan has waged unrelenting war. He never lets well enough alone. Murphy in New York, Taggart in Indiana, Sullivan in Illinois, are successful leaders. Moreover, of their conduct toward him personally Mr. Bryan has little reason to complain. These men have worked loyally for a leader they dislike, on occasions when wormwood would have been to them as balm, and gall as the waters of comfort. Finally, to compromise of all sorts,—the time-honored solvent of political feuds,—Mr. Bryan is obstinately opposed. There are few professional politicians in the Democratic party who do not approve of his abdication. His theory of politics finds its inevitable outcome in defeat. The empty chairs of Democratic office-holders tell their plain story. As the efficient enemy of success Mr. Bryan has no equal.

Straight from premise to conclusion

runs the logic of the street. But that logic is founded on a false premise. It takes for granted that the success at which Mr. Bryan has aimed is the same 'success' writ large in every politician's dictionary. But the truth lies in this. The success which Mr. Bryan has pursued he has abundantly enjoyed. The great object of his career has been, not to secure office, not to win Democratic triumphs, but to enlarge the people's vision with a new conception of social obligation. He has sought not so much to gain the enactment of democratic laws as a change in the very stuff of which democracy is made.

Of the new political ideas which pass current in our time, more by far have been shaped by Mr. Bryan, or at least passed on by him from his Populist inheritance, than have come into being from any other single source. For, as everybody knows, Mr. Roosevelt's familiar image and superscription have been stamped on coin annually borrowed from his rival's mint. The publicity of campaign expenditures, the election of senators by the people, the system of direct nominations, initiative, referendum, and all the paraphernalia of direct government based upon complete confidence in the people — all these eclectic issues, from whatever source derived, were articles of Mr. Bryan's faith when Mr. Roosevelt's creed knew them not. It is a safe assertion that, in the making of the American nation to-day out of the materials of twenty years ago, Mr. Bryan has been the largest personal factor. And if this be true, then indeed he is a successful man.

That Mr. Bryan has been a wise leader, a reader of history might well be slow to assert; but that he has been successful is printed below the surface of the whole Progressive movement. And the first secret of this success is, I

believe, that Mr. Bryan is a devoutly religious man. Brought up in the simplest tenets of an Evangelical faith, he has accepted them as naturally as though Copernicus and Darwin had never lived. A man whose Creator daily rectifies the errors of the universe acquires a confidence in the imminent triumph of right which the most gallant skeptic can never hope to achieve. If Mr. Bryan has become famous as a 'good loser,' it is this confidence in a corrective Providence which makes him so. When he has done his best, he has done as the Lord bade him, and the event is in the Lord's hands. There is no wasting of strength in vain regrets; he can rest in peace before new labors. In a personal record of the Silver campaign, Mr. Bryan thus describes his reception of the telegraphic news of the defeat of his hopes: —

'While the compassionless current sped hither and thither, carrying its message of gladness to foe and its message of sadness to friend, there vanished from my mind the vision of a President in the White House, perplexed by the cares of State; and in the contemplation of the picture of a citizen at his fireside, free from official responsibility, I fell asleep.'

Another result of the religious life which is so close to Mr. Bryan's heart is the extraordinary impersonality with which he conducts his battles. As Religion bids us hate the sin and forgive the sinner, so Mr. Bryan throws all his animosity at the principles emblazoned on the banners of the foe. How fair and free from personalities has been his attitude toward McKinley, toward Roosevelt, toward Taft! For sixteen years he has fought a fight of unexceeded bitterness. Yet it was no trick of oratory which led him, at Baltimore, when the frenzy roused by his attack on Ryan and Belmont had not yet subsided, to declare that in all

this world there was no man whom he hated. The words were literally true. Of how many of the smarting veterans of public life can this be said?

It is an interesting speculation to consider what effect upon Mr. Bryan's character might have been produced had he been born into one of the more aristocratic sects of Protestantism. Undoubtedly his Evangelicism has immensely broadened the affection which he naturally feels for the 'plain people,' as the popular instinct makes him love to call them. For the tragic struggle of humanity he feels a sympathy which understanding has deepened to a poignancy unusual among politicians. The thought of crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold held for him a kernel of something sacred within the husk of the orator's phrase.

With the formalities of religion Mr. Bryan has always been in the closest accord. His parents were Baptists, and since his fourteenth year he has been a member of the Presbyterian church. His lectures and speeches have always been colored by the traditional phraseology of the clergy. But it was more than an interest in external things which took him to the Edinburgh Conference for the securing of Christian unity, and which has prompted his continuous and earnest interest in church matters throughout his active life.

But this true religion of Mr. Bryan's runs in a narrow channel. Charity he shows toward men, but never toward ideas. To his primitive mind a creed is right or it is wrong. God does not chequer with light and shade things so important for mankind to see. Mr. Bryan opposed with zeal an attempt to broaden the usefulness of the Young Men's Christian Association by laying less stress upon the importance of the religious code which it maintains, thinking he saw in it that weakness

which the churches have found a subtler foe than sin. And in his long war against Privilege the crude objectiveness of his faith has found new expression in his symbolic vision of the forces arrayed against him. Apollyon and the Scarlet Woman of his Bible class and Sunday-school have become the 'Wall Street' and the 'Plutocracy' of his maturer years. To his pictorial imagination these Devil's children are as real as their father who forever dogs the faltering footsteps of mankind.

Mr. Bryan is an interesting man with an uninteresting mind. He has none of those powers of generalization which lead to the larger reaches of thought; nor has he that mental flexibility which enables a man to understand a position alien to his own. His ideas are cement hardening to stone before they can take rightful shape. To genius the great gift is given of seeing problems in their simple forms; but, like many uneducated men, Mr. Bryan thinks a problem simple because he sees not its complexities. He is forever telling the people that complicated questions of finance or of government should be plain to the dullest understanding. To his mind there is something shady about an intricate question. Its seeming difficulties are the hocus-pocus of interested politicians. No wonder that to his opponents he seems a demagogue, — just as he seemed in the Silver campaign, when, to bring the issue to the proof, he used such arguments as this: —

'If you throw a stone into the air, you know it will come down. Why? Because it is drawn to the centre of the earth. The law upon which we base our fight is as sure as the law of gravitation. If we have a gold standard, prices are as certain to fall as the stone which is thrown into the air.'

In hundreds of such passages analogy is confused with logic, and the

very clearness of the figure seems to Mr. Bryan to cast a corresponding light upon the problem involved. This is not demagoguery. It is but native simplicity of mind.

A demagogue, so the first master of politics has told us, is he who flatters the people, not for their own sake, but for his own. Of this Mr. Bryan is not guilty. When he tells the people they can understand finance, he recalls the childhood lessons in fiat money he learned at his father's knee.¹ Surely these things are not difficult for the multitude to learn. The self-complacency of the crowd Mr. Bryan has not soothed. He has sought continuously to rouse them from their satisfaction, and he has not allowed his human wish for office to thwart a larger destiny.

Though Mr. Bryan is without intellectual power, he is far from lacking readiness of wit. To his surroundings he is delicately responsive. Those who have often heard him speak in public will readily remember how sensitive he is to the sympathies of his audience, and how swiftly he wins his way toward them. If oratory is Mr. Bryan's single talent, it is a supreme talent. His voice is an organ of a hundred stops, and its modulated music has in it that Celtic strain of human pathos which, rising from the heart, goes to the heart again. No one who has been through the heat and turmoil of a national convention can forget the weary hours of listening with hand to ear for the fragmentary words drifting from the speaker. I have seen twenty thousand men, when Mr. Bryan rose, sit comfortably back in their chairs, knowing that the irritating strain was over. If conversion be the test of oratory, the value of such a mental change in a vast audience can scarcely be over-

estimated. Credulity ever keeps pace with comfort.

Mr. Bryan's oratory, however, is far more than the possession of the voice of Boanerges. He speaks from conviction, and he speaks with courage. Never has he more assurance, never is he more perfect master of himself, than when he faces a hostile audience. Often indignant, he is never angry; and in moments of emotional stress he hews his speech to the exact line of his meaning, with a precision which would do credit to a discourse in a college lecture-room. To his great speeches posterity will not do justice. Preachers, actors, journalists, orators — all are judged fairly by their contemporaries alone; and, in writing their epitaphs, historians must learn that of them at least it is Tradition that speaks the truth. The magic of voice and gesture, the passion of speech, the dramatic pause which drives the argument home, the captivating assurance of the speaker that the audience must believe in his integrity and in his cause — these things lend words a deeper and a more eloquent meaning. These things men remember, but you cannot read them in books. Without a great occasion there can be no great speech. Place, hour, issue, audience, and orator make up one work of art.

I have spoken of Mr. Bryan's simplicity of mind. It is better to be simple in character than simple in mind, and to Mr. Bryan has been vouchsafed this compensation of his defect. The homely virtues which make up the sum of the world's happiness are his in ample measure. He is kind, direct, friendly, conscientious, enormously industrious. He has those natural good manners which Nature meant to bestow on all of us. No hint of humor colors his candid speech. The family virtues are his and the citizen's, and through his whole nature runs a win-

¹ The elder Mr. Bryan received the support of the Greenbackers in his unsuccessful campaign for Congress in 1872. — THE AUTHOR.

ning ingenuousness to which thousands of his chance acquaintance can testify.

Mrs. Bryan has somewhere recorded an instance of this naïve quality, which deserves to be repeated. In the year 1890, when Mr. Bryan entered his first race for Congress, he engaged in a joint debate with a certain Mr. Connell who then occupied the seat which Mr. Bryan coveted. Local excitement was intense, and the partisans of both sides packed the house nightly. At the conclusion of the debate Mr. Bryan turned toward his rival with these remarks, which I somewhat curtail:—

‘Mr. Connell, if I have in any way offended you in word or deed, I offer apology and regret and as freely forgive. I desire to present to you in remembrance of these pleasant meetings this little volume because it contains Gray’s “Elegy,” in perusing which I trust you will find as much pleasure and profit as I have found. It is one of the most beautiful and touching tributes to a humble life that literature contains. Grand in its sentiment and sublime in its simplicity, we may both find in it a solace in victory or defeat. If it should be your lot

Th’ applause of list’ning senates to command,
and I am left

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
forget not us who in the common walks
of life perform our part, but in the
hour of your triumph recall the verse,

Let not ambition mock their useful toil.’

Did ever hero of historic occasion
appear in the light of a more engaging
simplicity of heart?

Those critics who, in steadily decreasing numbers, ascribe inconsistency to Mr. Bryan’s doctrines take small pains to study his record. Those who proclaim him a man of one idea blunder near the truth. He has not a logical mind, but he has logical sympathies, and he has never put forward

an important measure which was not designed to curb the control which the few exercise over the many. His mastery of himself has increased with years; experience has sharpened his political skill; but his ideas are the ideas of his youth. With him the Silver Question, the tariff, government ownership of railroads, control of the ‘Money Power,’ even the freedom of the Philippines, are but successive phases of a single purpose. No one of his ‘issues,’ indeed, is so much a distinctive measure of reform as a new voicing of the world-old protest of the sons of Ishmael against the sons of Jacob. From Mr. Bryan’s point of view, nothing is more salient about Mr. Bryan’s programme than its cohesiveness. To box the political compass a statesman must have either more mind or less character than Mr. Bryan has. An evolution analogous to that of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Roosevelt, or even of Mr. McKinley, is unthinkable for a man whose intelligence is static and whose heart is oak.

Any discussion of Mr. Bryan’s character leads irresistibly to a comparison with that of his famous antagonist. Not since Plutarch’s time has there been a contrast more inviting to the observer who cares to speculate on the chiaroscuro of human nature. Appearing on the national stage within a year of each other, the destinies of both men have been continuously intertwisted. The *ifs* of history are a profitless speculation, but after the carnival of materialism of the late nineties the people cried aloud for a revivalist, and if the nation had not followed Roosevelt it would have followed Bryan. Both men have preached the same gospel. Bryan preached it first and sowed the seed. Roosevelt preached it afterwards and reaped the harvest. He that sows the good seed, though others reap, is the good husbandman.

And here it is that I come upon an essential difference between the two men,—a difference which cuts through flesh and sinew to the heart of each. Mr. Roosevelt has taught the young men of this country to mix success with their ideals. He has made us believe that ideals can be successful, and for this we owe him much; but too often he has made success ideal, and in this he robs us of our birthright. There is success and there are ideals, but between the two there is nothing in common. Indeed, when the ideal is touched by success it ceases to be the ideal, for in that instant new heights are made to climb; and to the unscalable summit Mr. Roosevelt never points. With Mr. Bryan, defeat is but an incident. To press on with undampened ardor, that is success indeed. We can hardly imagine Mr. Roosevelt fighting without the magic of popular applause. We can scarcely think of Mr. Bryan unpurified by popular defeat.

The two men furnish a comparison as striking as their contrast. Both are optimists; both born preachers. Each has the body of an athlete and that Olympian digestion which nowadays the statesman's life demands. Both are fundamental democrats, instinctively reaching over the heads of the politicians to strike hands with the people. Mr. Roosevelt is enormously the more astute; Mr. Bryan the more tenacious. For law as law, Mr. Bryan has a sentiment which to Mr. Roosevelt cannot seem short of mawkish. Again, for Mr. Bryan's consistency Mr. Roosevelt is too practical. Mr. Bryan follows the wide, plain road; for Mr. Roosevelt no by-path is too devious if in the end it will save time and travel. Personal unselfishness has bestowed on Mr. Bryan a moral power which would have given his rival the strength of ten. Chicago and Baltimore are fresh in men's minds. Had Mr. Roosevelt

gone to Chicago to purchase principles at the sacrifice of his own leadership, the Republican party would be to-day united behind a Progressive candidate. The drama at Baltimore had a different ending.

The glamour of the gentleman in politics still plays about Mr. Roosevelt. In a democracy the blood of ancestors tells doubly. Mr. Bryan has never touched the imaginations of college youth, and the gallant doctrine of *noblesse oblige* has brought no volunteers to his standard. But throughout this country tens of thousands of young men are leading different lives because he lived before them.

I shall never forget Mr. Bryan as I saw him eight years ago. The convention at St. Louis was nearing its predestined close. The conservatives were in control. The votes to nominate Judge Parker were in the pocket of David B. Hill as he sat at the head of the New York delegation, indulgently allowing the routine of the convention to proceed. In the great hall it was dizzily hot, and toward four in the morning my head fell forward on my desk. Suddenly the sound of music thrilled me. It was Mr. Bryan speaking. He was protesting against the seating of the boss-ridden delegation from Illinois through what he regarded as a fraudulent vote. And then, when his argument was finished, he spoke a few personal words. His career seemed over. The general had returned to the ranks, and this was an *apologia pro vita sua*. The printed record of that speech I never saw, but the sound of Mr. Bryan's words rings in my ears:—

'There are some of you who will say that I have run my race. There are many of you who will maintain that I have fought my fight. But there is not one man here who can say that I have not kept the Faith.'

E. S.

THE AUTOMATIC CITIZEN

BY THOMAS R. MARSHALL

ONE of the foremost figures in American life said a few days since, while addressing a great body of workingmen, that he was opposed to two shifts a day for seven days in the week, and in favor of a law requiring three shifts a day for six days in the week. He was not an employer of the men nor was he a co-employee. His language was calculated to implant firmly in their minds the idea that it was the law which was wrong, and not the employer. He led them to believe that a new law would rectify their grievances, regardless of a change of heart on the part of their employers. He left without telling those unfortunate men when or how they were going to get the law, or how his views, if crystallized into statutory enactment, could be enforced.

Last winter, while storm-bound in Kansas, I met an employer of labor who expressed the opinion that we should have a law to prevent the further continuance of labor unions. He recited at great length what he claimed were the evils arising from these organizations, but he did not tell me when or how he expected to obtain governmental regulation, or, if obtained, how he expected it to be enforced.

For three years, it has been the fortune of politics that I should serve the people of my native state in the office of governor. During that period scarcely a day has gone by without some one's pointing out to me what he claimed to be an evil or an injustice to the public at large or to himself. Invariably, the recital has wound up with

the phrase, 'We should have a law to prevent it.'

Indiana is, I take it, an average state among the forty-eight. Her General Assembly convenes biennially, and remains in session sixty-one days. At the session of 1911, nearly eleven hundred measures were proposed. In the sixty-one days, two hundred and ninety-two proposals were enacted into statutory law, making a volume of more than seven hundred pages. Take forty-eight states in the Union with their legislative bodies meeting annually, or biennially, and the volume of printed laws becomes appalling. Critical examination of these enactments discloses that but little care is taken to repeal conflicting provisions. Expensive litigation is constantly in progress in every state of this Union to determine whether statutes have or have not been repealed by implication. An illustration of the ever-changing condition of the law because of legislative tamperings is furnished by the answer of a lawyer in Northern Indiana to an inquiry by a client as to the law: 'Do you mean what the law is this morning or what it was last night?' he asked the client. 'What it is this morning,' said the client. 'I don't know,' the lawyer made answer, 'but I'll telegraph to Indianapolis and find out.'

A legislator discovers what he believes to be an evil or an injustice; he suggests a statutory remedy, and succeeds in adding another enactment. It is put to the touchstone of enforcement, whereupon it is found to be a

failure. A subsequent legislature offers a new remedy, but does not repeal the old law. In some other state, the first enactment comes to the notice of a legislator, who straightway begins to crystallize it, failure though it be, into a statute. The kaleidoscope does not change its views more swiftly than man-made laws.

It is difficult to tell whether people want these statutory enactments to wear as phylacteries or as charms. We know that they want them and would not cry for them unless they were conscious of evils which they believed could thus be rectified.

In view of the social unrest which is manifest, and the almost universal cry for a law for every evil, no harm will be done in endeavoring to ascertain the truth of Mr. Edwin Chadwick's statement that he had never known an investigation 'which did not reverse every main principle and almost every assumed chief elementary fact on which the general public, parliamentary committees, politicians of high position, and often the commissioners themselves, were prepared to base legislation.' I understand this deliberate statement to mean that it is the tendency of mankind to expect, and of sociological doctors to administer, symptomatic, rather than causal, treatment. One of our mistakes in diagnosis is in thinking that the good is wholly good and that no evil can flow from it; that the bad is unqualifiedly bad and that from it no good can arise.

The history of mankind discloses that this is not true. Beautiful and sweet was the Garden of Eden, but it had its apple tree. Dr. Jekyll is Mr. Hyde not only in fiction, but in history. Among all Protestants, the two-seed-in-the-one-spirit, predestinarian Baptist, holding as he does that life is a contest between the good and evil tendencies in man, is actually correct, however mis-

taken he may be theologically speaking. The finest thing in the world is the love of a mother for her boy; but this love without intelligent maternal judgment, is likely to do him as much harm as good. Out of our public-school system, which is generally admirable, comes an evil whenever it teaches a boy whose aptitude is for mechanics that labor is dishonorable. Great was the discovery of the art of printing, but this art has become the American Frankenstein, and produced a monster of such proportions, and with an output so great, that the average man is lost in a wilderness of words and becomes possessed of what he calls opinions, which are in reality mere prejudices. A headline in a newspaper is sufficient for many a man to fix a theory and to warrant a course of conduct.

It may be that these wrongs do not grow out of these privileges and benefits. Perhaps my mental eyesight is not clear enough to see distinctly. But whether the evil grows out of the good, or grows beside the good, I am quite sure that the doctrine of evolution has proved that evil appears synchronously with good. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in defining walking, gave a fair illustration of the average life. He said that walking was a series of falls and pick-ups. Man gets on in that way. This definition is pleasing to an old-fashioned Calvinist who believes in the perseverance of the saints. I am convinced that Holland had a true vision when he wrote:—

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

But what has this theory of the evolution of evil out of good, or the evolution of evil beside good, to do with society as now constituted? Let me recall that Thomas Jefferson was responsible more than any one else for

the idea of individualism. He thought that church and state in combination hampered the progress not only of the whole human race, but of every individual member thereof. His ideas were drawn from Rousseau and others of like mind, who were afterwards responsible for the French Revolution. He bent his energies, therefore, first, to a separation of church and state, and then to the organization of a state whose powers were merely delegated; reserving everything which was not necessary for peace, quietude, and good order, to the individual citizen. It was good statescraft to remove the power of ecclesiastical authority from the human race. If the authority of the church had been removed and the religious instinct had remained in all its vigor, then the individualism of Jefferson would have been almost perfect.

These same ideas led to the political philosophy of Adam Smith. And the mad rush for individual success and preferment induced the breeding and rearing of children in England, not to become part and parcel of the Empire, but to become parts of the machinery of the manufacturing industries of that country; and individualism became tyranny. Its practical workings could have produced nothing else than Karl Marx and his philosophy of socialism. An individualism which teaches the right to success without emphasizing the duty of not depriving any other man of his opportunity, is as much an evil as the system which exalts our common rights by depriving us of our personal rights. Both individualism and socialism contain germs of good. It is, however, only by striking a balance between opportunity and duty that justice may be obtained in a republic.

I am myself an individualist. I hope there are ways whereby this system may survive without the destruction

of the doctrine of liberty, fraternity, and equality before the law. If it is to survive, however, there must be a more thorough knowledge on the part of the people of the cause of present conditions, and they must be courageous enough to cure the cause and cease treating the symptoms.

What is true of the average man is true of society at large. Forbidden fruit is the fruit we want. With a garden filled with other kinds of fruit, Adam wanted apples. The abolition of the compulsory worship of God, the submission of that question to the dictates of one's own conscience, and the teaching that it was the right and the duty of a man to get on in the world, rapidly led to the conclusion that if by legislative enactment we might separate church and state and make men free and equal, then all moral responsibility would be shifted from the shoulders of men to the shoulders of legislators, and he who kept himself within the strict letter of the statutory law would be a good and faithful citizen: honest, moral, and upright. Men began to devote their entire time, energy, and thought to success. When criticized for his conduct, man said, 'The courts have decided in my favor and I am not wrong.' The pages in the family Bible most frequently consulted were those in the centre of the book, where births, marriages, and deaths are recorded. They were valuable in determining how an estate should be divided.

To-day, statutory crime is followed by punishment, usually sure and swift. Few who with bludgeon or pistol strike down their fellow men, escape; those who steal are safely incarcerated within prison walls, and punishment is meted out because of statutory enactments. Among the memorabilia of the law is the incident of a business man in Boston who went one Sunday to consult Chief Justice Parsons and was

told by that great justice that he did not practice law upon the Sabbath. The man urged that it was a matter of great moment, whereupon he was asked if he knew what in the premises was right. Acknowledging that he did, he was told to go and do the right thing with the assurance that the Chief Justice would furnish the law to uphold his acts. Is it not a startling commentary upon the individualism of this country that business men will go to a lawyer to find out whether a dollar is theirs or the other fellow's, and to ascertain to what lengths they may go in a business transaction without violating the statutory law of the land? Has not the getting-on in the world of Thomas Jefferson been turned into the getting-all in the world?

In the exercise of our individual rights we perhaps have forgotten the existence of our individual responsibilities. There can be no right without this corresponding responsibility. The worship of God according to the dictates of a man's own conscience implies that he should have a conscience, and demands that it should dictate. Men are not sent as perfect men into a perfect world. The facts of life, whatever its theory, demonstrate that it is a place for men to struggle in, and, if possible, to succeed in. They must struggle physically, mentally, morally. They must be equipped physically, mentally, morally, for the struggle. It will not do, in a republic at least, to shift responsibility to the shoulders of constituted authority. It is necessary for men to know the facts, to grapple willingly with them, and righteously to overcome them.

Men thought when they had bred two-minute horses that the limit of speed had been reached; that the possibilities had been exhausted. Then came the automobile. A new Mother Shipton could prophesy on any street

corner to a credulous audience, unchallenged. The medical profession, after it had driven malaria from Indiana, thought that its occupation was gone, but appendicitis has developed. New diseases constantly call for new cures at the hands of science. New pests on field and farm and tree urge the husbandman and the fruit-grower to seek new remedies. The process of the evolution of evil keeps pace with the evolution of good everywhere.

The manufacturer of food-products, kindly and well-disposed, generous and charitable, who would not dream of taking the life of his fellow-man, will use benzoate of soda as a food-preservative. It is immaterial whether it is dangerous to life or not. He is feeding dirty food to the people, and he is taking a chance with human life. His individualism is making a success of his business. What is it doing with his conscience? A manufacturer, who would weep over the unfortunate condition of a defective child, takes into his factory hundreds of immature children, and never dreams that under the evolution of evil there can be any moral responsibility resting upon his shoulders, inasmuch as the law of the land does not forbid.

What shall be said of the railroad director who has knowledge of a defective road-bed and of decayed rolling-stock, but prefers to declare a dividend and risk an accident? What shall be said of the landlord who permits his tenants to take their chances with bad plumbing and leaking gas-pipes? What shall be said of the individual who waters stocks and bonds and sells them to the unwary because the law does not forbid? What has come upon a world prating of its love of brotherhood, when men have no higher idea of responsibility than conformity to the strict letter of legislative enactments? Do we believe that

we are going to control all things by mere statutes?

Even a cursory examination in any state of this Union of an attempt thus to control life will disclose the fact that too little good has been accomplished thereby. The placing in the code of laws which the people do not enforce, does little more than bring the code into disrepute. Executive authority everywhere recognizes that a law which rises above the moral sentiment of its community is not enforceable. Judges frankly admit that we cannot make men honest, truthful, just, by statute. We can drive a man out of a dishonest business, but his dishonesty will appear in some other business unless a change takes place in the man himself.

Few people now remember that it is the moral law which says: 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not covet.' They think that general assemblies have said these things; but even in a mad rush to reform the world, legislatures have not gone that far. The utmost that any one of them ever does is to affix punishments for those who thus violate the law. Legislative enactments read: 'Whosoever shall kill,' and, 'whosoever shall steal,' shall be punished. If not understood, it is at least taken for granted, that the striking down of men in cold blood will not be wholly prevented by any punishment which the law may affix. Indeed, the fathers did not anticipate such a result, and they did not affix the punishment for that purpose. They declared in many of the charters that punishment should be reformatory in its character. They were not obsessed with the wisdom and power of law-making bodies. If the violations of the strict letter of these ancient laws are lessening, this desired result comes not so much from the fear of punishment

as from the lively conscience of the individual citizen. I mean to speak reverently when I say that Jehovah Himself failed in dealing with mankind when He said, 'Thou shalt not.' The glory and the splendor of life to-day are not traced to his, 'Thou shalt not,' but rather to the 'Thou shalt' of his sinless Son.

There are three grades of citizens. There are those who obey the law through fear of its penalties, — men who deal squarely because their lawyers tell them that they will lose money, and perhaps their liberty, if they do not. These constitute the lowest grade of citizenship. There are those who obey the law because it is the law; they have no respect for it; they regard it as crude, foolish, immaterial legislation; but their respect for constituted authority induces them to keep the letter of the law regardless of their opinion of the spirit of it. These constitute an improved class of citizens. But the citizens of the third and highest grade are the men who make for righteousness. They are the salt of the Republic. These I am pleased to call automatic citizens. They are men who realize that with the right of individual success in America has come the duty of individual responsibility; that they may 'go the limit' in the way of success, but that they must not injure their fellow men. Not one of them would have demanded his pound of flesh, for he would have known that he could not get it without the shedding of Christian blood.

If, more and more, the men of America put their life's work and success simply to the touch of statutory law, and, more and more, entertain the delusion that individualism authorizes them to do anything which the legislature has not forbidden, and which the courts cannot punish, then the individualism of Thomas Jefferson will be

pronounced a failure, and those who have suffered from the failure of his followers to remember their duty to their fellow men will either peaceably or forcibly deprive future generations of rights now thought to be inalienable.

On the other hand, if we restore to our individualism our religious conscience, if we do not lose sight of our responsibility while at the same time insisting upon our rights, if we cease to think of laws and ordinances and customs and view ourselves from the standpoint of the other man, and if we go only as far as we can go without depriving our brother of any of his rights, then we shall begin to modify, lessen, and destroy the evils of to-day; and from age to age, as new good arises, so new evils will appear, and it will remain the duty of men of thought and conscience, of writers and orators alike, to cry aloud and spare not, urging all men to live righteously, deal justly, and die honorably. This individualistic Republic will survive, not by the might and power of its legislative enactments, but by the equitable spirit implanted in the heart of every citizen.

In olden days, it became necessary for a Prophet in Israel to rebuke very sharply that great King of Israel who was said to be a man after God's own heart. The Prophet recounted a certain grievous condition of affairs, and when the injustice of it had appealed to the King, he brought him back to a knowledge of the right by the single sentence: 'Thou art the man.' This article is not intended to be by way of carping criticism, nor to charge that willfully, purposely, and with premeditated malice, we are doing wrong things in our American life. It is intended to induce introspection as well as retrospection. It would not thus be written did I believe that our people are not at heart sound and normal.

Our conduct is the thoughtlessness of

the child, not the deliberate wrong of maturity. Our American conscience is at ease in this our Zion, but it is a somnambulist's conscience. We are doing nothing which the law of the land does not warrant. If it be charged that we wrong men in the market, the all-sufficient answer is: 'Behold our benefactions to missions.' We dread death, not because it means separation from friends, not because it marks the termination of our loving ministry to mankind, but because it deprives us of title to this tenement and control of that corporation. Our right to success has blinded us to our duty toward the success of another. We assume that stone walls make a prison, and iron bars a jail. We believe that if we ever go wrong, the commonwealth will tell us so.

Are we not mistaken? Will it ever try to do so? The difficulty with representative government is, not that it does not represent, but that it does represent. While we are content, government will not make black, white; bitter, sweet; wrong, right. But when we become discontented with conditions, we shall change them without governmental interference.

As the source of national success is the individual, so is the individual the source of national morals. We can see what we please with our eyes, but it is our duty to see beauty. We can hear what we will with our ears, but we should listen to the harmony of life and be enabled to discern its jarring and discordant notes. Ours are the hands with which the labor of the world must be done. They must work for the happiness of all, or equality before the law is a glittering generality. Our birthright in America is the right to success, but it is not success unless thereby men attain unto collective opportunity. We have the right to get into the 'bread-line,' but we have no

warrant to push out of it a weaker brother. Unless the individualism of America rests upon fraternity and faith, it will crumble to the dust, and our boasted Republic will be but another of that long line of fraternal efforts whose ruins strew the pathway of the past.

The need of the hour is not for new laws, but for new men. We must be born again—not once, but every day; born to answer aright Cain's far-off cry, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Thus and thus only can individual success look with honest eyes upon each day's

opportunity. Our brother has certain inalienable rights which kings and emperors may not seize, of which legislatures and courts and written constitutions may not deprive him; nay, more, strange as it may appear, which he, in justice to his posterity, cannot cede away. Truth, honor, justice, and mercy demand that we shall respect those rights. There is a greater man within us than the mere citizen, submerged though that man may now be in our materialistic consciences. He must arise and dominate our lives if our American individualism is to survive.

THE CONTEMPORANEOUSNESS OF ROME

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

'You here, Bagster?' I exclaimed, as in the Sistine Chapel I saw an anxious face gazing down into a mirror in which were reflected the dimmed glories of the ceiling. There was an anxiety as of one who was seeking the Truth of Art at the bottom of the well.

Perhaps some reader of the *Atlantic*, with an unusually retentive memory, may remember that some time ago the Reverend Augustus Bagster¹ had a leave of absence from his pulpit in order to recover from the effects of his multifarious labors. The good causes which had appealed to his alert conscience had been too much for him, when they

had each demanded his attention at the same time. I had supposed that he had followed my advice and gone up to a quiet nook in New Hampshire to recuperate. I was, therefore, surprised to find him among the crowd of Roman sight-seers.

My salutation did not at first cause him to look up. He only made a mysterious sign with his hand. It was evidently a gesture which he had recently learned, and was practiced as a sort of exorcism.

'I am not going to sell you cameos or post cards,' I explained.

When he recognized a familiar face Bagster forgot all about the Last Judgment, and we were soon out-of-doors and he was telling me about himself.

'I meant to go to Chocorua as you suggested, but the congregation ad-

¹ For a diverting account of the Reverend Mr. Bagster, see 'In the Hands of a Receiver,' by S. M. Crothers, in the *Atlantic* for August, 1911.

vised otherwise, so I came over here. It seemed the better thing to do. Up in New Hampshire you can't do much but rest, but here you can improve your taste and collect a good deal of homiletic material. So I've settled down in Rome. I want to have time to take it all in.'

'Do you begin to feel rested?' I asked.

'Not yet. It's harder work than I thought it would be. There's so much to take in, and it's all so different. I don't know how to arrange my material. What I want to do, in the first place, is to have a realizing sense of being in Rome. What's the use of being here unless you are here in the spirit?

'What I mean is that I should like to feel as I did when I went to Mount Vernon. It was one of those dreamy autumn days when the leaves were just turning. There was the broad Potomac, and the hospitable Virginia mansion. I had the satisfying sense that I was in the home of Washington. Everything seemed to speak of Washington. He filled the whole scene. It was a great experience. Why can't I feel that way about the great events that happened down there?'

We were by this time on the height of the Janiculum near the statue of Garibaldi. Bagster made a vague gesture toward the city that lay beneath us. There seemed to be something in the scene that worried him. 'I can't make it seem real,' he said. 'I have continually to say to myself, "That is Rome, Italy, and not Rome, New York." I can't make the connection between the place and the historical personages I have read about. I can't realize that the Epistle to the Romans was written to the people who lived down there. Just back of that new building is the very spot where Romulus would have lived if he had ever existed. On those

very streets Scipio Africanus walked, and Cæsar and Cicero and Paul and Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus and Belisarius, and Hildebrand and Michelangelo, and at one time or another about every one you ever heard of. And how many people came to get emotions they could n't get anywhere else! There was Goethe. How he felt! He took it all in. And there was Shelley writing poetry in the Baths of Caracalla. And there was Gibbon.'

'But we can't all expect to be Shelleys or even Gibbons,' I suggested.

'I know it,' said Bagster, ruefully. 'But if one has only a little vessel, he ought to fill it. But somehow the historical associations crowd each other out. When I left home I bought Hare's *Walks in Rome*. I thought I would take a walk a day as long as they lasted. It seemed a pleasant way of combining physical and intellectual exercise. But do you know, I could not keep up those walks. They were too concentrated for my constitution. I was n't equal to them. Out in California they used to make wagers with the stranger that he could n't eat a broiled quail every day for ten days. I don't see why he could n't, but it seemed that the thought of to-morrow's quail, and the feeling that it was compulsory, turned him against what otherwise might have been a pleasure. It's so with the *Walks*. It's appalling to think that every morning you have to start out for a constitutional, and be confronted with the events of the last twenty-five centuries. The events are piled up one on another. There they are, and here you are, and what are you going to do about them?'

'I suppose that there is n't much that you can do about them,' I remarked.

'But we ought to do what we can,' said Bagster. 'When I do have an emotion, something immediately turns

up to contradict it. It's like wandering through a big hotel, looking for your room, when you are on the wrong floor. Here you are as likely as not to find yourself in the wrong century. In Rome everything turns out, on inquiry, to be something else. There's something impressive about a relic if it's the relic of one thing. But if it's the relic of a dozen different kinds of things it's hard to pick out the appropriate emotion. I find it hard to adjust my mind to these composite associations.

'Now just look at this,' he said, opening his well-thumbed Baedeker: "Santa Maria Sopra Minerva (Pl. D. 4), erected on the ruins of Domitian's temple of Minerva, the only mediæval Gothic church in Rome. Begun A.D., 1280; was restored and repainted in 1848-55. It contains several admirable works of art, in particular Michelangelo's Christ."

'It's that sort of thing that gets on my nerves. The Virgin and Minerva and Domitian and Michelangelo are all mixed together, and then everything is restored and repainted in 1848. And just round the corner from Santa Maria Sopra Minerva is the Pantheon. The inscription on the porch says that it was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. I try to take that in. But when I have partially done that, I learn that the building was struck by lightning and entirely rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian.

'That information comes like the call of the conductor to change cars, just as one has comfortably settled down on the train. We must forget all about Agrippa and Augustus, and remember that this building was built by Hadrian. But it turns out that in 609 Boniface turned it into a Christian church. Which Boniface? The Pantheon was adorned with bronze columns. If you wish to see them you

must go to St. Peter's, where they are a part of the high altar — at least so much of them as is not transformed into cannon. When you go inside you see that you must let by-gones be by-gones. You are confronted with the tomb of Victor Emmanuel and set to thinking on the recent glories of the House of Savoy. Really to appreciate the Pantheon you must be well-posted in nineteenth-century history. You keep up this train of thought till you happen to stumble on the tomb of Raphael. That, of course, is what you ought to have come to see in the first place.

'When you look at the column of Trajan you naturally think of Trajan, you follow the spiral which celebrates his victories, till you come to the top of the column; and there stands St. Peter as if it were *his* monument. You meditate on the column of Marcus Aurelius, and look up and see St. Paul in the place of honor.

'I must confess that I have had difficulty about the ruins. Brick, particularly in this climate, does n't show its age. I find it hard to distinguish between a ruin and a building in the course of construction. When I got out of the station I saw a huge brick building across the street, which had been left unfinished as if the workmen had gone on strike. I learned that it was the remains of the Baths of Diocletian. Opening a door I found myself in a huge church, which had a long history I ought to have known something about, but did n't.

'Now read this, and try to take it in: "Returning to the Cancellaria, we proceed to the Piazza Campo de' Fiori, where the vegetable market is held in the morning, and where criminals were formerly executed. The bronze statue of the philosopher Giordano Bruno, who was burned here as a heretic in 1600, was erected in 1889. To the

east once lay the Theatre of Pompey. Behind it lay the Porticus of Pompey where Cæsar was murdered, B.C. 44."

'It economizes space to have the vegetable market and the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno and the assassination of Julius Cæsar all close together. But they are too close. The imagination has n't room to turn round. Especially as the market-women are very much alive and cannot conceive that any one would come into the Piazza unless he intended to buy vegetables. Somehow the great events you have read about don't seem to have impressed themselves on the neighborhood. At any rate, you are conscious that you are the only person in the Piazza Campo de' Fiori who is thinking about Giordano Bruno or Julius Cæsar; while the price of vegetables is as intensely interesting as it was in the year 1600 A.D. or in 44 B.C.

'How am I to get things in their right perspective? When I left home I had a pretty clear and connected idea of history. There was a logical sequence. One period followed another. But in these walks in Rome the sequence is destroyed. History seems more like geology than like logic, and the strata have all been broken up by innumerable convulsions of nature. The Middle Ages were not eight or ten centuries ago; they are round the next block. A walk from the Quirinal to the Vatican takes you from the twentieth century to the twelfth. And one seems as much alive as the other. You may go from schools where you have the last word in modern education, to the Holy Stairs at the Lateran, where you will see the pilgrims mounting on their knees as if Luther and his protest had never happened. Or you can, in five minutes, walk from the Renaissance period to 400 B.C.

'When I was in the theological seminary I had a very clear idea of the

difference between Pagan Rome and Christian Rome. When Constantine came, Christianity was established. It was a wonderful change and made everything different. But when you stroll across from the Arch of Titus to the Arch of Constantine you wonder what the difference was. The two things look so much alike. And in the Vatican that huge painting of the triumph of Constantine over Maxentius does n't throw much light on the subject. Suppose the pagan Maxentius had triumphed over Constantine, what difference would it have made in the picture?

'They say that seeing is believing, but here you see so many things that are different from what you have always believed. The Past does n't seem to be in the past, but in the present. There is an air of contemporaneity about everything. Do you remember that story of Jules Verne about a voyage to the moon? When the voyagers got a certain distance from the earth they could n't any longer drop things out of the balloon. The articles they threw out did n't fall down. There was n't any down; everything was round about. Everything they had cast out followed them. That's the way Rome makes you feel about history. That which happened a thousand years ago is going on still. You can't get rid of it. The Roman Republic is a live issue, and so is the Roman Empire, and so is the Papacy.

'The other day they found a ruined Arch of Marcus Aurelius in Tripoli, and began to restore it. New Italy is delighted at this confirmation of its claims to sovereignty in North Africa. The newspapers treat Marcus Aurelius as only a forerunner of Giolitti. By the way, I never heard of Giolitti till I came over here. But it seems that he is a very great man. But when ancient and modern history are mixed up it's

hard to do any clear thinking. And when you do get a clear thought you find out that it is n't true. You know Dr. Johnson said something to the effect that that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose feeling would not grow warmer among the ruins of Rome. Marathon is a simple proposition. But when one is asked to warm his enthusiasm by means of the Roman monuments, he naturally asks, "Enthusiasm over what?" Of course, I don't mean to give up. I'm faint though pursuing. But I'm afraid that Rome is not a good place to rest in.'

'I'm afraid not,' I said, 'if you insist on keeping on thinking. It is not a good place in which to rest your mind.'

II

I think Bagster is not the first person who has found intellectual difficulty here. Rome exists for the confusion of the sentimental traveler. Other cities deal tenderly with our preconceived ideas of them. There is one simple impression made upon the mind. Once out of the railway station and in a gondola, and we can dream our dream of Venice undisturbed. There is no doge at present, but if there were one we should know where to place him. The city still furnishes the proper setting for his magnificence. And London with all its vastness has, at first sight, a familiar seeming. The broad and simple outlines of English history make it easy to reconceive the past.

But Rome is disconcerting. The actual refuses to make terms with the ideal. It is a vast store-house of historical material, but the imagination is baffled in the attempt to put the material together.

When Scott was in Rome his friend 'advised him to wait to see the proces-

sion of Corpus Domini, and hear the Pope

Saying the high, high mass
All on St. Peter's day.

He smiled and said that these things were more poetical in the description than in reality, and that it was all the better for him not to have seen it before he wrote about it.'

Sir Walter's instinct was a true one. Rome is not favorable to historical romance. Its atmosphere is eminently realistic. The historical romancer is flying through time as the air-men fly through space. But the air-men complain that they sometimes come upon what they call 'air-holes.' The atmosphere seems suddenly to give way under them. In Rome the element of Time on which the imagination has been flying seems to lose its usual density. We drop through a Time-hole, and find ourselves in an inglorious anachronism.

I am not sure that Bagster has had a more difficult time than his predecessors, who have attempted to assort their historical material. For in the days before historical criticism was invented, the history of Rome was very luxuriant. 'Seeing Rome' was a strenuous undertaking, if one tried to be intelligent.

There was an admirable little guide-book published in the twelfth century called *Mirabilia Urbis Romæ*. One can imagine the old-time tourist with this mediæval Baedeker in hand, issuing forth, resolved to see Rome in three days. At the end of the first day his courage would ooze away as he realized the extent of his ignorance. With a hurried look at the guide-book and a glance at the varied assortment of ruins, he would try to get his bearings. All the worthies of sacred and profane history would be passing by in swift procession.

'After the sons of Noah built the

tower of confusion, Noah with all his sons came to Italy. And not far from the place where Rome now is they founded a city in his name, where he brought his travail and life to an end.' To come to the city of Noah was worth a long journey. Just think of actually standing on the spot where Shem, Ham, and Japhet soothed the declining years of their father! It was hard to realize it all. And it appears that Japhet, always an enterprising person, built a city of his own on the Palatine Hill. There is the Palatine, somewhat cluttered up with modern buildings of the Cæsars, but essentially, in its outlines, as Japhet saw it.

But there were other pioneers to be remembered. 'Saturn, being shamefully entreated by his son Jupiter,' founded a city on the Capitoline Hill. One wonders what Shem, Ham, and Japhet thought of this, and whether their sympathies were with Jupiter who was seeking to get a place in the sun.

It is hard to understand the complicated politics of the day. At any rate, a short time after, Hercules came with a band of Argives and established a rival civic centre. In the meantime, Janus had become mixed up with Roman history and was working manfully for the New Italy. On very much the same spot 'Tibris, King of the Aborigines' built a city, which must be carefully distinguished from those before mentioned.

All this happened before Romulus appeared upon the scene. One with a clear and comprehensive understanding of this early history might enjoy his first morning's walk in Rome. But to the middle-aged pilgrim from the West Riding of Yorkshire, who had come to Rome merely to see the tomb of St. Peter, it was exhausting.

But perhaps mediæval tradition did not form a more confusing atmosphere

than the sentimental admiration of a later day. In the early part of the nineteenth century a writer begins a book on Rome in this fashion: 'I have ventured to hope that this work may be a guide to those who visit this wonderful city, which boasts at once the noblest remains of antiquity, and the most faultless works of art; which possesses more claims to interest than any other city; which has in every age stood foremost in the world; which has been the light of the earth in ages past, the guiding star through the long night of ignorance, the fountain of civilization to the whole Western world, and which every nation reverences as the common nurse, preceptor, and parent.'

This notion of Rome as the venerable parent of civilization, to be approached with tenderly reverential feelings, was easier to hold a hundred years ago than it is to-day. There was nothing to contradict it. One might muse on 'the grandeur that was Rome,' among picturesque ruins covered with flowering weeds. But now a Rome that is obtrusively modern claims attention. And it is not merely that the modern world is here, but that our view of antiquity is modernized. We see it, not through the mists of time, but as a contemporary sight.

When Ferrero published his history we were startled by his realistic treatment. It was as if we were reading a newspaper and following the course of current events. Caesar and Pompey and Cicero were treated as if they were New York politicians. Where we had expected to see stately figures in togas we were made to see hustling real-estate speculators, and millionaires, and labor leaders, and ward politicians, who were working for the prosperity of the city and, incidentally, for themselves. It was all very different from our notions of classic times which we had imbibed from our Latin lessons in school. But it

is the impression which Rome itself makes upon the mind.

One afternoon, among the vast ruins of Hadrian's Villa, I tried to picture the villa as it was when its first owner walked among the buildings which his whim had created. The moment Hadrian himself appeared upon the scene antiquity seemed an illusion. How ultra-modern he was, this man whom his contemporaries called 'a searcher out of strange things'! These ruins could not by the mere process of time become venerable, for they were in their very nature novelties. They were the playthings of a very rich man. There they lie upon the ground like so many broken toys. They are just such things as an enormously rich man would make to-day if he had originality enough to think of them. Why should not Hadrian have a Vale of Tempe and a Greek theatre and a Valley of Canopus, and ever so many other things which he had seen in his travels, reproduced on his estate near Tivoli?

An historian of the Empire says: 'The character of Hadrian was in the highest degree complex, and this presents to the student a series of apparently unreconciled contrasts which have proved so hard for many modern historians to resolve. A thorough soldier and yet the inaugurator of a peace policy, a "Greekling" as his Roman subjects called him, and saturated with Hellenic ideas, and yet a lover of Roman antiquity; a poet and an artist, but with a passion for business and finance; a voluptuary determined to drain the cup of human experience and, at the same time, a ruler who labored strenuously for the well-being of his subjects; such were a few of the diverse parts which Hadrian played.'

It is evident that the difficulty with the historians who find these unreconciled contrasts is that they try to treat Hadrian as an 'ancient' rather than as

a modern. The enormously rich men who are at present most in the public eye present the same contradictions. Hadrian was a thorough man of the world. There was nothing venerable about him, though much that was interesting and admirable.

Now what a man of the world is to a simple character like a saint or a hero, that Rome has been to cities of the simpler sort. It has been a city of the world. It has been cosmopolitan. 'Urbs et orbis' suggests the historic fact. The fortunes of the city have become inextricably involved in the fortunes of the world.

A part of the confusion of the traveler comes from the fact that the Roman city and the Roman world are not clearly distinguished one from the other. The New Testament writer distinguishes between Jerusalem as a geographical fact and Jerusalem as a spiritual ideal. There has been, he says, a Jerusalem that belongs to the Jews, but there is also Jerusalem which belongs to humanity, which is free, 'which is the mother of us all.'

So there has been a local Rome with its local history. And there has been the greater Rome that has impressed itself on the imagination of the world. Since the destruction of Carthage the meaning of the word Roman has been largely allegorical. It has stood for the successive ideas of earthly power and spiritual authority.

Rome absorbed the glory of deeds done elsewhere. Battles were fought in far-off Asia and Africa. But the battlefield did not become the historic spot. The victor must bring his captives to Rome for his triumph. Here the pomp of war could be seen, on a carefully-arranged stage, and before admiring thousands. It was the triumph rather than the battle that was remembered. All the interest culminated at this dramatic moment. Rome

thus became, not the place where history was made, but the place where it was celebrated. Here the trumpets of fame perpetually sounded.

This process continued after the Empire of the Cæsars passed away. The continuity of Roman history has been psychological. Humanity has 'held a thought.' Rome became a fixed idea. It exerted hypnotic influence over the barbarians who had overcome all else. The Holy Roman Empire was a creation of the Germanic imagination, and yet it was a real power. Many a hard-headed Teutonic monarch crossed the Alps at the head of his army to demand a higher sanction for his own rule of force. When he got himself crowned in the turbulent city on the Tiber he felt that something very important had happened. Just how important it was he did not fully realize till he was back among his own people and saw how much impressed they were by his new dignities.

Hans Christian Andersen begins one of his stories with the assertion: 'You must know that the Emperor of China is a Chinaman and that all whom he has about him are Chinamen also.' The assertion is so logical in form that we are inclined to accept it without question. Then we remember that in Hans Christian Andersen's day, and for a long time before, the Emperor of China was not a Chinaman and the great grievance was that Chinamen were the very people he would not have about him.

When we speak of the Roman Catholic Church we jump at the conclusion that it is the church of the Romans and that the people of Rome have had the most to do with its extension. This theory has nothing to recommend it but its extreme verbal simplicity. As a matter of fact, Rome has never been noted for its pious zeal. Such warmth as it has had has been impart-

ed to it by the faithful who have been drawn from other lands; as, according to some theorists, the sun's heat is kept up by a continuous shower of meteors falling into it.

To-day, the Roman Church is more conscious of its strength in Massachusetts than it is round the Vatican. At the period when the Papacy was at its height, and kings and emperors trembled before it in England and in Germany, the Popes had a precarious hold on their own city. Rome was a religious capital rather than a religious centre. It did not originate new movements. Missionaries of the faith have not gone forth from it, as they went from Ireland. It is not in Rome that we find the places where the saints received their spiritual illuminations, and fought the good fight, and gathered their disciples. Rome was the place to which they came for judgment, as Paul did when he appealed to Cæsar. Here heretics were condemned, and here saints, long dead, were canonized. Neither the doctrines nor the institutions of the Catholic Church originated here. Rome was the mint, not the mine. That which received the Roman stamp passed current throughout the world.

In the political struggle for the New Italy, Rome had the same symbolic character. Mazzini was never so eloquent as when portraying the glories of the free Rome that was to be recognized, indeed, as the mother of us all. The Eternal City, he believed, was to be the regenerating influence, not only for Europe but for all the world. All the romantic enthusiasm of Garibaldi flamed forth at the sight of Rome. All other triumphs signified nothing till Rome was the acknowledged capital of Italy. Silently and steadily Cavour worked toward the same end. And at last Rome gathered to herself the glory of the heroes who were not her own children.

If we recognize the symbolic and representative character of Roman history, we can begin to understand the reason for the bewilderment which comes to the traveler who attempts to realize it in imagination. Roman history is not, like the tariff, a local issue. The most important events in that history did not occur here at all, though they were here commemorated. So it happens that every nation finds here its own, and reinforces its traditions. In the Middle Ages, the Jewish traveler, Benjamin of Tudela, found much to interest him. In Rome were to be found two brazen pillars of Solomon's Temple, and there was a crypt where Titus hid the holy vessels taken from Jerusalem. There was also a statue of Samson and another of Absalom.

The worthy Benjamin doubtless felt the same thrill that I did when looking up at the ceiling of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. I was told that it was gilded with the first gold brought from America. The statement that the church was founded on this spot because of a vision that came to Pope Liberius in the year 305 A.D., left me unmoved. It was of course a long time ago; but then, I had no mental associations with Pope Liberius, and there was no encyclopædia at hand in which I might look him up. Besides, 'the church was reërected by Sixtus III in the year 432, and was much altered in the twelfth century.' But the gold on the ceiling was a different matter. That was romantically historical. It came from America in the heroic age. I thought of the Spanish galleons that brought it over, and of Columbus and Cortés and Alvarado. After that, to go into the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore was like taking a trip to Mexico.

In the course of my daily walks, I passed the Church of Santa Pudenziana, said to be the oldest in Rome, and recently modernized. It is on the spot

where Pudens, the host of St. Peter, is said to have lived with his daughters Praxedis and Pudenziana. This is interesting, but the English-speaking traveler is likely to pass by Pudenziana's church, and seek out the church of her sister St. Praxed. And this not for the sake of St. Praxed or her father Pudens or even of his guest St. Peter, but for the sake of a certain English poet who had visited the church once.

Close to the Porta San Paolo is the great tomb of the Roman magnate, Gaius Cestius, which was built before the birth of Christ. One can hardly miss seeing it, because it is near one of the most sacred pilgrimage-places of Rome, the grave of John Keats.

Each traveler makes his own Rome; and the memories which he takes away are the memories which he brought with him.

III

As for my friend Bagster, now that he has come to Rome, I hope he may stay long enough to allow it to produce a more tranquilizing effect upon him. When he gives up the attempt to take it all in by an intellectual and moral effort, he may, as the saying is, 'relax.'

There is no other place in which one may so readily learn the meaning of that misused word 'urbanity.' Urbanity is the state of mind adapted to a city, as rusticity is adapted to the country. In each case the perfection of the adaptation is evidenced by a certain ease of manner in the presence of the environment. There is an absence of fret and worry over what is involved in the situation. A countryman does not fret over dust or mud; he knows that they are forms of the good earth out of which he makes his living. He may grumble at the weather, but he is not surprised at it, and he is ready to make the best of it.

This adaptation to nature is easy

for us, for we are rustics by inheritance. Our ancestors lived in the open, and kept their flocks and were mighty hunters long before towns were ever thought of. So, when we go into the woods in the spring, our self-consciousness leaves us and we speedily make ourselves at home. We take things for granted, and are not careful about trifles. A great many things are going on, but the multiplicity does not distract us. We do not need to understand.

For we have primal sympathies which are very good substitutes for intelligence. We do not worry because Nature does not get on faster with her work. When we go out on the hills on a spring morning, as our forbears did ten thousand years ago, it does not fret us to consider that things are going on very much as they did then. The sap is mounting in the trees; the wild flowers are pushing out of the sod; the free citizens of the woods are pursuing their avocations without regard to our moralities. A great deal is going on, but nothing has come to a dramatic culmination.

Our innate rusticity makes us accept all this in the spirit in which it is offered to us. It is Nature's way and we like it, because we are used to it. We take what is set before us and ask no questions. It is spring. We do not stop to inquire as to whether this spring is an improvement on last spring or on the spring of the year 400 B.C. There is a timelessness about our enjoyment. We are not thinking of events set in a chronological order, but of a process which loses nothing by reason of repetition.

Our attitude toward a city is usually quite different. We are not at our ease. We are querulous and anxious, and our interest takes a feverish turn. For the cities of our Western world are new-fangled contrivances which we are not used to, and we are worried as we try to find out whether they will work. These aggregations of humanity have not existed long enough to seem to belong to the nature of things. It is exciting to be invited to 'see Seattle grow,' but the exhibition does not yield a 'harvest of a quiet eye.' If Seattle should cease to grow while we are looking at it, what should we do then?

But with Rome it is different. Here is a city which has been so long in existence that we look upon it as a part of nature. It is not accidental or artificial. Nothing can happen to it but what has happened already. It has been burned with fire, it has been ravaged by the sword, it has been ruined by luxury, it has been pillaged by barbarians and left for dead. And here it is to-day the scene of eager life. Pagans, Christians, reformers, priests, artists, soldiers, honest workmen, idlers, philosophers, saints, were here centuries ago. They are here to-day. They have continuously opposed each other, and yet no species has been exterminated. Their combined activities make the city.

When one comes to feel the stirring of primal sympathies for the manifold life of the city, as he does for the manifold life of the woods, Rome ceases to be distracting. The old city is like the mountain which has withstood the hurts of time, and remains for us, 'the grand affirmer of the present tense.'

ABRAM'S FREEDOM

BY EDNA TURPIN

It was ten o'clock Christmas morning, — a wet, green Christmas in the late fifties, — when a strapping field-hand came up on a side porch of Red-fields. A maid, passing the open door, caught sight of him.

'W'y hi, Abram!' she called, 'what make you so late comin' to git yo' Santa Claus?'

'I tell you huccome.'

A nurse-girl, bearing a pitcher of water on her head, paused on the stair-landing. 'He been projeckin' roun' de quarters arter Cindy.'

'Shuh, Charity! you behinst de times,' rejoined Tempy. 'Lizbet done cut Cindy out a mont' ago.'

Abram guffawed, but attempted no disclaimer. 'Whar mistis?' he asked.

'In de chahmber, o' cou'se,' replied Tempy. 'Knock at de do'. Marse Gawge he's in de dinin'-room.'

Abram came from his mistress's room grinning over her gifts — a red silk bandana and a tarleton bag full of candy, topped with an orange — and crossed the hall to the dining-room.

'Christmas gif', master, Christmas gif', he said, bowing and scraping to the slim, foppish-looking gentleman lounging before the fire.

'Christmas gift yourself,' returned his master good-humoredly, filling a big glass with egg-nog. 'Here, you trifling rascal.'

'Thanky, master, thanky; thanky, suh.' Abram's grin spread from ear to ear.

Mr. Wilson smiled in sympathy; then, glancing at a book on the table

beside him, he asked almost fiercely, 'Abram, d' you ever think how much better off you are than those free Negroes on the Ridge?'

'Law, yas, suh, master!' exclaimed Abram as readily as if he had really given thought to the subject. 'Dunno what make de Lawd spile dis worl' wid po' white trash an' free niggers.'

Mr. Wilson laughed. 'Your head's level, Abram. I'm a better master for you than Abram would be.'

'Yas, suh, master; dat you is. I drinks to yo' healt' — de bes' master in de county, scusin' o' nobody. — Um, um, um! Now ain't dat triflin'? Hyah I done drunk up all my aig-nog an' ain't drunk mistis's healt' — an' she de bes' mistis on top side de yea'th.'

Mr. Wilson filled the glass again. 'Egg-nog bowl's got a deep bottom Christmas day,' he said. 'Umph! Wish Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe could see you now — if she had eyes to see,' he added dryly, as Abram drained the glass and put it down, beaming and smacking his lips. 'Well, run along, Abram, and have a good Christmas.'

Abram loafed round the stables awhile, then a sudden desire possessed him to see how Christmas was going with the free Negroes whom his master had mentioned. Rocky Ridge, where lived a dozen families of them, was less than three miles away.

'I gwi' traipse up dyah,' he said to himself. 'I ain't gwi' ax no permit. Master ain't keer. I jes' gwi' show my red silk bandanna an' smack my lips over dat aig-nog twel dem free niggers

c'n eenamos' tas'e it. I lay dat's de only way dee git a aig-nog.'

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and started off whistling. Crossing his master's well-tilled fields, he strode through the big woods and came at last to the edge of a clearing.

'Umph!' he grunted, grinding his heel in the thin gravelly soil. 'Glad I ain't got to plough no sich starvation lan' as dis hyah.'

He glanced contemptuously at the cabins dotting the red-gullied hills, then took the road to the nearest house. He had made up his mind to go through the settlement, cabin by cabin, asking for a man who, he knew, did not live there. At the first door, Abram's knock was unanswered. Loud repeated rappings brought two small children from the rear of the cabin.

'Whar yo' folks?' asked Abram.

'Daddy gone and mammy she at Aunt Nicey's,' was the answer.

'What you doin' out-do's?' he inquired.

'Playin'. Mammy shot us out. She 'feared we'd catch a-fire.'

'Umph! Fine Christmas doin's,' grunted Abram.

At mention of Christmas, the children's faces brightened.

'Ol' Santa brung me a pop-corn ball an' a red apple,' volunteered the larger boy.

'Me, too,' chimed in the other. 'An' he did n't put no switches in my stockin' neither.'

'Dat all yo' Santa Claus?' asked Abram, commiseratingly. 'No cakes an' candy an' oranges?'

The children shook their heads.

'Well, hyah,' said Abram, taking some red-and-white peppermint candy out of his pocket. 'Ol' Santa tol' me to gi' you dis. He was in sich a resh he fo'got to put it in yo' stockin's.'

The children's squeals of delight attracted the attention of a girl who had

just come out of an adjoining cabin. She was a slender mulatto with the high cheek-bones and lustrous black hair of Indian forefathers. In honor of the day, she had on a new blue-and-white linsey-woolsey dress and there was a string of red glass beads round her neck. Abram found her so good to look at, as she stood there smiling at the children, that he tilted back his head and stared at her between narrowed lids as he sauntered up the path. She tossed her head, threw her handful of turnip-parings into the pig-pen, and started back to the house. Abram quickened his pace and reached the doorstep before her.

'Good mornin', purty gal,' he said.

She gave a curt nod and her eyes demanded his business.

'Do a free nigger name Zander Boyd live here?' he asked superciliously.

Her eyes sparkled. 'Naw, slave nigger,' she flashed at him.

Abram was disconcerted. 'How you know — huccome you call me slave nigger?'

'Uh, you got yo' master's marks on you,' she said contemptuously, looking him up and down.

It angered Abram to feel uncomfortable before this girl of the despised Ridge. His master's words came to his mind.

'Uh, Marse Gawge is better master for me dan Abram would be,' he answered.

'I aint 'sputin' dat,' she said, drawing down the corners of her mouth and laughing at him with her eyes.

'I got a gre't min' to kiss you,' said Abram, coming a step nearer. 'To pay you for bein' so peart an' purty.'

She stepped on the door-sill. 'I don' kiss slave-niggers. I'm a free nigger.'

She dwelt on the word 'free' till it seemed wide as the woods and high as the sky.

Before Abram could speak, even if

he had had a word ready, an old voice screeched from indoors, 'Uh, Em'line! you Em'line! Huccome you keep comp'ny stan'in' at de do', a-lettin' col' air in? Ax'em in.'

'T ain't comp'ny, granny,' Emmeline called at the top of her voice; 'hit's jes' a slave nigger axin' for Zander Boyd.' She made as if she would shut the door in Abram's face.

'Whar I live,' he spoke up quickly, 'Hit's manners to show de inside o' de do' to ever'body dat comes to de outside. But manners trabble slow. Mebbe dee ain't got th'ough de big woods to de Ridge an' free niggers.'

Before Emmeline could answer — and the glint of her eyes promised sharp words — the old woman called out, 'Who is it? Ax'em in.'

'Manners, manners!' Abram said under his breath.

Emmeline laughed and flung open the door. 'Sho. He can come in ef he got a min' to. Thought his master mought 'a' sent him in a hurry to Zander Boyd's, an' I did n't want to hender.'

Abram on the threshold scanned the big, homely room with slow, inquisitive eyes. The floor of smooth stones was as clean as hands could make it. There was a roaring Christmas fire in the great fire-place, and pots and pans and skillets, ranged in order, sent forth appetizing odors. The furniture was of the simplest, — a bed covered with a gay patch-work quilt, a pine table, a cupboard in the corner, some bark-bottomed chairs, a spinning-wheel, a big wooden chest. There were strings of red pepper, popcorn, and sausage hanging from pegs on the log walls freshly washed with white clay. In a corner by the fire sat an old, bent, deaf black woman, carding cotton.

'What you got to say now?' demanded Emmeline, as Abram's eyes took possession of the place.

'Hit's de kin' o' room you dream 'bout when you tired an' col' an' hongry,' he answered.

The appreciative words mollified Emmeline and she motioned him to a seat beside the fire. During the next half-hour she busied herself about dinner, while the old woman, with the pathetic curiosity of the shut-in aged, plied Abram with questions about his family and his master's people, whom she had known in her youth. He screamed his answers in her ear, watching Emmeline, meanwhile, with growing interest. Seemingly unconscious of his presence, she went to and fro, with uptilted chin, humming now a hymn, now a reel-tune. The sun was lingering on the noon-mark when she put a clean cotton cloth on the table and set on it, smoking hot, a platter of sausage, a dish of turnips, some baked sweet potatoes, and a plateful of crackling ash-cakes. There was a spiced molasses pudding keeping hot in a skillet on the hearth.

'Draw up yo' cheers,' Emmeline said, putting a pitcher of fresh butter-milk on the table.

Abram yawned. 'You r'ally mus' excuse me, mum,' he said in his most off-hand manner. 'I done et so much tu'key an' side-meat an' fruit-cake an' drunk so much aig-nog for breakfas' dat dee stickin' in my th'roat right now.'

'Umph! Ef dat was de onlies' thing stickin' in yo' th'roat, you'd be better off,' muttered Emmeline. 'Naw, granny,' she screamed to her grandmother who was beginning the hospitable urging which Abram expected. 'Naw! Don't you baig him. Don't ax him to spile dat good tas'e in his mouf wid us'n po' truck! Hit ain't good 'nough for him. Don't you ax him to tech it.'

Granny would gladly have insisted, and Abram would gladly have yielded, — for, as he often declared, he could eat three times a day, and relish every day

in the year a meal of sausage, crackling bread, and sweet potatoes, — but Emmeline was obdurate. Hungry-eyed and watery-mouthed, Abram sat beside the fire while granny and Emmeline ate and granny tantalized him by smacking her lips and commenting with gusto on the sweetness of the potatoes, the brownness of the ash-cakes, the flavor of the sausage. When Emmeline took the spiced molasses pudding from the skillet, Abram gave involuntarily such a sniff, that she seemed about to relent.

'Ef you had n't had such a bait o' fruit-cake an' aig-nog on top o' yo' other good eatin's, I'd offer you a dish o' puddin', she said. 'But,' she went on slowly, with twinkling eyes, 'naw. I ain't gwi' ax you to spile de tas'e o' dem quality victuals.'

While the old woman was still mumbling over her food, Emmeline rose from the table. 'Granny,' she shouted, 'long as you got comp'ny, I'll step over to Cousin Lizy's an' ketch her Christmas gif'. You let de dishes be. I be home 'fo' dark. Good-day an' good-luck to you, slave nigger.' She looked him full in the eyes and laughed, then flung a scarlet shawl over her head and flashed out of the door.

Abram went off, quarreling with himself. 'I'll niver go nigh you ag'in, you uppish, impident free nigger.'

So he said and he meant what he said. And yet — and yet the next Sunday and the next and the next found him haunting the ridge-cabin, gossiping patiently with granny, girded at by Emmeline, with only enough peaceable words and friendly glances to keep him from losing heart entirely.

There was a saying on the Wilson place that 'everything on the plantation made a straight path to master's ears'; therefore Abram was not surprised one March afternoon when his master, as he rode with his small son

through the fields, stopped and said, 'Abram, what's this I hear about you going to Rocky Ridge as often as the Lord sends Sunday?'

Abram looked intently at the sassafras he had just uprooted from the ditch-bank. 'You — uh — you c'n hyah heap o' things 'sides truff, master,' he stammered.

'You better stay at home,' Mr. Wilson said, tapping Abram lightly on the shoulder with his riding-whip. 'Better stay at home, my boy, on our own plantation. Servant and free Negro is a poor cross, — mighty poor cross, — like field-corn and popcorn.'

'Yas, suh, master; yas, suh.'

'Come on, pa! Let's race.' Carter called his father with a six-year-old's pride in his first pony.

'In a minute, son.' Mr. Wilson wished to make plain his views to Abram and have done with the matter. 'You know how I am about my servants,' — masters of his class did not use the word 'slave.' 'You know I let them please themselves about marrying. But I tell you now, Abram, I don't want you to ask me to let you marry a free Negro.'

'W'y, naw, suh, master; naw, suh. I ain't niver thought o' no sich thing,' Abram assured him.

It was true. As Mr. Wilson galloped off in the wake of the small, gallant figure on pony-back, Abram stood motionless with the dazed expression of one who, after groping in twilight, confronts a great light. 'I ain't niver thought o' dat; I ain't niver thought o' dat,' he repeated. 'Hayh I been hangin' roun' dat gal better'n two mont's, like I was bewitched, an' I ain't know huccome an' whuhfo'. Dyah 't is. I want to marry dat gal. I want to marry her.'

He stood silent on the ditch-bank a minute, then bent mechanically to his task.

As soon as sunset released him from labor, he tramped away supperless to the ridge-cabin. Emmeline had come out in the twilight for an armful of pine-knots, and she met him with a bantering speech about slave Negroes that went roaming about on week-nights.

He turned a set, absorbed face to her and followed her indoors. She had tricked him, he told her. He was clean bewitched. He never would be right again until she married him.

'Marry you!' she exclaimed in a strange voice. There was a brief silence. The flickering firelight cast its lights and shadows on the two tense young figures and on the heavy old woman dozing in the corner. 'You think you want to marry me, do you?' Emmeline asked at last, harshly.

'I want to marry you,' he said doggedly. 'You know I does.'

She gave a mirthless laugh. 'What yo' master say ef you tell him you want to marry a free nigger?'

'Marse Gawge 'll cuss an' say I shan't, — an' den he'll lemme do like I want to.'

'Naw. Naw. Not dis time. 'Cause I got de say-so. I ain't gwi' marry you.'

Abram started back as if she had struck him in the face with her fist.

'Em'line!' he protested.

Her voice cackled out again in scornful laughter.

'Em'line! Don't you keer nothin' 'bout me?'

'Keer? I don't keer — dat!' She snapped her fingers in his face.

His eyes, glowing between half-shut lids, caught hers and held them till they fell before him. 'Uh, my honey!' he triumphed, and laid a possessing hand on her shoulder.

She jerked away and sprang to her feet. 'Go — go — go 'way,' she panted in a fierce half-whisper. 'You shan't keep comp'ny wid me. You shan't.'

You shan't. I ain't gwi' marry no slave nigger. Wid a master. Like a dog. W'y, he could put a collar roun' yo' neck.' Her voice rang out at the last.

Abram was dumbfounded. 'He ain't gwi' to,' he stammered.

'He could do it.'

'But he ain't. He ain't gwi' do it. An' I know he ain't 'an' you know he ain't. Huccome you talk so foolish?' he flung at her.

'Call it foolish, ef you 'a' min' to. Call it foolish. I done wid you. I done wid you.' She crouched in the corner beside granny and would not look up nor speak again.

'I'll nuver waste another minute on you — nuver — nuver — nuver,' he stormed at last, and stalked homeward through the soft, foggy night.

The social order to which Abram belonged had never been questioned by him; left to himself, it would have remained unquestioned. He was proud of his master's station and consequence, proud to be one of many servants on the big plantation of a 'gentleman.' All his life, he had heard and used the phrase 'free nigger' as a term of contempt. What, then, was this vague feeling, not definite enough yet to be a wish or even a longing? Generations of servitude in America, generations of slavery in Africa, lay behind him. Yet, as the germ of life survived in the mummy-treasured grain, so the germ of freedom survived in his heart, and it was beginning to awake.

There was no more talk with Emmeline about free or slave. Abram went again and again to the ridge-cabin, but she crouched in the corner beside granny, and would not speak to him, would not even look at him. One Sunday afternoon, he found her chattering with a young mulatto preacher, and he saw — or thought he saw — that she was laughing at him. After that, he stayed at home. He began again to

visit Cindy, whose friends jeered that he would have 'said the word' to her long ago if he had n't seen so plain that she was waiting for it.

One day — months had passed and seed-time and summer were giving place to harvest — Abram was at work in a tobacco-field when his master rode by.

'Well, Abram,' Mr. Wilson called cheerily, 'I hear there's going to be another wedding in my family soon. That's good. I'll look out for presents next time I go to Richmond.'

Abram went down the row and stood beside his master. In that moment, thoughts which he had not realized were in his mind took shape in words.

'Master,' he asked, 'master, would you sell me?'

Mr. Wilson stared in surprise. 'Of course not, you darned fool. Did you ever know me to sell one of my servants?'

'Naw, suh; uh, naw, suh. Cou'se I knowed you would n't. Cou'se not, suh. — Master, ef I wa'n't too high-priced, I'd like to buy myse'f.'

'The devil!' exclaimed Mr. Wilson. He sat perfectly still a minute. 'The devil!' he repeated vehemently, and then he galloped away.

A half-hour later, he rode back and beckoned Abram to him. 'What put that fool notion in your head?' he asked sternly. 'Abolitionists round my quarters?'

'Bolitionis?'' Abram was plainly puzzled. 'I — I — I — jes' thought — thought I — I'd like to own a nigger, jes' one triflin' no-count fiel' han' like me.'

'Abram!' Mr. Wilson's mouth opened and shut like a steel trap. 'I'm going to the bottom of this. Whoever has been tampering with my servants is going to get — his — just — deserts.' Lash and gallows were in his voice, stern and merciless. 'Now, I

know somebody is at the bottom of this. It is n't you. I know you, Abram. Why, boy, you were born and brought up here. You played round the house and went fishing with me from the time you were knee-high to a grass-hopper. I've cared for you and nursed you myself when you were sick. And now, — oh, you need n't tell me, — you can't make me believe that now —'

Tears were streaming down Abram's cheeks. He pressed his face against his master's knee. 'Naw, naw, naw, my master,' he sobbed. 'I don't want myself. I don't want to be free. Dat free nigger, dat Em'line — can go. I don't keer nothin' 'bout her no-way.'

'Oh, ho!' Mr. Wilson whistled. 'The wind's in that quarter, is it? What about Emmeline? Let's hear it all.'

'Dat free nigger — dat Em'line Hawkins. She won't marry me 'cause I ain't a free nigger.'

Mr. Wilson questioned and listened and frowned and laughed and cursed. 'Well, Abram,' he said at last, 'I'm sorry, but I'm glad it is n't — like I thought it was. And you can't console yourself with Cindy — or Charity — or Lizbeth? Well, well, well! When a fellow has n't seen a girl for three months and still she comes projecting before him day and night, night and day, natural as if she were there in flesh and blood — I reckon it's a serious case. I'll think it over and we'll see what we can do.'

The upshot of the matter was that Mr. Wilson agreed to let Abram purchase himself, eleven hundred dollars being agreed on as a reasonable price for a stalwart field-hand. Abram was allowed to hire himself for a hundred and forty dollars a year, all his earnings above that sum going as payments on the debt. By his master's advice and aid, he became a hostler in a livery-stable, where there were good wages to be earned, and tips to be picked up.

His tasks were an unwelcome exchange for field-work.

'It's pintly an aggrivation,' he told Emmeline, 'to corn an' fodder an' curry an' rub dem slab-sided jades dat ain't got no bottom to buil' on, an' ain't nothin' but slab-sided jades w'en you git th'ough wid 'em. But I 'clar, hit's worse w'en you git holt of a hawse dat is a hawse an' lead it out slick an' prancin' an' have it brung back lame an' winded an' gormed wid mud an' sweat — for me to git a cussin'.'

Emmeline agreed that it was just as well for him to wait awhile before he 'got religion,' for if he got it he would be sure to lose it, under these trying circumstances, and would have to take time off and 'go seeking' every big meeting.

Before his second year of service was out, Abram and Emmeline were married. Her grandmother being dead, she was all alone. And she explained that she was obliged to marry him to keep him from losing so much time from work, traipsing to see her. The couple bent their energies to earning and saving every possible penny. Abram complained sometimes that never had an overseer been as hard on him as was Emmeline. She took in washing, and he accepted it as a necessary evil that he must rise long before day, to fetch and carry clothes and bring water before beginning his work at the stable. Many a night, when the door-latch was drawn and a bed-quilt was hung over the window so that no one could see him 'demeanin' hi'se'f' with woman's work, he helped Emmeline wring clothes, or rubbed them on the washboard until his hands were raw and bleeding.

While this struggle went on, with its humorous and pathetic details known only to the two humble participants, there was going on a great struggle which the world was watching with

interest. Marches, counter-marches, battles, sieges, campaigns, victory, and defeat, — with the fate of states and nation in the balance, — these meant nothing more to Abram and Emmeline than greater or less difficulty in paying for Abram's freedom papers.

The second year of the great war found Abram no longer at the livery-stable. It was closed. The steeds which had carried the young men a-hunting and a-courting had borne their gay gallant riders to battlefields. Abram went back to the country and turned his hand to one job and another. He rented land and obtained — how, we will not too curiously inquire — a gaunt old ox, and raised patches of corn and vegetables. Sometimes troops trampled down his fields, sometimes raiders confiscated his ripening crops, sometimes he himself reaped the harvest and bore it away, by basketful or bagful, to sell in the camps.

When time and labor had reduced the debt almost unbelievably, Emmeline made a suggestion which Abram met first with stunned silence, then with indignant refusal. It was that he should slaughter and sell as beef his old ox Ephraim which he kept concealed from stray marauders in a pen in the 'big woods,' bringing it out, with Emmeline as sentinel, to plough a field or haul a load.

'Huccome you talk so foolish, Em'line?' Abram asked reproachfully. 'You know I 'bleeged to have Ephraim. How I gwi' haul an' plough an' ten' a crap? Huccome you talk so foolish?'

'Ef we kill Ephraim,' Emmeline went on as if he had not spoken, 'we pay out an' we done — done — done. But ef we don't beef him, mebbe any day raiders 'll git him or he 'll lay down an' die. Den ox 'll be gone an' debt 'll be dyah.'

'What I gwi' do 'bout de crap?' persisted Abram.

Emmeline yawned. 'I gwine to baid. Uh' Abram, you make me tired. Ain't me an' you strong as oxes; stronger 'n ol' Ephraim, 'cause he's wobbly in de laigs from havin' so little to eat? I c'n pull a plough an' you c'n pull a plough. Ain't yo' lan' all broke up? An' can't free folks wuk an' buy a ox?'

Abram yielded, of course. Ephraim was slaughtered and loaded on a wheel-barrow to be trundled two miles to the court-house where cross-eyed Simon's Billy Sam said some Confederate troops had come the day before.

Abram and Emmeline started off gayly that April morning, he pushing the wheel-barrow, she balancing deftly on her head a bag containing some peanuts, baked sweet potatoes, and fried chicken. They had gone only a little way when upon their idle chatter broke the sound of galloping hoofs.

'Turn out de road, Abram. Dump Eph in de bresh,' counseled Emmeline cautiously, tossing her bag in the underbrush. Before Abram could follow her example, a foraging party of half-a-dozen reckless fellows galloped up.

'Something stirring in this God-forsaken country,' cried one. 'Hey, Sambo!'

Then, 'Beef! beef! beef! beef!' they yelled in chorus.

'I guess you got too hefty a load, Sambo,' said one soldier leaning down and taking a piece of beef. 'I'll help you.'

'I was just coming for that old lady's leg,' laughed another, helping himself to a hind quarter. 'But I ca'c'lated I'd find her standing on it.'

'Smart of you, Sambo, to butcher for us.'

'And meet us in the road.'

As they talked, they seized the beef and tied it to their saddles.

'Masters, masters,' pleaded Abram, 'don't take my beef. Masters, buy it. Please, suh, don't take all a po' ol'

nigger is got. My ol' Ephraim! — Masters! please, masters! please you don't.'

One whose foot he clasped imploringly, thrust him off with an oath. Even as he pleaded and implored, they galloped down the road. Abram shrieked a curse after them, then kicked over the empty wheel-barrow in futile rage. 'An' you tol' me to kill ol' Ephraim,' he cried reproachfully to Emmeline, who stood speechless beside him. 'Ol' Ephraim's daid an' gone, — he daid an' gone,' he repeated passionately.

'Don't take it so hard,' Emmeline urged. 'Don't, Abram. You don't. We — we gwi' make out somehow. We gwi' git right smart money for dese hyah snacks.' She picked up her bag.

'Ain't nobody gwi' steal dem las' mou'fuls o' victuals,' stormed Abram. 'I gwi' set down, right now an' hyah, an' eat an' eat an' eat. I gwi' git one mo' good gorge 'fo' I die.'

Close on these words, there came again the sound of hurrying hoofs. Emmeline tossed her bag back in the brush-heap as another squad of soldiers cantered up a cross-road and turned into the highway.

'Howdy, folks! Know where can we get something to eat?' asked the foremost man.

'Want to buy it, — buy it, an' pay for it?' questioned Emmeline, cautiously.

The man produced a roll of paper money. 'Far as this money goes good.'

'I got some little snacks hyah, suh,' she hastened to say and produced her bag.

The hungry men swarmed round her and crammed paper notes in her hand.

'I'll give five dollars for that big potato.'

'Pay you ten dollars for a chicken.'

'I'll pay twenty.'

'I'll give a dollar for a smell of that bag,' humorously whined one empty-handed fellow.

Abram and Emmeline counted and recounted their bank-notes. Two hundred and forty dollars. Two hundred and forty!

'Dat's right, — but it's boun' to be wrong,' declared Abram. 'Ain't nobody nuver hyah tell o' gittin' two hund'ed and forty dollars for a few little small snacks. I gwine straight on to master. He still home sick in baid.'

Abram found the master of Redfields lying on an old mahogany davenport in the hall. Mrs. Wilson was cutting old linen, her grandmother's bridal underwear, into strips which little Carter was rolling for bandages.

'Good money? Yes, it's good money.' Mr. Wilson spoke vehemently in answer to Abram's question. 'I will take it, — dollar for dollar, against any currency in the world. Dollar for dollar — and fight to make it good. — I got the papers ready for you, Abram, as I promised. Was going to leave them with your mistress when I go back to Fitzhugh to-morrow. I'm going to stay with him till we drive the last Yankee 'cross the Potomac.'

Mrs. Wilson sighed as her husband hobbled to his desk. Then she spoke kindly to the waiting Negro: 'You've been working hard for yourself five years, have n't you, Abram?'

'Six, mistis. Six yuh come tobacco-cuttin' time,' he responded. 'I done cleaned myse'f up now o' ever'thing I got, to pay dis hyah money an' git my freedom papers.'

Mrs. Wilson looked troubled. She spoke aside to her husband: 'George, do you think — does it seem just right — now — to take everything he has for — for freedom papers? Suppose — now Jackson is gone — suppose the Confederacy should n't — What if the Yankees did —'

Her husband cut short her halting speech. There were things not to be put in words. 'It won't. It can't. We'll pull through. There's General Lee. Why, Marse Robert's bound to win. Take all Abram has? Of course. All everybody has. Things have n't been going well of late. But just let old Joe Johnston and Marse Robert get together and everything will be all right again.'

Mrs. Wilson sighed.

'We'll keep up the fight till doomsday but what we win,' he went on. 'When we old soldiers are all gone, there'll be a fresh young crop. Here's Carter. Eleven, are n't you, son? In two or three years, he'll go. Why, there's a drummer-boy in our regiment says he's thirteen, but I'd almost swear he's not a day older than Carter.'

'I'm plenty old, pa.' Carter dropped the roll of bandage and put imploring hands on his father's arm. 'I'm so big — and 'leven is pretty old, anyway. Let me go back with you, pa, and be a soldier. I can march and shoot. I've been drilling the boys like you showed me, and I make 'em call me "Cap'n Carter."'

'Next year — if we have n't whipped the Yankees before — you shall go,' said his father.

'Goody, goody!' The little fellow clapped his hands.

Abram started home with his papers. He was free now — free — free as Emmeline. Free! He set the word to a sing-song tune and droned it over and over. Tired as he was, he walked briskly, for he was in haste to get home and share his good tidings with Emmeline. In the soft spring air, there was no sound except the cawing of crows in the woodland, and far down the road a confused clamor. Voices came louder and nearer, and at a turn of the road Abram met five or six Negroes from a neighboring plantation.

'W'y hi! Huccome you outen de fiel' dis time o' day?' asked Abram.

They yelled and guffawed. Then they shouted something and shouted again and again till he caught their meaning. 'Freedom done been called! Freedom! freedom! We ain't nuver gwi' work no mo'. New Jerusalem's come. Freedom's called! Jump jubilee, nigger, jump jubilee!'

Abram extricated himself from the group and went on his way. He walked more slowly and shook his head now and then with a puzzled frown. His countenance brightened, however, when he turned down a path through the pine-woods and saw Emmeline coming to meet him.

'Well, ol' gal. I free now. Hyah de papers,' he called cheerily.

'Uh, I was so feared some'n' was gwi' happen. Hit — hit seems too good to be true. Praise de Lawd, honey, praise de Lawd. Now you's a man.'

As they went back to their cabin, Abram told about the Marshall Negroes' 'noration' that 'freedom had been called.'

Emmeline stood stock-still in the path and looked at him earnestly. 'Abram, Abram! Is dat so? Is freedom done been called?'

'Dat what dee say,' he answered. 'But dee ain't got no freedom papers.'

'I don't reckon dee need none ef freedom done been called.'

'Is dat so?' Abram was perplexed. 'Well, Em'line, dyah's boun' to be a differ twix' our freedom an' dem pig-track niggers.'

But Emmeline shook her head. 'Naw, Abram, naw. All dat wuk, all dat money, an' we ain't no free 'n de res'.'

There followed days and weeks of unrest. Most of Abram's old plantation comrades were loafing, waiting for a vague 'they' to give them 'forty acres and a mule.' Habits of independ-

ent industry and a certain shrewd common sense kept Abram and Emmeline at work.

'I ain't seed folks keen to give 'way things,' said Emmeline. 'I ain't seed folks git much 'cep' what dee wuk for.'

Abram grunted and submitted.

One day, as he was hoeing his corn-patch and bewailing the loss of Ephraim, Cindy came by the field and said she had seen 'Mr. Marse Gawge' the day before and he asked her to tell Abram to come to Redfields about some business.

'W'y hi! What he want wid Abram?' asked Emmeline suspiciously.

'Dunno. Dat all he say. Want to see Abram 'bout some 'ticular business.'

'You — you reckon he want to buy me back ag'in?' asked Abram.

'You a free man an' free you gwi' stay,' asserted Emmeline. 'He ain't got no business wid you an' you ain't gwine a step. I reckon I better go 'long wid you, an' see what he wants,' she said in the same breath.

On the way she gave her husband repeated charges as to his behavior. 'You be polite, Abram, but you be free polite,' she said. 'An' whatsoever you do, don't you say master. He ain't yo' master. He ain't nobody's master no mo'. You say "Mist' Wilson." An' don't you 'gree to nothin' 'dout my say-so. An' don't you say master.'

Emmeline led the way to the front door but their rap was unanswered; with no better success, they approached the side and back doors.

Abram looked perplexed. 'Dis hyah house ain't nuver been lef' by itse'f befo', he declared. 'Whar is ever'-body?'

Upon the stillness, came a ringing, 'Whoa, now, whoa!' Following the sound, they went toward the garden and opened the gate flanked by rows of fig bushes.

'Lawd, Lawd, Lawd!' ejaculated Abram. 'I ain't see what I see! Lawd, Lawd! My Marse Gawge!'

Mr. Wilson was hobbling behind a plough to which was hitched Zebedee, an old carriage-horse. Little Carter, grimy and perspiring, was marching valiantly behind his father, making a grim game of his task of dropping potatoes in the opened rows.

'I buried that Yankee with his eyes up,' he said. 'This one's got 'em down in the ground.'

Mrs. Wilson, in a thread-bare silk, was sitting in the shade of a *crêpe myrtle*, cutting seed-potatoes with the painstaking diligence of one at an unaccustomed task.

At the end of a row, Mr. Wilson glanced up and saw Abram and Emmeline standing at the gate.

'Howdy, Abram,' he said, in just the tone he would have used if Abram had come to the piazza and found him sipping a mint-julep.

'Master, you — you ain't ploughin'. W'y, Marse Gawge,' stammered Abram.

'This is going to be the best garden that ever was at Redfields,' Mr. Wilson said cheerily. 'Don't you see your mistress cutting the potatoes for luck? I sent for you, Abram, to talk over a little matter of business. Now, understand me. Understand one thing in the beginning. It was all right that you should pay for your freedom papers — perfectly all right. You belonged to me. You understand that, Abram?' he asked, with a defiant ring in his voice.

'Law, yas, suh; yas, suh,' Abram answered. — 'Master, dem's blisters on yo' han's.'

Mr. Wilson stood a little straighter. 'I owned you. You were my slave.' There was a sting in his gentle drawl as, for the first time, he used that

word to one of his people. 'You wanted to buy yourself. I sold you. Perfectly fair and legitimate. If I wanted to give back your money — and you understand, I don't, Abram — there is no reason I should; none at all — I have n't it and I could n't do it. If I'd had a thousand times as much, 't would all have gone the same way. But — I am going to give you — a free gift you understand, Abram — a free gift — the thirty acres of Mill Woods south of the public road. And, Abram, there's an old mule that the Yankees left for the buzzards to pick. It's on the mend and in the lower pasture. You might as well take it. I've got Zebedee, and a mule was n't made for a white man to plough.'

Abram stared and gasped and stammered. 'Is you say, master — ain't you say, master — Master, is you gi' me — gi' me —'

'Thirty acres of Mill Woods.'

'Wood-lot — an' spring — an' pasture — an' cabin — an' pig-pen — an' draw-bars?'

Mr. Wilson laughed. 'All that, Abram. As a free gift.'

'An' a — a mule?'

'A piece of one. But I must get these potatoes planted. Gee, Zebedee.'

Emmeline, who had stood as if rooted to the spot, now started forward with tears streaming down her cheeks.

'Abram, uh, Abram, you ol' fool, you! Ain't you see yo' master want dem 'taters planted? Why n't you git 'twix'n dem plough handles, you lazy no-count nigger? Ain't you got no sense at all? Mistis, you gimme dat basket o' 'taters. I gwi' cut 'em an' drap 'em, too. You go 'long in de house an' sot down in yo' rockin'-cheer, whar you b'long. Me an' Abram ain't got nothin' to do in dis worl' but to wait on you an' master.'

IN THE NOON OF SCIENCE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

How surely the race is working away from the attitude of mind toward life and nature begotten by an age of faith, into an attitude of mind toward these things begotten by an age of science! However the loss and gain may finally foot up, the movement to which I refer seems as inevitable as fate; it is along the line of the mental evolution of the race, and it can be no more checked or thwarted than can the winds or the tides. The disturbance of our mental and spiritual equilibrium consequent upon the change is natural enough.

The culture of the race has so long been of a non-scientific character; we have so long looked upon nature in the twilight of our feelings, of our hopes and our fears, and our religious emotions, that the clear mid-day light of science shocks and repels us. Our mental eyesight has not yet got used to the noon-day glare. Our anthropomorphic views of creation die hard, and when they are dead we feel orphaned. The consolations which science offers do not move our hearts. At first the scientific explanation of the universe seems to shut us into a narrower and lower world. The heaven of the ideal seems suddenly clouded over, and we feel the oppression of the physical. The sacred mysteries vanish, and in their place we have difficult or unsolvable problems.

Physical science magnifies physical things. The universe of matter with its irrefragable laws looms upon our

mental horizon larger than ever before, to some minds blotting out the very heavens. There are no more material things in the world than there always have been, and we are no more dependent upon them than has always been the case, but we are more intently and exclusively occupied with them, subduing them to our ever-growing physical and mental needs.

I am always inclined to defend physical science against the charge of materialism, and that it is the enemy of those who would live in the spirit; but when I do so I find I am unconsciously arguing with myself against the same half-defined imputation. I too at times feel the weary weight of the material universe as it presses upon us in a hundred ways in our mechanical and scientific age. I well understand what one of our women writers meant the other day when she spoke of the 'blank wall of material things' to which modern science leads us. The feminine temperament, and the literary and artistic temperament generally, is quite likely, I think, to feel something like a blank wall shutting it in, in the results of modern physical sciences. We feel it in Herbert Spencer and Ernest Haeckel, and now and then in such lambent spirits as Huxley and W. K. Clifford. Matter, and the laws of matter, and the irrefragable chain of cause and effect, press hard upon us.

We feel this oppression in the whole fabric of our civilization — a civilization which, with all its manifold privileges and advantages, is probably to a

large class of people the most crushing and soul-killing the race has ever seen. It practically abolishes time and space, while it fills the land with noise and hurry. It arms us with the forces of earth, air, and water, while it weakens our hold upon the sources of personal power; it lengthens life while it curtails leisure; it multiplies our wants while it lessens our capacity for simple enjoyments; it opens up the heights and depths, while it makes the life of the masses shallow; it vastly increases the machinery of education, while it does so little for real culture. 'Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers,' because wisdom cannot or will not come by railroad, or automobile, or aeroplane, or be hurried up by telegraph or telephone. She is more likely to come on foot, or riding on an ass, or to be drawn in a one-horse shay, than in any of our chariots of fire and thunder.

With the rise of the scientific habit of mind has come the decline in great creative literature and art. With the spread of education based upon scientific principles, originality in mind and in character fades. Science tends to eliminate the local, the individual; it favors the general, the universal. It makes our minds and characters all alike; it unifies the nations, but it tames and, in a measure, denatures them. The more we live in the scientific spirit, the spirit of material knowledge, the further we are from the spirit of true literature. The more we live upon the breath of the newspaper, the more will the mental and spiritual condition out of which come real literature and art be barred to us. The more we live in the hard, calculating business spirit, the further are we from the spirit of the master productions; the more we surrender ourselves to the feverish haste and competition of the industrial spirit, the more the doors of the heaven of the great poems and works of art are closed to us.

Beyond a certain point in our culture, exact knowledge counts for so much less than sympathy, love, appreciation. Exact knowledge of the dog, for instance, as to his power to discriminate color, to unthread a labyrinth, and the like, counts for so much less in the real values of human life than love and companionship with the dog, and appreciation of his natural capacity to get on in life. We may know Shakespeare to an analysis of his last word or allusion, and yet miss Shakespeare entirely. We may know an animal in the light of all the many tests that laboratory experimentation throws upon it, and yet not really know it at all. We are not content to know what the animal knows naturally, we want to know what it knows unnaturally. We put it through a sort of inquisitorial torment in the laboratory, we starve it, we electrocute it, we freeze it, we burn it, we incarcerate it, we vivisection it, we press it on all sides and in all ways, to find out something about its habits or mental processes that is usually not worth knowing.

Well, we can gain a lot of facts, such as they are, but we may lose our own souls. This spirit has invaded school and college. Our young people go to the woods with pencil and notebook in hand; they drive sharp bargains with every flower and bird and tree they meet; they want tangible assets that can be put down in black and white. Nature as a living joy, something to love, to live with, to brood over, is now seldom thought of. It is only a mine to be worked and to be through with, a stream to be fished, a tree to be shaken, a field to be gleaned. With what desperate thoroughness the new men study the birds; and about all their studies yield is a mass of dry, unrelated facts.

In school and college our methods are more and more thorough and busi-

ness-like, more and more searching and systematic: we would go to the roots of the tree of knowledge, even if we find a dead tree on our hands. We fairly vivisect Shakespeare and Milton and Virgil. We study a dead language as if it were a fossil to be classified, and forget that the language has a live literature, which is the main concern. We study botany so hard that we miss the charm of the flower entirely; we pursue the bird with such a spirit of gain and exactitude that a stuffed specimen in the museum would do as well. Biology in the college class means dissecting cats and rats and turtles and frogs; psychology means analogous experimental work in the laboratory. Well, we know a lot that our fathers did not know; our schools and colleges are turning out young men and women with more and more facts, but, so it often seems to me, with less and less manners, less and less reverence, less and less humility, less and less steadfastness of character.

In this age of science we have heaped up great intellectual riches of the pure scientific kind. Our mental coffers are fairly bursting with our stores of knowledge of material things. But what will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls? Must our finer spiritual faculties, whence come our love, our reverence, our humility, and our appreciation of the beauty of the world, atrophy? 'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' Perish for want of a clear perception of the higher values of life. Where there is no vision, no intuitive perception of the great fundamental truths of the inner spiritual world, science will not save us. In such a case our civilization is like an engine running without a headlight. Spiritual truths are spiritually discerned, material and logical truths — all the truths of the objective world — are intellectually discerned. The

latter give us the keys of power and the conquest of the earth, but the former alone can save us — save us from the materialism of a scientific age.

The scientific temperament, unrelied by a touch of the creative imagination, is undoubtedly too prone to deny the existence of everything beyond its ken. But science has its limitations, which its greatest exponents like Tyndall and Huxley are frank to acknowledge. On such a question as the immortality of the soul, for instance, I believe the poet, the mystic, the seer, are likely to come nearer the truth than the man of science in all the pride of his exact demonstrations.

All questions that pertain to the world within us are beyond the reach of science. Science is the commerce of the intellect with the physical or objective world; the commerce of the soul with the subjective and invisible world is entirely beyond the sphere. Professor Tyndall confessed himself utterly unable to find any logical connection between the molecular activities of the brain-substance and the phenomenon of consciousness.

In trying to deal with such a question, he says, we are on the boundary line of the intellect where the canons of science fail us. Science denies all influence of subjective phenomena over physical processes. In the absence of the empirical fact, science would be bound to deny that a man could raise his arm by an act of volition; only 'the phenomena of matter and force come within our intellectual range.' Science is forced to deny the soul, because its dealing with physical facts and forces has furnished it with no criteria by which to validate such a conception. There are questions of mind and there are questions of matter; philosophy deals with the former, science with the latter. The world of the unverifiable is the world of the soul, the world of

the verifiable is the world of the senses. We have our spiritual being in the one and our physical being in the other, and science is utterly unable to bridge the gulf that separates them.

II

The physico-chemical explanation of life and of consciousness to which modern science seems more and more inclined, falls upon some minds like a shadow. In trying to explain life itself in terms of physics and chemistry, science is at the end of its tether.

The inorganic world may grind away like the great mill that it is, run by heat, gravity, chemical affinity, and the like, and we are not disturbed; but in the world of organic matter we strike a new principle, and in any interpretation of it in terms of mechanics and chemistry alone, we feel matter pressing in upon us like the four walls coming together. Why does one dislike the suggestion of machinery in relation to either our minds or our bodies? Why does the chemico-mechanical explanation of any living thing give one a chill like the touch of cold iron? Is it because we feel that though life may be inseparably connected with chemical and mechanical principles, it is something more than chemistry and mechanics?

We are something more than machines, though every principle of mechanics be operative in our bodies. We are something more than bundles of instincts and reflexes and automatic adjustments, though all these things play a part in our lives. We are something more than mere animals, though we are assuredly of animal origin. The vital principle, even the psychic principle, may not be separable from matter, not even in thought, and yet it is not matter, because the matter with which it is identified behaves so differ-

ently from the matter with which it is not identified. Organic matter behaves so differently from inorganic, though subject to the same physical laws. A stone may rot or disintegrate, but it will never ferment, because fermentation is a process of life. There is no life without chemical reactions, and yet chemical reaction is not life; there is no life without what biologists call the colloid state, and yet the colloid state is not life. Life is confined to a certain scale of temperature — beyond a certain degree up and down the scale life disappears, and yet life is not heat or motion, or moisture or chemical affinity, though inseparable from these things.

The biological view of our animal origin is an uncongenial fact, and we may struggle against it, but we cannot escape it. Science has fixed this brand upon us. 'Brand,' I say, but have we not always recognized our animality and known that the wolf and the tiger slumbered in us? We knew it through a figure of speech, now we know it as a concrete fact.

Carlyle turned his back upon Huxley on the streets of London because Huxley had taught that mankind had an ape-like ancestor. Why is such a thought uncongenial and repelling? No doubt that it is so. There is no poetry or romance in it as there is in the Garden of Eden myth. If we could look *up* to our remote progenitors instead of *down*, if we could see them clothed in light and wisdom instead of clothed in hair and bestiality, how much more enticing and comforting the prospect would be! But we simply cannot, we must see them adown a long darkening and forbidding prospect, clothed in low animal forms and leading low animal lives — a prospect that grows more and more dim till it is lost in the abyss of geologic time.

Carlyle would have none of it! The

Garden of Eden story had more beauty and dignity. That this 'backward glance o'er traveled roads' repels us, is no concern of science. It repels us because we regard it from a higher and fairer estate. Go back there and look up: let the monkey see himself as man (if he were capable of it), and what would his emotions be? The prehistoric man, living in caves and clothed in skins, if we go no further back, is not a cheering person to contemplate. And his hairy, low-browed forbears in Tertiary times — can we see ourselves in them? It makes a vast difference whether we see the past as poetry, or see it as science. In the Bible, and in Whitman, we see it as poetry, in Darwin we see it as science.

'Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me.' — Here Whitman, through his own creative imagination, anticipates Darwin. Carlyle probably would have been moved by such a picture of his origin as Whitman gives. It would have touched his fervid *ego*. When Haeckel or Darwin gives us an account of man's origin, it is not of my origin, or your origin; the personal element is left out, the past is not linked with the present by a flash: in other words, we see it in the light of science, and not in the light of the poetic imagination. And the light of science in such matters is the light of the broad, all-revealing noon-day. It is therefore in the nature of things that the scientific view of life in some of its aspects should repel us, when it comes too near us, when it touches us personally, especially when it comes between us and our religious beliefs and aspirations.

III

We are not to forget that physical science is of necessity occupied with the physical side of things. And what

is there in nature or in life that has not its physical side? Exclusive occupation with this side does not make the poet or the prophet or the artist or the philosopher; it makes the man of science. Such occupation, no doubt, tends to deaden our interest in the finer and higher spiritual and intellectual values. The physical side of things is not often the joyous and inspiring side. The physical side of life, the physical side of birth, of death, of sex-love, the physical side of consciousness and of our mental processes, the physical or biological side of our animal origin, and so on, are not matters upon which we fondly or inspiringly dwell. The heart, which symbolizes so much to us, is only a muscle — a motor-muscle, as we may say — that acts under the influence of some physical stimulus like any other motor; the brain, which is the seat of thought and consciousness, is a mass of gray and white matter incased in the skull. Every emotion or aspiration, the highest as well as the lowest, has its physical or physiological equivalent in our own bodies.

In the light of physical science our bodies are mere machines, and every emotion of our souls is accounted for by molecular changes in the brain-substance. Life itself is explained in terms of chemico-mechanical principles. Physical science spoke in Huxley, and doubtless spoke accurately when he said, 'The soul stands related to the body as the bell of a clock to its works, and consciousness answers to the sound the bell gives out when struck.' It is not a very comforting or inspiring comparison, but it is what physical science sees in the fact. And it is this side of life alone that science can deal with. Of the major part of our lives, — of all our subjective experiences, our religious and æsthetic emotions, in fact, the whole world of the ideal and the super-sensuous, — nothing can be known or

explained in terms of exact science or mathematics.

If we want to know things as they stand related to our culture, our personality, our æsthetic emotions, we must go to literature and art; if we want to know them as they stand related to our religious sentiments and aspirations, we must look to the religious writers and the poets; but if we want to know their laws and properties and our actual physical relations to them, and make good our hold upon the sources of the permanent well-being of the race, where can we turn but to physical science?

Let us give physical science its due. We owe to it all the exact knowledge we have of the physical universe in which we are placed and our physical relations to it. All we know of the heavens above us, with their orbs and the cosmic processes going on there; all we know of the earth beneath our feet, its structure, its composition, its physical history, science has told us. All we know of the mechanism of our own bodies, its laws and functions, the physical relation of our minds to it, science has told us. All we know of our own origin, our animal descent, science has revealed. The whole material fabric of our civilization we owe to science. Our relation to the physical side of things concerns us intimately; it is for our behoof to understand it. Practical or daily experience settles much of it for us, or up to a certain remove; beyond this, physical science settles it for us — the sources and nature of disease, the remedial forces of nature, the chemical compounds, the laws of hygiene and sanitation, the value of foods, and a thousand other things beyond the reach of our unaided experience, are in the keeping of science. We have the gift of life, and life demands that we understand things in their relation to our physical well-being.

Science has made or is making the world over for us. It has builded us a new house,— builded it over our heads while we were yet living in the old, and the confusion and disruption and the wiping-out of the old features and the old associations, have been, and still are, a sore trial — a much finer, more spacious and commodious house, with endless improvements and convenience, but new, new, all bright and hard and unfamiliar, with the spirit of newness; not yet home, not yet a part of our lives, not yet sacred to memory and affection.

The question now is: Can we live as worthy and contented lives there as our fathers and grandfathers did in their ruder, humbler dwelling-place? What we owe to science on our moral and æsthetic side it would not be so easy to say, but we owe it much. It is only when we arm our faculties with the ideas and with the weapons of science that we appreciate the grandeur of the voyage we are making on this planet. It is only through science that we know we are on a planet, and are heavenly voyagers at all. When we get beyond the sphere of our unaided perceptions and experience, as we so quickly do in dealing with the earth and the heavenly bodies, science alone can guide us. Our minds are lost in the vast profound till science has blazed a way for us. The feeling of being lost or baffled may give rise to other feelings of a more reverent and pious character, as was the case with the early star-gazers, but we can no longer see the heavens with the old eyes, if we would. Science enables us to understand our own ignorance and limitations, and so puts us at our ease amid the splendors and mysteries of creation. We fear and tremble less, but we marvel and enjoy more. God, as our fathers conceived him, recedes, but law and order come to the front. The personal emotion

fades, but the cosmic emotion brightens. We escape from the bondage of our old anthropomorphic views of creation, into the larger freedom of scientific faith.

IV

Our civilization is so largely the result of physical science that we almost unconsciously impute all its ugly features to science.

But its ugly features can only indirectly be charged to science. They are primarily chargeable to the greed, the selfishness, the cupidity, the worldly-mindedness which has found in science the tools to further its ends. We can use our scientific knowledge to improve and beautify the earth, or we can use it to deface and exhaust it. We can use it to poison the air, corrupt the waters, blacken the face of the country, and harass our souls with loud and discordant noises, and we can use it to mitigate or abolish all these things. Mechanical science could draw the fangs of most of the engineering monsters that are devouring our souls. The howling locomotives that traverse the land, pouring out their huge black volumes of fetid carbon, and splitting our ears with their discordant noises, only need a little more science to purify their foul breaths and soften their agonizing voices. A great manufacturing town is hideous, and life in it is usually hideous, but more science, more mechanical skill, more soul in capital, and less brutality in labor would change all these things.

Science puts great weapons in men's hands for good or for evil, for war or for peace, for beauty or for ugliness, for life or for death, and how these weapons are used depends upon the motives that actuate us. Science now promises to make war so deadly that it will practically abolish it. While

we preach the gospel of peace our preparations for war are so exhaustive and scientific that the military spirit will die of an over-dose of its own medicine, and peace will fall of itself like a ripe fruit into our hands. A riotous, wasteful, and destructive spirit has been turned loose upon this continent, and it has used the weapons which physical science has placed in its hands in a brutal, devil-may-care sort of way, with the result that a nature fertile and bountiful, but never kind and sympathetic, has been outraged and disfigured and impoverished, rather than mellowed and subdued and humanized.

The beauty and joy of life in the old world is a reflection from the past or pre-scientific age, to a degree of which we have little conception. In spite of our wealth of practical knowledge, and our unparalleled advantages (perhaps by very reason thereof, since humility of spirit is a flower that does not flourish amid such rank growths), life in this country is undoubtedly the ugliest and most materialistic that any country or age ever saw. Our civilization is the noisiest and most disquieting, and the pressure of the business and industrial spirit the most maddening and killing, that the race has yet experienced.

Yet for all these things science is only indirectly responsible. In the same sense is the sun responsible for the rains and storms that at times destroy us. The spirit of greed and violence, robust because it has been well-housed and fed, and triply dangerous because it is well-armed and drilled, is abroad in the land. Science gave us dynamite, but whence the spirit that uses it to wreak private revenge, or to blow up railroad bridges and newspaper and manufacturing plants? Let us be just to science. Had it never been, the complexion of our lives and the

face of the earth itself would have been vastly different. Had man never attained to the power of reason, he would still have been a brute with the other beasts. It takes power to use power. Knowledge without wisdom is a dangerous thing. Science without sense may bring us to grief. We cannot vault into the saddle of the elemental forces and ride them and escape the danger of being ridden by them. We cannot have a civilization propelled by machinery without the iron of it in some form entering our souls.

With our vast stores of scientific knowledge come the same problems that come with the accumulation of worldly wealth — how to acquire the one and not lose sight of the higher spiritual values, or become intellectually hard and proud, and how to obtain the other and not mortgage our souls to the devil; in short, in both cases, how to gain the whole world and not lose our own souls. It has been done, and can be done. Darwin confessed toward the end of his life that he had lost his interest in art, in literature, and in music, of which he was once so fond, but Darwin never lost his intellectual humility or gentleness and sweetness of soul, or grew weary in the pursuit of truth for its own sake. He had sought to trace the footsteps of the creative energy in animal life with such singleness of purpose and such devotion to the ideal that the lesson of his life tells for the attitude of mind called religious as well as for the attitude called scientific. His yearning patient eyes came as near seeing the veil withdrawn from the mystery of the world of animal life as has ever been given to any man to see.

Huxley, the valiant knight in the evolutionary warfare, was not a whit behind him in the disinterested pursuit of scientific truth, while he led him in his interest in truths of a more purely

subjective and intellectual character. Huxley was often accused of materialism, but he indignantly resented the charge. He was a scientific idealist, and he shone like a holy crusader in following the Darwinian banner into the territory of the unbelievers.

v

One may question, after all, whether this oppression which our sensitive souls feel in the presence of the results of modern science be the fault of science or of our own lack of a certain mental robustness, or spiritual joy and vigor, that enables one to transmute and spiritualize science. Let us take courage from the examples of some of the great modern poets. Tennyson drew material, if not inspiration, from the two great physical sciences, geology and astronomy, especially in his noblest long poem, 'In Memoriam.' Clearly they did not suggest to him a blank wall of material things. Later in his life he seems to have feared them as rivals: 'Terrible Muses' he calls them, who might eclipse the crowned ones themselves, the great poets.

Our own Emerson was evidently stimulated by the result of physical science, and often availed himself, in his later poems and essays, of its material by way of confirming or illustrating the moral law upon which he was wont to string everything in reach. Emerson, in his eagerness for illustrative material in writing his essays, reminds one of the pressure certain birds are under when building their nests, birds like the oriole, for instance. Hang pieces of colored yarn near the place where the oriole is building its nest, and the bird seizes upon them eagerly and weaves them into the structure, not mindful at all of the obvious incongruity. Emerson in the fever of composition often snatched at facts of

science that he had read in books or heard in lectures, and worked them into his text in the same way, always reinforcing his sentence with them. The solvent power of his thought seemed equal to any fact of physical science.

Whitman was, if anything, still more complacent and receptive in the presence of science. He makes less direct use of its results than either of the other poets mentioned, but one feels that he has put it more completely under his feet than they, and used it as a vantage-ground from which to launch his tremendous 'I say.'

I lie abstracted and hear the tale of things, and
the reason of things,

They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen.

Addressing men of science he says, —

Gentlemen, to you the first honors always;
Your facts are useful and yet they are not my
dwelling;

I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling, —

as all of us do who would live in a measure the life of the spirit. To Whitman the blank wall, if there was any wall, was in his area and not in his dwelling itself.

The same may be said of Henri Bergson whose recent volume, *Creative Evolution*, is destined, I believe, to mark an epoch in the history of modern thought. The work has its root in modern physical science, but it blooms and bears fruit in the spirit to a degree quite unprecedented.

When we can descend upon the materialism of the physical sciences with the spiritual fervor and imaginative power of the men I have named, the blank wall of material things will become as transparent as glass itself, and the chill will give place to intellectual warmth.

Bergson, to whom I have referred, is a new star in the intellectual firmament of our day. He is a philosopher

upon whom the spirits of both literature and science have descended. In his great work he touches the materialism of science to finer issues. Probably no other writer of our time has possessed in the same measure the three gifts, the literary, the scientific, and the philosophical. Bergson is a kind of chastened and spiritualized Herbert Spencer.

Spencer was a philosopher upon whom the spirit of science alone had descended, and we miss in his work the quickening creative atmosphere, and that light that never was on sea or land, that pervades Bergson's. One thinks of Spencer as an enormous intellectual plant, turning out philosophical products that doubtless have their uses, but are a weary weight to the spirit. His work tends to a mechanical explanation of the universe and of the evolutionary impulse which Bergson, with his finer and more imaginative endowment, helps us to escape. Bergson's work has its root in physical science also, but you run against no blank wall of material things in it. On the contrary, it has the charm of the ideal, and is luminous with insight into the more subtle and spiritual processes of the universe. *Creative Evolution* would have appealed to Goethe, and to our own Emerson and Whitman, and to all true idealists curious about the ways of creative power. It puts wings to the results of physical science as no other work with which I am acquainted has done in my time.

VI

We must face and accept the new conditions. They will seem less hard to our children's children than to us. If the old awe and reverence must go, the old fear and superstition must go with them. The religious ages begat a whole brood of imps and furies, — supersti-

tion, persecution, witch-craft, war,—and they must go, have gone, or are going. The new wonder, the new admiration, the new humanism, with the new scientific view of the universe, chilling though it be, must come in. We shall write less poetry, but we ought to live saner lives; we shall tremble and worship less, but we shall be more at home in the universe. War must go, the zymotic diseases must go, hide-bound creeds must go, and a wider charity and sympathy come in.

There is nothing that fuses and unifies the nations like scientific knowledge, and the rational views that it inculcates—knowledge founded upon the universal nature which is in all countries the same. Science puts the same tools in all hands, the same views in all minds; we are no longer divided by false aims, or by religions founded upon half-views or false views. The local gives place to the universal.* We come to see that all people are one, and that the well-being of each is the well-being of all, and *vice versa*. Distrust gives place to confidence, jealousy gives place to fellowship. Like knowledge begets like aims, the truths of nature make the whole world kin. The individual and the picturesque will suffer, local color will fade, but the human, the democratic, the average weal, will gain.

It must be said that literature has gained in many respects in this hurrying, economic age; it has gained in point and precision what it has lost in power. We are more impatient of

the sham, the make-believe, the dilatory, the merely rhetorical and oratorical. We are more impatient of the obscure, the tedious, the impotent, the superfluous, the far-fetched. We have a new and a sharpened sense for the real, the vital, the logical. The dilatory and meandering methods of even such a writer as Hawthorne tire us a little now, and the make-believe of a Dickens is well-nigh intolerable. We want a story to move rapidly, we want the essay full of point and suggestion; we find it more and more difficult to read books about books, and all writing 'about-and-about' we are impatient of. We want the thing itself; we want currents and counter-currents—movement and rapidity at all hazards.

We are used to seeing the wheels go round, we feel the tremendous push of our civilization all about us; we see the straight paths, despite obstacles, that the controlled physical forces make over the earth's surface; we are masters of the science of short-cuts in all departments of life; and both literature and philosophy respond to these conditions. Pragmatism has come in, dogmatism has gone out; the formal, the perfunctory, the rhetorical, count for less and less; the direct, the manly, the essential, count for more and more. Science has cured us of many delusions, and it has made us the poorer by dispelling certain illusions, but it has surely made the earth a much more habitable place than it was in the pre-scientific ages.

TRIUMPHALIS

BY BLISS CARMAN

SOUL, art thou sad again,
With the old sadness?
Thou shalt be glad again
With a new gladness,
When April sun and rain
Mount to the teeming brain
With the earth-madness.

When from the mould again,
Spurning disaster,
Spring shoots unfold again,
Follow thou faster
Out of the drear domain
Of dark, defeat, and pain,
Praising the Master.

Light for thy guide again,
Ample and splendid;
Love at thy side again,
All doubting ended.
(Ah, by the dragon slain,
For nothing small or vain
Michael contended!)

Thou shalt take heart again,
No more despairing;
Play thy great part again,
Loving and caring.
Hark, how the gold refrain
Runs through the iron strain,
Splendidly daring!

Thou shalt grow strong again,
Confident, tender, —
Battle with wrong again,
Be truth's defender, —
Of the immortal train
Born to attempt, attain,
Never surrender!

WHO ARE THE JAPANESE?

BY ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

I

AMONG all the surprises which Japan has sprung upon the astonished Occident, by far the most comprehensive is that which is as yet the least comprehended, namely, the manifest differentiation from the Oriental type which she has evinced by her marvelous capacity for progress, a capacity which we had arrogated to ourselves as the peculiar possession of Western civilization.

Among the prime causes which brought the mighty Muscovite Empire to its knees before Japan was the non-recognition by the Russian government of the wide mental gulf which separates the Island Realm from the Asiatic continent. General Kuropatkin, as he clearly reveals in his history of the war, plainly saw what the disastrous result of his nation's ignorance would be. He had spent some time in Japan, and had beheld with his own eyes the evidences that a spirit wholly different from that associated with the Asiatic name animated its people, and had become convinced that, if the trou-

ble came to the issue of war, his own nation would surely find itself confronted by a foe in all essentials comparable to any of the great Western Powers.

This conviction he earnestly sought to impress upon his government, but his counsels were unheeded. The stolid Grand Duke Alexieff, to whom, as Viceroy of the Far East, the whole matter was referred, knew Japan merely as an Asiatic nation and therefore to be treated with the overweening contempt attaching, in his mind, to everything Oriental. It was his counsel, based upon ignorance and contempt, which prevailed; and the blunder of despising one's enemy was repeated on a scale seldom before known in history. Russia's armies were mown down and her fleets annihilated because of her non-recognition of the fact that a western power had arisen in the Far East, made formidable by a capacity for progress which completely differentiated it from the Oriental nations with whom it had hitherto been classed.

This differentiation, notably in view of the fact that the object-lesson fur-

nished by Japan has at last impressed itself upon slow-moving China, gives unusual interest to the puzzling question of the ethnological origin of the people who are to-day arousing Asia from its age-long sleep. Moreover, this interest has a vital bearing upon international considerations. Japan has so far merely won her place among the great powers of the world. Not yet by any means has she surmounted the bar of racial prejudice and thus entered the charmed circle of Western society, to which birth and breeding are the only talismans securing admission. On the score of breeding, indeed, there ought to be no question whatever as to the qualifications of the nation whose age-long training in the courtesies of life has given her preëminence in the practice of what we concede to be the finest flower of civilization. There remains, therefore, only the question of birth to consider.

The trend given to this ethnological inquiry in my own mind was suggested by my first visit to a Japanese theatre. Just prior to my departure from Boston, about a score of years ago, I had witnessed at Harvard a Greek play in which the Hellenic methods and features of dramatic representation had been reproduced with the most careful attention to detail. Imagine, then, my surprise at finding in a Tokyo theatre a native drama staged and performed in all essentials like that which I had just seen on the other side of the globe. There was the Greek chorus, in musical recitative interpreting the motive of the play, its weird strains varying in accord with the changing action of the scene, while the stately demeanor of the actors, who were often masked, and above all, the quasi-religious strain pervading the whole, completed the illusion that I was witnessing a performance of the old Hellenic drama; an illusion which even the quaint Ori-

ental setting of the piece could by no means dispel.

Even more remarkable was the Greek atmosphere of restraint pervading the play. The story, although the bloody and gruesome tale of the Forty-seven Ronins, was put upon the stage with the nearest possible rendering of the Greek idea that nothing repulsive, or calculated to shock refined sensibilities, should find direct expression. In the *hara-kiri* scene the victim, with stately dignity, retired to a room appointed for the consummation of the fearful rite. There followed a few moments of impressive silence, and then—a white plum-blossom fell from a tree overhanging the door to tell that all was over. There was probably no one in the audience who did not recognize the immense suggestiveness of the scene, or who was not deeply moved by it, fully according as it did with the sensitive and gentle nature of a people who ever shrink from even the mention of grief and death. Here again was another distinct and unmistakable classic motive suggesting mental kinship with the ancient leader of the Western world.

After passing some hours thus in an atmosphere permeated with Hellenic ideals, it was not strange that when we left the theatre the passers-by in their graceful flowing robes took on the semblance of a throng of Greek philosophers in a street of old Athens; and when, a moment later, there came into view a band of young men clad in white tunics, their heads encircled by blue fillets with the knots tied in front, proclaiming that they were on their way to their annual carouse under the falling cherry-blossoms, the illusion was complete, for to eye and mind alike the Bacchic procession of ancient days was there surging through the streets of the Japanese capital. Was it a mere passing illusion, or did it not rather supply a hint toward a possible

solution of one of the most puzzling problems which ever perplexed the brain of the ethnologist? Who are the Japanese?

II

Unfortunately, or, it may be, most fortunately for the purpose of this particular inquiry, the science of ethnology, which strictly speaking has to do only with the data of skulls, statures, complexions, and the like, can give us very little help. In fact, we may say that, so far as its own special field of research is concerned, it has accomplished little or nothing of value in any of its inquiries; so little, indeed, that it has been forced to stray into the linguistic realm, and to summon to its aid the sister science of comparative philology in order to win its only commanding triumph; the result of that excursion being Max Müller's now generally-accepted classification of races, based solely on the factor of language.

The outcome of such wandering from its own domain having thus been measurably satisfactory, it might not now be amiss for the ethnologist to go still further afield and essay a search along the lines of the deeper and more abiding features of humanity grouped under the name of character. If comparative philology has so greatly helped him, why not enter the more fascinating and possibly more fruitful realm of comparative temperament? For an inquiry based on the mental qualifications of peoples to be classified in the same racial category, would be a clue to determine racial kinship, of far greater weight than the study of common elements of language, deemed by so eminent an ethnologist as De Rosny to be the unsafest of guides. It is only when such broader and deeper lines of relationship are established, that inquiry into resemblances of lan-

guage, physiognomy, mythology, traditions, and folk-lore can safely be used as corroborating the conclusions of the main line of research.

The curious fact that since their advent in the modern world the Japanese have been variously called the Yankees, the English, and the French of the Far East is of itself an unwitting recognition of their possession of distinctive Aryan qualities. Alert and enterprising as the Americans, sturdy, persistent, self-respecting, and ambitious as the typical Englishman, keen-witted and versatile as the Gallic nation, inquiries as to their mental kinship with some of the dominant peoples of our own time might be fruitful of results; but as our quest is one of birth and antiquity, the resemblances to be noted between this unique people and the best representative of the ancient Aryan type will better serve our purpose.

The striking capacity for progress evinced by the Japanese is now so generally recognized that it would hardly need further mention, were it not for the curious fact that in one important regard the new-found nation has far surpassed its ancient prototype. It has kept its capacity alive, while that of Greece has seemingly perished. Japan, in spite of its Asiatic environment, and notwithstanding its long centuries of political repression, has not only held its own in this respect but has actually become in many ways the leader of the modern world and the teacher of the Occident, as its conduct of its late war has strikingly testified.

Nothing, moreover, could be more admirable than the wise discrimination with which its government has met the problems of its new life, selecting for its internal administration, with a marvelous wisdom and judgment, only those features of Western polity which were easily adaptable to the people's traditions and environment. Even

American progressives might sit at the feet of the modern Japanese, so well-balanced and even-tempered have been the steps of their advance since the dawning of their new day. In this regard, if in no others, they are demonstrating their intellectual and temperamental kinship with the ancient Greeks.

A no less remarkable parallelism exists between the leader of the ancient world and the teacher of the modern Occident in the cultivation of the spirit of refinement, a word which we Westerners need to be constantly reminded is the only synonym for civilization. As were the Greeks in their time, so are the Japanese of to-day, the acknowledged exemplars of the refinements which should mark intercourse between man and man. And here also may be found an evidence, even more marked than that just adduced, not only of the survival of an ancestral trait beyond anything observed in Greece, but also of its survival in greatly increased force.

The chief thing which makes Japan so fascinating a land to dwell in is the consciousness that you are there living in an atmosphere of universal kindness and courtesy. In the modern life of the West and, so far as we know, in that of Ancient Greece, this refinement of manners may be described as belonging to only a few classes or conditions in society, but in the new-old nation the habitual demeanor of even the humblest of its people toward each other gives evidence of an ingrained civilization of its own, surpassing that of any Occidental people of any age. And thus again a temperamental quality in which the Greeks were preëminent is found developed in even greater force among the people of the Island Realm of the Far East.

Closely akin to it and in fact growing out of the demeanor of the people toward each other, was the hospitality

to thought which Greece evinced, and which is even more conspicuously a trait of the Japanese mind. The annals of neither of the two peoples are stained with the blood of religious persecution. Just as Paul found in Athens an altar 'to the unknown God' regarded with reverence, so the common confession of ignorance in which the Japanese have been nurtured by their centuries of training in rationalism has kept them ever free from that evil spirit which in the West has always actuated those who know, or who think they have been informed, as to who or what the Deity is.

This common confession of ignorance among the Japanese has borne its legitimate fruit. Their hospitality to every religious teacher who has come among them from foreign lands, from the most ancient times down to the present day, is perhaps the proudest distinction which any nation can boast. It is not, as many have argued, a sign of indifference to all religion; rather is it an outcome of their ardent desire to welcome any one who might throw light upon their ignorance and thus help their country onward to a higher stage of morality and well-being. That has ever been and is to-day the reason why propagandists of alien creeds have ever been met with the finest of courtesy. Only in a solitary instance, when suspicion was aroused that the spread of the tenet of the Pope's temporal sovereignty might menace the integrity of the nation, have the fires of persecution been kindled. It is entirely safe to say that the Japanese sword, so quick to leap from its scabbard at the least hint of danger to the state, has never once been drawn against any man because of his religious opinions. The unexampled fury which three centuries ago swept every vestige of the Jesuit faith from the land, and sealed its ports from all contact with

the Western world, was inspired not by religious bigotry, but by the deathless patriotism of the nation's soul.

And herein, it will at once be admitted, lies another and even more striking temperamental resemblance between the two peoples under consideration. The name of Greece ever suggests Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ. It was the one land of the ancient West in the hearts of whose people burned with peculiar intensity the fires of patriotism. But now, while those fires have there become mere smouldering embers, the glories of Marathon and Thermopylæ have been almost wholly eclipsed by the deeds of desperate daring before the ramparts of Port Arthur and on the fields of Manchuria, where countless thousands, inspired solely by love of country, rushed onward to certain destruction. In all the annals of warfare and chivalry, it is now conceded, there is naught else which can even bear comparison with the patriotism there put to the test and there crowned with its gory triumph.

Even the uprising of the North in our Civil War, stirring as it was, bore evidence of no such call of the country as that which sounded in the hearts of the Japanese when their beloved land was menaced by the mighty power of the Muscovite. We, it should be remembered, had our draft-riots in the North, and throughout the Western world the word conscript has ever called up the image of a man torn from home and family to fight the battles of ambition and greed. The name bears no such meaning in Japan. There, during the Russian War, I have many a time beheld a festive procession passing along the streets with drums beating and colors flying, escorting to the station a conscript, his family and neighbors vying with each other to evince their great rejoicing that one of

their own had been honored with the vast privilege of dying in the service of his emperor.

Yet another and even more conspicuous evidence of an ancestral heritage shared in common by Japan and Greece is manifest in the unparalleled development of the art instinct in the two peoples. That development in ancient Greece made her the leader of the world in the past in so superlative a degree as to confer upon her a unique glory. But the opening of Japan has revealed to the lovers of art another world of cultured beauty bearing the impress of the same spirit of refinement, the same delicacy of line, the same fidelity to nature, and the same feeling of restraint which characterize the masterpieces of Hellenic art. Quite true is it, indeed, that those masterpieces have not yet been surpassed, or even equaled; but in one respect, and that the most important which can be named, the Japanese have surpassed the Greeks in the development of the art instinct, in that with them it has become the possession of a whole people. As an art critic of our own day has said: 'It is one thing to produce a Phidias or Michelangelo, whose works, isolated by transcendent genius, are above the comprehension of the multitude; and quite another to invent innumerable lovely objects which all can appreciate and enjoy, but which could not have existed unless there were numberless competent artists and a national capacity of invoking their happiest efforts.'¹

Possibly the Greeks may have been endowed with such a universal instinct for art-production and art-appreciation, but certain it is that there is no other nation to-day living in which artistic taste and aptitude are more generally diffused than in Japan. Not only are the commonest kitchen

¹ JARVES. *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*.

utensils moulded into forms of exquisite beauty by Japanese artisans, but it is also very unusual to find even a coolie who is not in some way a capable artist. To this so competent an authority as Professor Chamberlain¹ bears testimony in saying that it is to the common people that, 'the foreigner in Japan must go for those lessons in proportion, fitness, and sobriety which Greece once knew so well. Do you want flowers arranged? Ask your house coolie to arrange them. Is something wrong in the laying-out of your garden? Call in the cook, or the washerwoman, as counselor. It makes little difference whom you consult, so universal is the development of the art instinct among the common people throughout the entire empire.'

III

Of course, from these manifest evidences of temperamental qualities shared in common by the Greeks and the Japanese, it is by no means to be argued that the unique people of the Far East had their origin in the land of Greece. Such a conclusion would be almost as absurd as the popularly-held impression of the meaning of Darwinism. Doubtless nine people out of ten still think of that theory as teaching man's descent from the monkey, whereas its only claim is that man and the simian were derived from a common ancestor. So, likewise, while the evidences above adduced point to a marked degree of kinship, they by no means answer our question as to the common source from which the ancient leaders of the Western world and the people who are to-day engaged in regenerating the Orient derived the ancestral qualities which have so conspicuously fitted them for their respective tasks.

¹ *Things Japanese*, p. 450.

Upon the solution of this ultimate question so much light has of late been cast, and there is now in regard to it such a consensus of scholarly opinion, that it may be considered as virtually settled, so far at least as the primal habitat of everything we have a right to call a civilization is concerned. As the three dominant religions of the world have originated in the Orient, so every leading civilization, that of the West as well as that so recently revealed in the Farthest East, must needs be referred to a purely Asiatic source, whence great tides of migration, eastward as well as westward, have borne its spirit and its great ideals, practically the same, to the uttermost confines of the earth.

Since Max Müller's day the land which he called Arya in Central Asia has been generally recognized as the ancestral home whence flowed the great westward wave which, lifting upon its crest successively the empires of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Britain, at last, with the Cavaliers and the Pilgrims, crossed the stormy Atlantic and raised up the new Empire of the West.

To-day a scholarly service, similar to that of Max Müller, has been rendered by an Eastern savant who has indicated the course of another great migration in the opposite direction, which, passing through the semi-barbaric hordes of northern and southern Asia, found its final retreat in Japan, where, in safe isolation, undisturbed by the dynastic struggles and barbarian incursions which swept away the old-time civilization of the Orient, the Island Nation became the real repository of ancient Asiatic thought and culture.

In his masterly work on *The Ideals of the East*, Professor Okakura, the foremost living authority on Eastern art and archæology, while not claiming Müller's Arya as the ancestral home of his people, and not presuming to locate

that home, virtually assigns it to the same region, or somewhere thereabout, suggesting the vicinity of northern India as the probable source of his country's civilization. Wholly content with his conviction, so entirely in accord with his national pride and loyalty, — the Japanese having no desire to be assigned to a European race-category, — he rests in his conclusion that his people's origin is purely Asiatic, and that its ancestry had a standing on a par with that from which all European civilization has been derived.

Of the scope of his work and of its bearings upon the resemblances we have noted, one may gather an idea from a comment made upon it by an Indian savant who ascribes to the author the discovery that the reason for such art affinities as have been observed is to be found in the 'existence of a common early Asiatic art which has left its uttermost ripple-marks alike on the shores of Hellas, the extreme west of Ireland, Etruria, Phœnicia, Egypt, India, and China. In such a theory a fitting truce is called to all degrading disputes about priority, and Greece falls into her proper place as but a province of that ancient Asia to which scholars have long been looking as the Asgard background of the great Norse sagas.'¹

As to the purely ethnological evidence in support of this theory, there are many curiously interesting facts derived from students in this special field.

There is first of all a consensus of Oriental traditions in regard to an ancient eastward migration from western Asia. There is also the testimony of a large body of folk-lore common to Europe and Japan. In Volume III of the Transactions of the Asiatic

Society of Japan may be found a collection of Japanese legends, manifest replicas of those anciently current in Europe, the most striking being the identity between one of Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan* and the Irish legend of 'Knock-grafton.'

Comparative mythology also reveals numberless examples of similar bearing. Dr. Edkins, in the Transactions just mentioned, points out the marked Persian elements in the early Japanese scheme of the universe; while any reader of the *Kojiki*¹ will find in it not only plain versions of the stories of Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel, but also replicas of the Greek myths of Orpheus, Mars, and Venus, the national goddess bearing the closest resemblance to the latter being represented in art as rising from the sea.

The testimony of language is not so strong, because merely negative. Professor Chamberlain points out the sharp line of demarcation between the Japanese and the languages of the neighboring continent, the inference from which would be that the islands were acquired by a migration distinct from that which peopled northern and southern Asia.

The only remaining ethnological field to be considered is that of physiognomy, which it is needful to consider because, while actually the least important, it is held in popular estimation to justify the stolid race-prejudices to which the Western world is still obstinately clinging. The eyelids of the Japanese show the Mongol obliquity. Therefore the nation is of Mongol birth. That may have been the verdict of the ethnologist before he had command of all the data of his science; just as now it is that of those

¹ Introduction to *The Ideals of the East*. By NIVEDITA of Ramakrishna Vivekananda. Calcutta.

¹ *Records of Ancient Matters*. Complete literal translation by PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN, in Supplement to Vol. x, Transactions of Asiatic Society of Japan. London: Trübner & Co.

who have never studied it at all. To correct this impression, it is only necessary to consider that the Japanese are a long way from their original home, so long that they may have been centuries on their journey, during which time there could have been ample opportunity for admixture of alien blood. Tradition also assigns to their journey a route trending northward, and it is now known that obliquity of the eyelids merely suggests a long lingering in high latitudes, where nature protects the eyes of animals in the same way.

As to complexion also, on the ground of which ethnologists used to jump at their conclusions, any one who has had opportunity to come into contact with the dominant race in the islands, the descendants of those who drove the aborigines into Yezo, must hold it to be a misnomer to call the race yellow, its complexion being actually as white as that of any of the peoples of southern Europe.

Ordinarily, ethnological inquiries do not enlist popular attention; but, as already intimated, there are in connection with the particular question of the origin of this extraordinary people two

considerations of commanding interest. One is its bearing upon international relations. The framers of our naturalization laws, sharing in the ethnological ignorance of their day, denied the privilege of American citizenship to all except men of Caucasian or Negro blood. The former designation being now absolutely without meaning, opportunity for changing it is manifestly offered; and in making the change it might be well for our legislators, in simple courtesy, to recognize the claims of a people who, if not indeed of our own kin, are far more closely allied to us, by right of their high civilization, than many of the races to whom we are to-day freely granting the privilege of citizenship.

Of an importance even greater than this point of international comity is the question whether Occidental society, so-called, is determined, at the bidding of ignorant race-prejudice, to perpetuate the evidence of its own lack of breeding by excluding from its borders a people who, if not wholly of our blood, can trace back their ancestry to as lofty a plane of ancient civilization as that upon which we are so complacently priding ourselves.

A TRIP TO OHIO IN 1810

BY MARGARET VAN HORN DWIGHT

[The author of this journal was Margaret Van Horn Dwight, born December 29, 1790. She was the daughter of Doctor Maurice William Dwight, a younger brother of President Timothy Dwight. Margaret Dwight was brought up in the family of her grandmother, Mary Edwards Dwight, in Northampton. In 1807 she went to live in the family of her uncle, William Walter Woolsey, in New Haven. Three years later, in 1810, she left New Haven to visit her cousins in Warren, Ohio. The journal was kept in fulfillment of a promise to her cousin Elizabeth Woolsey, to whom it was sent immediately after her arrival in Warren.]

MILFORD, *Friday Eve.* At Capt. Pond's.

SHALL I commence my journal, my dear Elizabeth, with a description of the pain I felt at taking leave of all my friends, or shall I leave you to imagine? The afternoon has been spent by me in the most painful reflections, and in almost total silence by my companions. I have thought of a thousand things unsaid, a thousand kindnesses unpaid with thanks that I ought to have remembered more seasonably, and the neglect of which causes me many uneasy feelings. My neglecting to take leave of Sally, has had the same effect — I hope she did not feel hurt by it, for it proceeded from no want of gratitude for her kindness to me. I did not imagine parting with any friend could be so distressing as I found leaving your Mama. I did not know, till then, how much I loved her, and could I at that moment have retraced my steps! but it was too late to repent. Deacon Wolcott and his wife are very kind, obliging people, and Miss Wolcott is a very pleasant companion; I do not know what I should do without her. We came on to Butler's this afternoon, and I came immediately down to Uncle Pond's and drank tea. Miss W. came

with me and both Uncle and Aunt invited her to stay and sleep with me, which she accordingly did. Cousin Patty has been with me, to say good-bye to all my friends, and to-morrow we proceed to Stamford.

Sat. night. D. Nash's Inn, MIDDLESEX.

We had a cold, unsociable ride to-day, each one of us being occupied in thinking of the friends we had left behind and of the distance, which was every moment increasing, between them and us. We stopt to *eat oats* at a Tavern in Fairfield, West Farms; an old Lady came into the room where Miss W. (whose name, by the way, is Susan, not Hannah, Sally, or Abby) and we were sitting. 'Well! gals where are you going?' 'To New Connecticut.' 'You bant tho' — To New Connecticut? Why, what a long journey! do you ever expect to get there? How far is it?' 'Near 600 miles.' 'Well, gals, — you gals and your husbands with you?' 'No, ma'am.' 'Not got your husbands! Well, I don't know — they say there's wild Indians there!'

The poor woman was then call'd out to her daughter (the mistress of the house), who she told us has been ill five months with a swelling, and she

had come that afternoon to see it *launch'd* by the physicians who were then in the house. She went out, but soon return'd and told us they were 'cutting her poor child all to pieces.' She did not know but she should as lieve see a wild Indian as to see that scene over again. I felt very sorry for the poor old Lady — I could not help smiling at the comparison. The country we pass thro' till we are beyond N. York, I need not describe to you, nor indeed could I; for I am attended by a very unpleasant tho' not uncommon, companion, — one to whom I have bow'd in subjection ever since I left you, — Pride. It has entirely prevented my seeing the country, lest I should be known. You will cry 'For shame,' and so did I, but it did no good: I could neither shame nor reason it away, and so I suppose it will attend me to the mountains; then I am sure it will bid me adieu; for you know the proverb, 'Pride dwelleth not among the mountains.' I don't certainly know where this proverb is to be found, but Julia can tell you — for, if I mistake not, it is on the next page to 'There is nothing sweet,' etc. I do not find it so unpleasant riding in a waggon as I expected, nor am I very much fatigued with it; but four weeks to ride all the time, is fatiguing to think of.

October 22, Monday

Cook's inn, COUNTY WESTCHESTER.

I never will go to New Connecticut with a *Deacon* again, for we put up at every bye-place in the country, to *save expence*. It is very grating to my pride to go into a tavern and furnish and cook my own provision — to ride in a waggon, etc., etc., — but that I can possibly get along with; but to be oblig'd to pass the night in such a place as we are now in, just because it is a little cheaper, is more than I am willing to do; I should even rather

drink clear rum out of the wooden bottle after the deacon has drank and wip'd it over with his hand, than to stay here another night. The house is very small and very dirty — it serves for a tavern, a store, and I should imagine, hog's pen, stable, and everything else. The air is so impure I have scarcely been able to swallow since I enter'd the house. The landlady is a fat, dirty, ugly-looking creature, yet I must confess very obliging. She has a very suspicious countenance and I am very afraid of her. She seems to be master, as well as mistress and storekeeper, and from the great noise she has been making directly under me for this half hour, I suspect she has been stoning the raisins and watering the rum.'

All the evening there has been a storefull of noisy drunken fellows, yet Mr. Wolcott could not be persuaded to bring in but a small part of the baggage, and has left it in the waggon before the door, as handy as possible. Miss W's trunk is in the bar-room unlock'd, the key being broken to-day. It contains a bag of money of her father's, yet she could not persuade him to bring it upstairs. I feel so uneasy I cannot sleep and had therefore rather write than not this hour. Some one has just gone below stairs after being as I suppos'd in bed this some time; for what purpose I know not, unless to go to our trunks or waggon. The old woman (for it was her who went down) tells me I must put out my candle, so good-night.

Tuesday morn.

I went to bed last night with fear and trembling, and feel truly glad to wake up and find myself alive and well; if our property is all safe, we shall have double cause to be thankful. The old woman kept walking about after I was in bed, and I then heard her in close confab with her husband a long time. Our room is just large

enough to contain a bed, a chair, and a very small stand; our bed has one brown sheet and one pillow. The sheet however appear'd to be clean, which was more than we got at Nash's: there we were all oblig'd to sleep in the same room without curtains or any other screen, and our sheets there were so dirty I felt afraid to sleep in them. We were not much in favor at our first arrival there; but before we left them, they appear'd quite to like us, and I don't know why they should not, for we were all very clever, notwithstanding we rode in a waggon. Mrs Nash said she should reckon on't to see us again (Miss W. and me), so I told her that in 3 years she might expect to see me. She said I should never come back alone, that I would certainly be married in a little while; but I am now more than ever determin'd not to oblige myself to spend my days there by marrying, should I even have an opport'y.

I am oblig'd to write every way, so you must not wonder at the badness of the writing — I am now in bed and writing in my lap. Susan has gone to see if our baggage is in order. I hear the old woman's voice talking to the good deacon, and an 'I beg your pardon' comes out at every breath almost. Oh! I cannot bear to see her again, she is such a disgusting object. The men have been swearing and laughing in the store under me this hour, and the air of my room is so intolerable, that I must quit my writing to go in search of some that is *breathable*.

Having a few moments more to spare before we set out, with my book still in my lap, I hasten to tell you we found everything perfectly safe, and I believe I wrong'd them all by suspicions. The house by daylight looks worse than ever — every kind of thing in the room where they live; a chicken half pick'd hangs over the door, and pots, kettles, dirty dishes, potatoe bar-

rels, and every thing else; — and the old woman, — it is beyond my power to describe her, — but she and her husband are both very kind and obliging; it is as much as a body's life is worth to go near them. The air has already had a medicinal effect upon me — I feel as if I had taken an emetic, and should I stay till night I certainly should be oblig'd to take to my bed, and that would be certain death. I did not think I could eat in the house, but I did not dare refuse; the good deacon nor his wife did not mind it, so I thought I must not. The old creature sits by eating, and we are just going, to my great joy; so good-bye, good-bye till to-night.

Tuesday Noon

Ferry House, near State Prison.

It has been very cold and dusty riding to-day. We have met with no adventure yet, of any kind. We are now waiting at the ferry house to cross the river as soon as wind and tide serve. The white waves foam terribly; how we shall get across I know not, but I am in great fear. If we drown, there will be an end of my journal.

SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Pierson's Inn; *Wed'y* P.M. 4 o'clock.

'What is every body's business is no body's'; for instance, it is nobody's business where we are going, yet every body enquires — every toll-gatherer and child that sees us. I am almost discouraged — we shall never get to New Connecticut or anywhere else, at the rate we go on. We went but eleven miles yesterday and 15 to-day. Our waggon wants repairing, and we were oblig'd to put up for the night at about 3 o'clock. I think the country so far much pleasanter than any part of Connecticut we pass'd thro', but the Turnpike roads are not half as good. The Deacon and his family complain most bitterly of the gates

and toll bridges, tho' the former is very goodnatur'd with his complaints. Also the tavern expenses are a great trouble. As I said before I will never go with a Deacon again, for we go so slow and so cheap, that I am almost tir'd to death. The horses walk, walk, hour after hour, while Mr W. sits *reckoning his expenses* and forgetting to drive till some of us ask when we shall get there. Then he remembers the longer we are on the road the more *expensive* it will be, and whips up his horses; and when Erastus, the son, drives, we go still slower for fear of hurting the horses. Since I left I have conceived such an aversion for Doctors, and the words expense, expensive, cheap, and expect, that I do not desire ever to see the one (at least to need them), or hear the others again, in my life.

I have the greater part of the time, till now, felt in better spirits than I expected — my journal has been of use to me in that respect. I did not know but I should meet with the same fate that a cousin of Mr Hall's did, who like me, was journeying to a new, if not a western country: she was married on her way and prevented from proceeding to her journey's end. — There was a man to day in Camptown, where we stopt to eat, not oats but gingerbread, who enquired, or rather *expected* we were going to the 'Hio. We told him yes, and he at once concluded it was to get husbands. He said winter was coming on and he wanted a wife and believ'd he must go there to get him one. I concluded of course the next thing would be a proposal to Miss W. or me, to stay behind to save trouble for us both; but nothing would suit him but a rich widow, so our hopes were soon at an end. Disappointment is the lot of man, and we may as well bear them with a good grace — this thought restrain'd my tears at that time, but has not been able to, since.

What shall I do? My companions say they shall insist upon seeing my journal, and I certainly will not show it to them, so I told them I would bring it with me the first time I came to Henshaw (the place where they live) and read it to them; but I shall do my utmost to send it to you before I go — that would be a sufficient excuse for not performing my promise, which must be conditional.

MANSFIELD, N. J. *Sat. morn, October 27.*

We yesterday travell'd the worst road you can imagine — over mountains and thro' vallies. We have not, I believe, had 20 rods of level ground the whole day, and the road some part of it so intolerably bad on every account, so rocky and so gullied, as to be almost impassable. 15 miles this side Morristown we cross'd a mountain call'd Schyler, or something like it. We walk'd up it, and Mrs W. told us it was a little like some of the mountains, only not half so bad; indeed, every difficulty we meet with is compar'd to something worse that we have yet to expect.

We found a house built in the heart of the mountain near some springs, in a romantic place. Whether the springs are medicinal or not, I do not know, but I suspect they are, and that the house is built for the accommodation of those who go to them; for no human creature, I am sure, would wish to live there. Opposite the house are stairs on the side of the mountain and a small house resembling a bathing house, at the head of them.

At last the road seem'd to end in a hog's pen, but we found it possible to get round it, and once more found ourselves right again. We met very few people, yet the road seem'd to have been a great deal travelled. One young man came along and caus'd us some diversion, for he eyed us very closely

and then enter'd into conversation with Mr W., who was walking a little ahead. He told him he should himself set out next week for Pittsburg, and we expect to see him again before we get there. Erastus enquir'd the road of him, and he said we must go the same way he did; so we follow'd on till we put up for the night; he walking his horse all the way and looking back at the waggon. As soon as we came to the inn, he sat on his horse at the door till he saw us all quietly seated in the house and then rode off. Which of us made a conquest I know not, but I am sure one of us did.

We have pass'd thro' but 2 towns in N. J., but several small villages — Dutch valley, between some high hills and the mountain; Batestown, where we stopt to *bait*; and some others, all too small to deserve a name. At last we stopt at Mansfield, at an inn kept by Philip fits (a little f). We found it kept by 2 young women, whom I thought *amazons*, for they swore and flew about 'like *witches*.' They talk'd and laugh'd about their sparks, etc., etc., till it made us laugh so as almost to affront them.

PENNSYLVANIA, *Saturday eve.* 2 miles from
BETHLEHEM — HANOVER, *Oct. 27.*

Before I write you anything I will tell you where and how we are: — we are at a Dutch tavern, almost crazy. In one corner of the room are a set of Dutchmen talking, singing, and laughing in Dutch, so loud that my brain is almost turn'd; they one moment catch up a fiddle, and I expect soon to be pull'd up to dance. I am so afraid of them I dare hardly stay in the house one night; much less over the Sabbath. I cannot write, so good-night.

Sunday eve; sundown.

I can wait no longer to write you, for I have a great deal to say. I should not

have thought it possible to pass a Sabbath in our country among such a dissolute vicious set of wretches as we are now among. I believe at least 50 Dutchmen have been here to-day to smoke, drink, swear, pitch cents, almost dance, laugh and talk Dutch, and stare at us. They come in in droves, young and old, black and white, women and children. They are all high Dutch, but I hope not a true specimen of the Pennsylvanians generally.

Just as we set down to tea, in came a dozen or two of women, each with a child in her arms, and stood round the room. I did not know but they had come in a body to claim me as one of their kin, for they all resemble me; but as they said nothing to me, I concluded they came to see us *Yankees*, as they would a learned pig. The women dress in striped linsey-woolsey petticoats and short gowns not 6 inches in length; they look very strangely. The men dress much better — they put on their best clothes on Sunday, which I suppose is their only holiday, and 'keep it up' as they call it.

A stage came on from Bethlehem and stopt here, with 2 girls and a well-dress'd *fellow* who sat between them, an arm round each. They were probably going to the next town to a dance or a frolic of some kind, for the driver, who was very familiar with them, said he felt just right for a frolic. I suspect more liquor has been sold to-day than all the week besides. The children have been calling us *Yankees* (which is the only English word they can speak), all day long. Whether it was meant as a term of derision or not, I neither know nor care. Of this I am sure, they cannot feel more contempt for me than I do for them; tho' I most sincerely pity their ignorance and folly. There seems to be no hope of their improvement as they will not attend to any means.

After saying so much about the peo-

ple, I will describe our yesterday's ride — but first I will describe our last night's lodging. Susan and me ask'd to go to bed, and Mrs W. spoke to Mr Riker the landlord (for no woman was visible). So he took up a candle to light us, and we ask'd Mrs W. to go up with us, for we did not dare go alone. When we got into a room, he went to the bed and open'd it for us, while we were almost dying with laughter, and then stood waiting with the candle for us to get into bed. But Mrs W., as soon as she could speak, told him she would wait and bring down the candle, and he then left us. I never laugh'd so heartily in my life. Our bed to sleep on was straw, and then a feather-bed for covering. The pillows contain'd nearly a single handful of feathers, and were cover'd with the most curious and dirty patchwork I ever saw. We had one bedquilt and one sheet.

I did not undress at all, for I expected Dutchmen in every moment, and you may suppose slept very comfortably in that expectation. Mr and Mrs W. and another woman slept in the same room. When the latter came to bed, the man came in and open'd her bed also. After we were all in bed, in the middle of the night, I was awaken'd by the entrance of three Dutchmen, who were in search of a bed. I was almost frighten'd to death, but Mr W. at length heard and stopt them before they had quite reach'd our bed. Before we were dress'd the men were at the door, — which could not fasten, — looking at us. I think *wild Indians* will be less terrible to me, than these creatures. Nothing vexes me more than to see them set and look at us and talk in Dutch and laugh.

Now for our ride. — After we left Mansfield, we cross'd the longest hills, and the worst road, I ever saw: two or three times after riding a little distance on a turnpike, we found it fenced across

and were oblig'd to turn into a wood where it was almost impossible to proceed — large trees were across, not the road for there was none, but the only place we could possibly ride. It appear'd to me, we had come to an end of the habitable part of the globe; but all these difficulties were at last surmounted, and we reach'd the Delaware. The river, where it is cross'd, is much smaller than I suppos'd. The bridge over it is elegant, I think. It is covered and has 16 windows each side. As soon as we pass'd the bridge, we enter'd Easton, the first town in Pennsylvania.

Wednesday, Oct'ber 31.

HIGHDLBURG, PENN.

We pass'd through Reading yesterday, which is one of the largest and prettiest towns I have seen. We stopt about 2 hours in the town, and I improved my time in walking about to see it. I went into the stores enquiring for a scissor-case. Almost every one could talk English, but I believe the greatest part of them were Dutch people. As soon as we left Reading, we cross'd the Schuylkill. It was not deeper than the Lehi, and we rode thro' it in our waggon. A bridge was begun over it, but the man broke and was unable to finish it.

I was extremely tir'd when we stopt, and went immediately to bed after tea, and for the first time for a long while, undress'd me and had a comfortable nights rest. We are oblig'd to sleep every and any way at most of the inns now. My companions were all disturbed by the waggoners who put up here, and were all night in the room below us, eating, drinking, talking, laughing, and swearing. Poor Mr W. was so disturb'd that he is not well this morning, and what is more unpleasant to us, is not good natur'd, and Mrs W. has been urging him this half hour to eat some breakfast. He would

only answer, 'I shan't eat any,' but at length swallow'd some in sullen silence, but in a different way preparing to ride. If I were going to be married I would give my *intended* a gentle emetic, or some such thing, to see how he would bear being sick a little, for I could not coax a husband as I would a child, only because he was a little sick and a great deal cross. I trust I shall never have the trial — I am sure I should never bear it with temper and patience. Mr W. is, I believe, a very pious good man, but not naturally pleasant-temper'd; religion, however, has corrected it in a great degree, but not wholly overcome it. Mrs W. is an amiable sweet-temper'd woman as I ever saw; the more I know her, the better I love her. Susan is a charming girl, but Erastus is rather an obstinate boy; he feels superior to his father and every one else, in wisdom. Mrs Jackson is a clever woman, I believe, but I have a prejudice against her which I cannot overcome. She is very inquisitive and very communicative. She resembles Moll Lyman, or rather crazy Moll of Northampton, in her looks. She has considerable property and feels it very sensibly. Her youngest son is almost eighteen and has his wife with him, who is not quite as old. They have been married 2 months, and are a most loving couple. I cannot help thinking whenever I see them together, of 'Love I Sophia?' etc. Her name is Eliza and his, John. The other son is a very obliging but not a very polish'd young man. I like them all better than at first.

Friday morn.

I have been very much diverted at hearing some part of our landlady's history, which she told last night, after drinking a little too much, I suppose. She says she has property if she is not married; — she had her fortune told a short time since, and was told to think

of a certain gentleman living about 300 miles off, which she did, and thought so hard that a drop of blood fell from her nose. She was telling Mrs Jackson of this and ask'd how far she was going; being told about 300 miles — well, she said, she really believ'd her oldest son was the young man she was to have, for he looks just like the one she thought of. The young man will be flatter'd no doubt.

Sunday eve;

EAST PENSBORO'S TOWNSHIP, P—.

We left Mr Rees' yesterday ten o'clock, and after waiting some time at the ferry house, cross'd the Susquehanna with considerable difficulty. The river is a mile wide and so shallow that the boat would scrape across the large stones so as almost to prevent it from proceeding. We only came 8 miles; the riding was awful, and the weather so cold that I thought I should perish riding 4 miles. This will do well for us — 8 miles in 3 days.

We put up for the Sabbath at a tavern where none but the servants deign to look at us. When I am with such people, my proud spirit rises and I feel superior to them all. I believe no regard is paid to the Sabbath any where in this State: it is only made a holiday of. So much swearing as I have heard amongst the Pennsylvanians both men and women I have never before heard during my whole life. I feel afraid I shall become so accustomed to hearing it, as to feel no uneasiness at it. Harrisburgh is a most dissipated place, I am sure, and the small towns seem to partake of the vice and dissipation of the great ones. I believe Mrs Jackson has cast her eyes on Susan or me for a daughter-in-law; for my part, though I feel very well-disposed towards the young man, I had not thought of *making a bargain* with him; but I have jolted off most of my high notions, and perhaps I may be willing

to descend from a judge to a blacksmith. I shall not absolutely determine with respect to him till I get to Warren and have time to look about me and compare him with the judges Dobson and Stephenson. It is clever to have two or three strings to one's bow. But, in spite of my prejudices, they are *very clever*. Among my list of *cast offs* I would rank Dutchmen, a Pennsylvania waggoner, ditto gentlemen.

Tuesday night, Nov. 6.

We have only counted 17 miles to-day, although the riding has been much better than for several days past. We stopt in Shippenburgh at noon. The town contains only one street a mile and a half in length and very thickly built. The street is some part of it pleasant, and some part dirty. I saw in it a handsome young gentleman who was both a Dutchman and Pennsylvanian, yet in an hour and a half I did not hear him make use of a single oath or prophane word. It was a remarkable instance, the only one I have known, and I could not but remark it. We are 4 miles from Strasburgh and the mountains, and one of our horses is ill, owing to Erastus giving him too many oats. Erastus is master rather than his father, and will do as he pleases for all any one. He is a stubborn fellow, and so impudent to his mother and sister, that I have no patience with him. We are not as bless'd as the Israelites were, for our shoes wax old and our clothes wear out. I don't know that mine will last till I get there.

Saturday morn [Nov. 9.]

I am now in despair: it continues raining faster than ever. The house full of drunken prophane wretches, the old woman cross as a witch. We have nothing to eat and can get nothing but some slapjacks at a baker's some distance off, and so stormy we cannot get

there. Mrs Jackson frets all the time. I wish they would go on and leave us, we should do as well again. Mr Beach and his wife and child and the woman who is with them, are here, and the house is full. It rains most dreadfully and they say it is the clearing-off shower. Oh, if it only proves so! 'Oh had I the wings of a dove, how soon would I meet you again!' We have never found the wretches indelicate till last evening, but while we were at tea, they began talking and singing in a most dreadful manner. We are 4 miles from Sidling hill, the next mountain; and a mile and a half from this there is a creek which we must cross, that is so rais'd by the rain, as to render it impossible to pass it.

Saturday night.

Our 'clearing-up shower' has lasted all day with unabated violence. Just at sunset we had a pretty hard thunder shower, and at dusk there was clear sky visible and the evening star shone bright as possible, but now it is raining fast again. After giving an emetic, I would take a long journey with my *intended*, to try his patience; mine is try'd sorely now. I wish you could just take a peep at me — my frock is wet and dirty a quarter of a yard high, only walking about the house. I have been in my chamber almost the whole day, but was oblig'd to go down just at night to eat, and look at the sky. I was very much frighten'd by a drunken waggoner, who came up to me as I stood by the door waiting for a candle; he put his arm round my neck, and said something which I was too frighten'd to hear. It is the first time the least insult has been offer'd to any of us. One waggoner very civilly offer'd to take Susan or me on to Pitts'g in his wagon, if we were not like to get there till spring. It is not yet determin'd which shall go with him. One waggon in crossing the creek this afternoon,

got turn'd over and very much injur'd. We have concluded the reason so few are willing to return from the Western country, is not that the country is so good, but because the journey is so bad. Mr W. has gone to and from here there, 5 times, but thinks this will be the last time. Poor Susan groans and sighs, and now [and] then sheds a few tears. I think I exceed her in patience and fortitude.

Mrs Wolcott is a woman of the most perfect equanimity I ever saw. She is a woman of great feeling and tenderness, but has the most perfect command over her feelings. She is not *own* mother to these children, but she is a very good one. I have learn'd Elizabeth to eat raw pork and drink whisky; don't you think I shall do for a new country? I shall not know how to do either when I end my journey, however. We have almost got out of the land of Dutchmen, but the waggoners are worse. The people here talk curiously; they all reckon instead of expect.

Tuesday eve, Nov. 13.

4 miles east of BEDFORD, PENN.

We rode some distance on its [the Juniata's] banks, and had the road been tolerable, it would have been pleasant. I have said so much about the badness of the roads that you will hardly believe me when I tell you we saw some of the worst to-day we have ever found, and some as good as any in this state. I should not have suppos'd it possible for any thing to pass it. Mrs W. said it seem'd like going into the lower regions, but I had always an idea that road was smooth and easy. I am sure if it was as bad as that, it would have fewer travellers. We went down, however, till we came to a lower region. It was really awful. We saw some men to-day mending the roads; I did not think a Pennsylvanian ever touch'd a road or made a bridge, for we are

oblig'd to ride thro' every stream we come to. We have been nearly 20 miles to-day, and have been oblig'd to walk up hill, till we are all very tir'd. I felt too much so to write, but I am unwilling to omit it. I only wish now we could get rid of what company we have left; but that we cannot do.

Friday night, ALLEGANY M'T'N.

After a comfortable night's rest, we set out on foot to reach the height of the mountain. It rain'd fast for a long time, and at length began snowing. We found the roads bad past description, — worse than you can possibly imagine: large stones and deep mud-holes every step of the way. We were oblig'd to walk as much as we possibly could, as the horses could scarcely stir the waggon the mud was so deep and the stones so large. It has grown so cold that I fear we shall all perish to-morrow. We suffer'd with cold excessively to-day. From what I have seen and heard, I think the State of Ohio will be well fill'd before winter. Waggoners without number every day go on. One went on containing *forty* people. We almost every day see them with 18 or 20; one stopt here to night with 21. We are at a baker's, near a tavern which is fill'd with movers and waggoners. It is a comfortable place, but rather small. One old man has been in examining my writing, and giving his opinion of it in Dutch, to a young fellow who was with him. He said he could not read a word of any thing. He found fault with the ink, but commended the straitness and facility with which I wrote, — in English. I was glad he had not on his specs. We came but 10 miles to-day, and are yet on the Alleghany. It is up hill almost all the way down the mountains. I do not know when we are down them for my part. *I'm thinking*, as they say here, we shall be oblig'd to winter on

it, for I *reckon* we shall be unable to proceed on our journey, on account of roads, weather, etc.

Saturday eve,

2 Miles from LAUREL HILL, PENN.

We came but 9 or 10 miles to-day, and are now near the 6th Mountain, in a tavern fill'd with half-drunken noisy waggoners. One of them lies singing directly before the fire; proposing just now to call for a song from the *young ladies*. I can neither think nor write he makes so much noise with his *love songs*; I am every moment expecting something dreadful and dare not lay down my pen lest they should think me listening to them. They are the very worst wretches that ever liv'd, I do believe — I am out of all patience with them. The whole world, nor any thing in it, would tempt me to stay in this state three months — I dislike everything belonging to it. I am not so foolish as to suppose there are no better people in it than those we have seen; but let them be ever so good, I never desire to see any of them. We overtook an old waggoner whose waggon had got set in the mud, and I never heard a creature swear so; and whipt his horses till I thought they would die. I could not but wonder at the patience and forbearance of the Almighty, whose awful name was so blasphem'd.

We also overtook a young *Doctor*, who is going with his father to Mad River in the state of Ohio. He has been studying physic in New Jersey, but appears to be an uneducated man from the language he makes use of. I believe both himself and his father are very clever. I heard them reproving a swearer. He dresses smart, and was so polite as to assist us in getting over the mud. Susan and I walk'd on before the waggon as usual, and he overtook us and invited us into the house and call'd for some brandy sling; we did not

drink, which he appear'd not to like very well, and has scarcely spoken to us since. He thinks himself a gentleman of the *first chop*, and takes the liberty of coining words for himself. Speaking of the people in this state, he said they were very ignorant and *superstitionary*: perhaps you have heard the word before — I never did.

Monday night.

A mile west of the mountains.

Rejoice with me, my dear Elizabeth, that we are at length over all the mountains, so call'd. I do not suppose we shall be much better off than we were before, as it respects roads, — for I had just as lieve go over a mountain, as to go over the same distance of any part of the road we have had this fortnight or three weeks. But it sounds well to say we are over the mountains.

Nov. 23; Friday morn.

TURTLE CREEK, PENN.

One misfortune follows another, and I fear we shall never reach our journey's end. Yesterday we came about 3 miles. After coming down an awful hill, we were oblig'd to cross a creek; but before we quite came to it, the horses got mired, and we expected every moment one of them would die; but Erastus held his head out of water, while Mr W. was attempting to unharness them, and Mrs W. and Susan were on the bank, calling for help. I sat by, to see the horse breathe his last; but was happily disappointed in my expectation. No assistance could be got, till Mr W. waded through the water, and then 2 men with 3 horses came over. We came to this inn, and Mr W. thought it best to stay till this morning. All our company have gone on. Mr Smith invited me to ride with his wife, to Pittsburgh, and I, on some accounts, wish I had accepted his invitation — indeed I could scarcely get beside it.

We found a gentleman (Doctor, I presume by his looks) here, who was very sociable and staid an hour with us. He appear'd to be a man of good information and considerable politeness. We found the landlord very good-natur'd and obliging, and his wife directly the contrary. We find the men, generally, much more so than their wives. We are 12 miles from Pittsburgh, and here like to be. The landlord offers to keep Susan and me till spring, and let the old folks go on.

We got into the Slough of Despond yesterday, and are now at the foot of the Hill Difficulty — which is half a mile long; one waggon is already fast in the mud on it, and Mr W. is afraid to attempt it himself. I think I will winter here.

Nov. 24; Saturday night,

3½ miles beyond PITTSBURG.

Just as we were getting into the waggon this morning, Mr W. found he had left his great coat 4 miles back, and went back on foot after it, while we proceeded to Pittsburgh, which we reach'd about noon. Mr W. came about an hour after. After getting well warm, Susan and I were going out to view the town, when Mr W. came and hurried us away, as he wished to cross the river before night. From the little we did see of the town, I was extremely disappointed at its appearance. It is not one half as large as I suppos'd; but I am unable to give you any account of it, from my own observation. It is situated at the confluence of the 2 rivers, the Alleghany and Monongahela. The town suffer'd very much by the flood: one house floated down the river; its inhabitants were in the upper part of it calling for assistance; none could be render'd and what became of them I did not learn: I believe it is not known.

Wednesday Nov. 28.

7 miles from GREENSBURG, PENN.

I have had no opport'y of writing you for 3 days before now. We set out in the rain on Monday, and came on 13 miles — to a hut with a sign up call'd a tavern; and such a place! I found the people belong'd to a very ancient and noble family. They were first and second cousins to his *Satanic Majesty*. I could not but wonder that he should suffer them to lead so laborious a life, for they are among his most faithful friends and subjects. Probably they are more useful to him in that station, by increasing the number of his subjects. Their dwelling resembles that of their royal cousin, for it is very dark and gloomy and only lighted by a great fire. No one who is once caught in it, ever wishes to be again. The man is only related by marriage to his lordship.

Wednesday eve.

The house had only one room in it. There was a number of travellers and we got but one bed — that was straw or something harder. The pillow case had been on 5 or 6 years, I reckon, so I pin'd over my handkerchief, and put my night-gown over my frock. We rose an hour before daybreak, got breakfast, and set out in the snow for another hut. We came 10½ miles to-day, and are at a very comfortable inn, just in the edge of Greensburg. We expected to get a little further, to Hart's tavern quite in the town; and there I hop'd to see Judge Austin again, and I determin'd at any rate to accept his offer of getting me a horse, and go directly on with him, for I do not intend to walk 9 miles a day till we get there, if I can help it — even if it will not hurt me. I won't take the good deacon's word for that. The horses are really tir'd out and out, and every day by the time we get 4 miles they will stop, and it is extremely difficult to

get them on at all; but it is so *expensive* hiring a horse to go on, that as long as the waggon alone can be drawn 3 or 4 miles a day, it will not be done; but I feel provoked, as you will easily see, so I will write no more on this subject. I am so anxious to end my journey, that I have lost all interest about the country I pass through. It snows or rains every day, constantly. I think in good weather the ride from Warren to Pitts'g must be pleasant. If that were at present the case, my journal would be as much more interesting as my journey would be pleasanter.

Thursday eve.

10 miles as usual, has been our day's ride. I have not walk'd my 9 miles, but I walk'd as much as I could. We are in a comfortable house before an excellent fire. It is snowing very fast.

Saturday, P.M. — WARREN!

After so long a time Friday morning we set out early, with the hope of getting to Youngstown at night and to Warren to-night, but 4 miles from Youngstown the horses were so tir'd they would not stir, so we stopt at a private house for the night, an hour before sundown. We had been in the house but a little time, when Susan look'd out and told me she thought there was some one after me, and I soon saw Mr Edwards and 2 horses. 'I was never so happy, I think.' I ran out to meet him. He came in and set a while, and just at dark we started for Youngstown. Mr Edwards insisted upon Susan's going with us, so she rode behind him, and I rode the single horse. We reach'd *Cousin* Joseph Woodbridge's about the middle of the eve. They got us a good supper and gave us a bed. Mrs W. is a very pretty woman (I mean pleasing). They have 3 children, and appear to be very well

off (you understand me), and happy. They live in a very comfortable log-house, pleasantly situated. A cousin in this country is not to be slighted, I assure you. I would give more for one in this country than for 20 in old Connecticut. This morning Mrs Todd came over to see us, and urg'd us to stay and spend the day with her. But spite of her solicitations, we set out for Warren soon after breakfast. My horse was extremely dull and we did not get here till near 2 o'clock.

Cousin Louisa was as happy to see me as I could wish, and I think I shall be very happy and contented. The town is pleasanter than I expected, the house better, and the children as fine. Cousin has alter'd very little, in any way. I found a Mrs Waldo here just going to Connecticut, and lest I should not have another opportunity, I intend sending this by them, without even time to read it over and correct it. I am ashamed of it, my dear Elizabeth, and were it not for my promise to you, I don't know that I should dare to send it. I will write your Mama by mail, I have not time for a letter now. My very best love to everybody. I have a great deal more to say, but no more time than just to tell you, I am ever and most affect'ly

Yours,

M V D —.

Let no one see this but your own family.

[A little over a year after her arrival in Warren Miss Dwight was married to William Bell, Jr., a wholesale merchant of Pittsburg. She lived in Pittsburg until her death in 1834, bringing up a large family of children, entertaining many friends; and the family tradition is that she was active and very vivacious.]

THE RURAL PROBLEM AND THE COUNTRY MINISTER

BY JOSEPH WOODBURY STROUT

IN the great forward movement of the times, the country is far behind the city. Modern improvements have obtained slowly among the farmers. Machinery has taken the place of men everywhere, even to a certain extent on the farm; but apart from the necessities of his economic life, the farmer has been slow to introduce new things. The rural home is not yet comfortable. The great majority of farmers still go to the spring, or draw water from a well with the old oaken bucket. Hot and cold water, modern conveniences, sanitary surroundings, heat, light, and the rest, are easily within the reach of every rural householder, yet not one in a hundred has them.

An electric-lighting plant is possible in almost every rural district. Rarely is there a country town through which some stream of water is not flowing, and now, since the passing of the old woolen and grist mills, these streams are running entirely to waste. In the three communities where I have lived during the last twenty-five years, there are valuable waterways altogether unused. Each one of these streams offers good opportunity for damming, and with small outlay the power of a fifteen-foot fall might be had. In my present location, in the centre of the town is a fall of water amply sufficient in power to light the village, and run small machinery of various kinds. In the city such power would have been in use long ago. This loss and waste is seen and acknowledged by the men of the different communities, and yet no ef-

fort is made to turn the unused power to account.

For more than a century cities have been paving their streets, and for half a century, at least, they have been building macadam roads, while the roads in the country, where roads are vital to economic life, have been mainly left to nature. In fifty years, omitting possibly the last decade, the poor country road itself has robbed the farmer of half his profits. He has not been ignorant of the fact, but he has been too apathetic to attempt a remedy. Since the state began building roads and aiding the towns to do likewise, some improvements have come, but even now rural communities will not take any initiative. Only when the road commissioners say that they will pay one half the cost does the town make a movement. Within fifty years this town where I now live has sunk in bad roads enough money to have macadamized every piece of highway in town; yet, with one or two exceptions, the farmers still draw heavy loads to market through an ungraded way of mud and mire.

There is great wealth in these rural districts. The resources of land and wood and water have lain undeveloped for hundreds of years, while men have toiled for daily bread, and died with just enough ahead to bury them. And they are not much more awake to these things now than they were fifty years ago. Moreover, the farmer spends in the city the little wealth he does accumulate. If he sells his produce in the

city, he spends his extra dollars there also. He unwittingly helps the city to build good roads, to have electric lights, comfortable homes, and all the luxuries of modern times, but fails to help himself to any of them. He invests the little money he accumulates in the city. He votes for the city, at least the manufacturing city, every time. He stands pat on the tariff, and fights reciprocity, just as the great manufacturer wants him to, and is generally relied upon to hold everything down to the old-fashioned, worn-out, beggarly economics of twenty-five years ago. The riches of his own locality are passed over, and his energy is given, in large measure, to the exalting of cities. The diamonds at his own door he will not gather.

If the rural inhabitant thus remains apathetic in the things which immediately concern his economic welfare, one may expect to find a similar condition of apathy in other quarters. And he is not disappointed. The rural schools are far below their possibilities. 'What was good enough school for us is good enough for our children,' is still the great argument of the orator of the town meeting. And the men chosen for the school committee still exploit the old notion that their chief aim should be to save the town's money, instead of to educate the town's children. The boys and girls are measured in dollars and cents, and the dollar is big and the boy is small. The country schools are indeed better than they were one hundred years ago, but the advance has been along a line of training and development peculiarly calculated to fit the pupil for city life. The point of view of the farmer is taken from the city. In every sporadic attempt at improvement he invariably apes the city. No attempt is ever made to turn the educational forces toward developing the country genius

of the pupil. It is no wonder the young people go to the city. So far as they have any training in school, it is toward that end. They learn nothing about the farm life. Most country boys leave school at the end of the sixth grade, hardly able to read, write, or cipher. They have no knowledge of the grasses and the flowers, of the bugs and the worms, of the birds and the animals, save, perchance, that which is involved in the folk-lore of the community, generally wrong. Here, where the country-side should place its chief emphasis and train its boys and girls for the rural life, the time is taken up with imparting quite another sort of knowledge.

The absence of local or civic pride in these communities is sometimes striking. In the centre of our town, a cluster of houses forms a small village. Nature has been generous with us in planting trees and giving us a small lake, bordered with the wild honeysuckle, the pink azalea, the blueberry and the shad-bush, while along the streets grasses grow profusely, and in the centre, between cross-sections of the road, little malls and parks are cut out; but the grass is never mowed, the edges of the malls are never trimmed, the shores of the pond are never graded, the trees, except by the state, are never sprayed; bills are posted on the trees, the sheds, and the fences. The meeting-house stands here, but except that men outside of the town have taken it in hand, it would be as forlorn and neglected as the rest of the district. Pigmy political bosses, and little party machines, dominate the town. These say who shall be selectman, school committee, representative to the general council, and who shall sit in the jury-box. The rest of the town does not care enough to want a voice in the matter.

A landmark in all these communities is the meeting-house. The fathers

of the hamlet were men of vision. The meeting-houses are old. They would not be here otherwise. The modern farmer has not much use for a church; he is too apathetic, too penurious, too close to the physical side of life, to organize one. But, thanks to the old men, there is no rural district without at least its one meeting-house. But this is a cold affair, unattractive in general, and out of repair, about starved out. Its architecture is commonplace or fantastic, and its vestry usually underground. The singing is led by an old-fashioned reed-organ, and the hymn-books are at least forty years behind the time. Congregations are small, and one sometimes wonders why there are any, so unattractive and downright oppressive are the surroundings. The services in most of the churches are like those fifty years ago, except that, instead of the second sermon, there is now a Sunday school. The mid-week meeting is composed of a few old ladies, with an occasional old man sandwiched in, who say the same things, pray the same prayers, that they have been saying and praying for half a century. Sometimes the young people have an organization, but it is sure to be an exact copy of the old peoples' meeting. Yet this church has been a light and a life to the community for many years, and may contain the secret of the community's salvation.

Behind this array of facts are still sadder ones. Below the intellectual and moral laziness of these districts is an old past, dragged along like a whirl of dead water. The city has cut away from its past. It has left the dead to bury the dead. Not so the country. In the country the custom of inbreeding is still dominant. Not in the inter-marrying of relatives, perhaps; yet, what is quite as bad, in the marrying into each other's families. No new blood comes to change the old current

of life. The boys seek their wives at the house of the next-door neighbor, or possibly in the next school district; good romance, but bad eugenics. And the end is not yet. They have developed a kind of consciousness of inferiority. They feel inferior to the world. Individually they think of themselves as on a lower plane than the men and women of the city. The result is a lack of moral courage. The rural youth is bashful. He has not the courage to get away from his father and mother and seek a wife from a different environment. Sometimes this happens, but it is an accident; and the wife, if a woman of education and vision, is soon starved out, or, in the dogged persistence of dullness, falls a victim to environment and settles down to the common level.

But the sin of the rural community is not what it has done, or what it is; it is what it has not done, what it is not. Time was when the men of these communities were the leading men in our economic and political life. The countryside was once the strategic point in our civilization. The farmer carried his produce to market and named his price for it. But to-day he is not even asked his price. He must take what the buyer will give. In those old days he had a voice in choosing his representative, his governor, his president. The old farmer had to be reckoned with then, but to-day he is of no account. He has yielded his place to the man from the city. He has allowed the city to select his brightest boys and girls and train them for itself. He has allowed the city to get his money. He has watched the city ride in palace cars, build homes of comfort and refinement, educate its children in attractive schoolrooms, add the luxury of fine libraries, establish churches of rich architecture, and man them with efficient talent. He has watched the city merchant move from the small shop to the great market, the

manufacturer build new and magnificent mills, and the banker control millions of dollars weekly.

He may have thought, once in a while, that these men have simply taken the place that once was his, and may not be able to give a satisfactory reason why he should not hold it still. He may have noticed that the great prizes have gone to the city, while he toils from sun-up to sun-down for his daily bread. He may now and then think of these things, but the fact probably is that he is satisfied with things as they are, has all he deserves, and cannot take the trouble to turn things about. He has never tried to rise to his own natural place in the movements of the world.

Communities, like individuals, must be measured not by what they are, but by what they might be, — what they ought to be. The rural district ought to be a power in the life of the country to-day. It ought to be conscious of the fact that it is essential to the life of the nation. But it will never come into its own, or rise to the demand of the day, by aping the city. It does not want the city life. It has no call for the city ideal. It cannot use the city plans. It must follow its own deep dreams, perfect its own plans in its own way. It must find itself. The best of its life is lost in measuring everything in terms of dollars and cents. It has been too ready to ask alms of the city, — some library, school-building, hall, church, — and too unwilling to get things for itself. It may be true that the city, getting the country's money and its best energy, owes it, in return, some of its wealth. But neither the city, nor any other power outside, can redeem the rural community. The rural community must redeem itself. The deepest call to-day is for a rural consciousness; a sense of life in the fields and forests, a passion for the life of the country.

Until this is had the community will not come up to its possibilities.

Two conditions confront these communities: either, by continuing as now, they must sink into insignificance in the nation's life, or by stirring themselves, they may come forward and take a hand in the activities of the day. There are indications that the latter alternative will be chosen; but as yet there is no real awakening in the rural community itself. The city is waking up to this condition and call of the country town, but it receives little or no response from the countryside. The villages slumber on, indifferent to what they have been, or what they may be. Men of vision from the great centres, looking out upon these little hamlets scattered up and down the country, realize their native beauty, their rich possibilities, their strength of life, their unmeasured resources, and try to do something for them, but usually they are not well enough acquainted with the problem to accomplish results, or they offend the farmer with their patronage. Educators have taken up the problem, and have contributed an immense amount of information on the matter, but these, even, are too much on the outside to help. No solution of so great a problem can come from outside the rural life itself. Any amount of money poured into the country in the form of renovating abandoned farms, gifts of public libraries, churches, what not, can never save the country. No one is helped by conditions that impoverish him. That is equally true of communities. The country must find its own soul. It must think its own thoughts. It must renovate its own abandoned farms, build its own public libraries, churches, and all the rest. In a word, it must become responsible for its own life, or it is bound to lose that life utterly.

Such, in the main, are the conditions. Where lies the remedy? Primarily in a

new rural consciousness. The community must find its own soul in this great age. It must wake up and earn its own living. It must do it in its own way. It must train its boys and girls in those things that belong to the life they are in, or, better, must train them so to shape that life from within that it shall develop its own capacities. The curricula of the schools must be modified. New teachers, of better training and of larger vision, are needed. Libraries are called for in which the literature of the rural life shall be found. The countryside must learn to master and handle its waste lands, take up the abandoned farms, divide them among the boys.

The farmer has too much land: most of the farms in this town could be divided by two, some of them by three, and become at once more profitable. Men must develop the coöperative spirit. Farmers have much to learn from the old countries yet. They must get together. A little coöperation among them would easily call into use the water power running to waste, and light the houses and streets. A little working together and the farmer could soon put his roads in condition to save at least fifty per cent of waste in the wear and tear of his teams. One of the first lessons to be learned is economy. But that is not all. Negative efforts may count for much, but it is the outlook, the vision of possibilities, that counts most. It is the new vision, the new consciousness, that can save these communities.

Here the task of the rural minister seems outlined. He is best fitted and situated to solve the problem, or at least to lead the way. It might appear to the casual observer that, when the needs of the community turn on the making use of water-power, the building of good roads, the introducing of water into the homes, the intensifying of the production of crops, the estab-

lishing of libraries, and the putting of the schools on a true basis, a business man, some captain of industry, is needed. And that would be true, were it not that the secret of these shortcomings lies, not in economic conditions, but in the heart of a peculiar life. It lies chiefly in the fact that the rural community has lost its vision. It has lowered its self-respect. It does not seem to know that it has a soul of its own.

Here is the minister's opportunity. He alone seems to possess the key to their real life. But this is true only as he is in the heart of the rural life himself. He can speak *ex cathedra* only as he is one of these people. It may not follow that the rural minister must be country-born and bred, yet it is well, other things being equal, if such be true. But he must be on the inside of the rural life. He must be able to make a true estimate of the ability of his people and compel them to come up to that estimate. It will not do to take them at their own estimate. That is too low. They are overshadowed, unconsciously overawed, by the great city. The rural community seems afraid of the city. It apologizes for its own best thoughts. It speaks of its own life deprecatingly as if it could not be expected to measure up to the life of the great town. It has a kind of backstairs sensation that it is on a lower plane than the city. These rural communities, unwittingly, are falling into a condition analogous to that of the old English village with its lord and commons. Feudalism is among us to a greater extent than we dream or would admit.

There is a dim, unspoken feeling in these scattered communities that, as communities, they have all that they deserve. They have sufficient self-respect to maintain themselves in a narrow kind of economic life, but when it

comes to taking a part in the movements of the country, they are afraid. They are timid. This condition bears as heavily on the minister as on the rest. The minister who accepts a call to a rural church is discredited by that church because he accepts it. They think: 'If he were a strong man in every way, he would not come to us.' In the estimation of his own congregation, he is never on a par with the city minister, albeit sometimes he is the stronger man. In the long, dull drag of the years that he spends among these people, it will be strange indeed if he too does not get to thinking the same thing. To a certain extent, the rural minister must not know so much more than his people if he would really minister to their deepest needs.

The minister holds the key to the situation, but he must have a live church behind him, or he will accomplish nothing. This he has not. The rural church is living far below its possible life. From hand to mouth mostly. It has to struggle for existence. It is just able to keep its head above water. And this, not because these communities are poor, but because their dollar is so high-priced. The rural people are penurious. I can stand on our meeting-house steps and point out a half-dozen families that never go to church, and that contribute almost nothing to the support of the church, yet whose property, from an economic point of view, has been increased in value, by the mere proximity of the meeting-house, many hundreds of dollars. Interest on the unearned increment of these homesteads would amount to ten times as much as any of them ever give to the church, or to charity of any kind.

Taken man for man, the rural communities are as wealthy as the cities. But the farmer's money is all in the city. He even sends his children there to be educated. Country towns, now

that they are compelled by statute to pay the tuition of children in some high school, have sat down to a kind of helpless submission, and send the few boys and girls who want to go further, to the high school in the city; but they do it grudgingly, and in no way ever encouraging a large number of them to go higher. The country finds this cheaper than to establish high schools in town. In dollars and cents that is true, but in every other way it is false: this city education is one of the causes underlying the apathy, backwardness, illiteracy, indifference, of the rural community.

In the same way the rural church is allowed to half-starve, while the farmer makes it possible for the city church to have all it needs. The minister who would like to lead the people to a higher life in the small communities is handicapped by the struggle on the part of the church for mere existence. When the church should be a power-house for him, he finds himself the power-house for the church. There would be no rural church to-day were it not for the ministers who, loving the country with a passionate love, and seeing wide visions of possible service there, are sacrificing salaries and society to accomplish the needed reforms. The minister's first task, therefore, is to build himself a strong church.

The rural church must become a new church. She also must win her own soul. She must develop a consciousness of individuality. She must awaken to a deeper sense of her mission. She must put more lofty and comprehensive ideals before her own life, learn generosity, self-sacrifice, to make large plans, to live a life of service to the community and to the world. She must overtake her possibilities and become a fearless leader in the larger schemes of the day. Here is the great problem itself.

The weakest point in the rural

church is its poor estimate of itself. It has allowed itself to become half-pauperized by gifts from without. It has lost its self-respect, and now, on every occasion where anything of importance needs to be done, turns at once to the helpers from the cities. It goes to outside sources when its running expenses fail, instead of rising in its own strength and self-respect and meeting its own emergencies. This begging is the most suicidal of all the rural policies. For this comes of that low estimate of its own resources and its own faith, its simple short-circuiting of its own energy. It is not surprising that its minister 'is inferior, or he would not come to such a church.'

Rural religion is not without a crude kind of vitality, but it is not of a high type. The church does not lead the community's aspirations, or the individual's—it follows. The community has no real appreciation of the church service. The church is no more sacred than the town hall. Sunday morning conversation goes on until the doxology is sung. Fifty per cent of the people are late. And unless the service is a sort of entertainment, most of the people do not come at all. The real dignity of a religious service, the long vision, the stirring of deep faiths, the presence of an infinite life, these are not there. There is also a surprising lack of loyalty to the church. I have been left,

not once, or twice, of a Sunday evening, without a congregation because a neighboring church had a Sunday-school concert that evening.

The rural minister has been called inferior, but he has an inferior church to back him. He is in a community of long apathy, low religious life, crude ideals of service, small ways of giving and living; and unless he is a mighty man, he will be hampered and hindered and discouraged and belittled by his environment.

No braver task, however, has ever been set for man than that outlined for the rural minister. For, while he must fight to keep himself from falling to a lower plane of thought and life, and to keep his church from losing its faith altogether, he may look forward to the end when, from a patient and persistent service, he shall see the reward of his toil, in better and brighter things. The rural districts yet contain an immense amount of vitality. Stored away in the apathetic lives of these slow people is a great reserve of energy. Here are strong men, and here is health, and here is independence. Here, in embryo, are long visions, great plans, sturdy life, the hope of the nation. But the deep notes of life must be sounded. The deep faiths must be constantly under call. This is the rural minister's opportunity, and it is no mean one.

TWO ITALIAN GARDENS

BY MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG

A GARDEN is the attempt of Man and Nature to materialize their dreams of the original Paradise. Man is its father and Nature its mother, so that all gardens which deserve the name are half-human, and appeal to us with a personality of their own.

Of the two gardens which are the subject of this reminiscence, one stands eleven hundred feet above the Tyrrhenian Sea, looking across the Gulf of Salerno toward the blue plain of Pæstum; the other adorns a lonely promontory in the Lake of Garda, where its grove of spiring cypresses and walls of black yew throw a fringe of dark, broken reflections into the deep water under its rocky banks. It is essentially a cultured garden in the human and literary sense of the word. It must have been imagined and made by a scholar who loved and absorbed the Classics so thoroughly that he lived in their dead poetries rather than in the world in which he found himself; and so in his chosen corner he made himself this private paradise out of a dead ideal, where he could pace among his statues and cypresses and marble tablets with their neo-classic inscriptions, or look across the lake at the distant promontory of Sirmione, where the Roman Catullus once lived and wrote.

In the middle of the garden stands a wide circle of cypress trees, and between each two trees a stucco shrine containing an antique marble bust, whose silent presence gives a hush and secrecy to the shady space. At the margins of the straight walks which intersect the

square grass-plots, a marble well or a quaint garden statue breaks the monotony of the lines. Except for two long hedges of rose-flowered oleanders, the garden has few flowers: its restrained, classic charm springs from the alternation of light and shade on grass-plots and on the cool, dead white of stuccoed walls; the contrast between the weathered marble of its statues and inscribed tablets and the heavy green and sables of its yews and cypresses.

A long flight of steps leads down into a smaller garden — a high-walled square, green and damp like an empty well — in a corner of which stands an old lemon-house. Tall white columns support a skeleton timber roof, and amongst the curdy white of their stucco shafts the great lemon trees receive the sunlight among their leaves, sifting it into a hundred soft tones of shade and transparency. The waxy, primrose-colored fruit shows coolly amid the dark, glazed foliage, and the pale blossom fills the air with its exotic sweetness. Against the wall a marble well is set, still full and clear, though its whiteness has been stained and weathered to orange and greened with moss. A neo-Latin stanza is carved upon it, — a 'quaint conceit' packed into four lines, — and above it, in an alcove in the wall, stands a broken baroque statue, seeming by its wistful pose and slow gesture to be listening to some far-vanishing sound.

Toward the lake, where the square white villa stands with its cool loggia, terraces of clipped yew descend in steps

to the water; the three blues of lake and sky and distant mountains shine through the window-like openings in their dark walls.

Such is the lake garden. In it one feels the presence of, and seems to converse with, a sympathetic and cultured mind. Its pathos lies not in its ruin, or in the suggestion of a society passed away, but in the absence of the ardent scholar who loved its exquisite false classicism, and who composed, for his memorial tablet to Catullus, an elegy whose tender artificiality commemorates also himself and his garden: —

Luxere hic Veneres Cupidinesque
Amisam lepidi lyram Catulli
Hoc Musae statuere Gratiaequae
Et Nymphae lachrymis piis sacellum.

Like the garden of the Villa d'Este it is one of the many false and beautiful growths which an epicurean romanticism has grafted upon a dead classicism.

Art is the result of two very different attitudes toward life. It may synthesize and articulate the artist's zest for life — life viewed and accepted as a whole in all its manifold forms, and seen, as God saw the created world, to be very good. Such an artist voices, more or less fully and accurately, the ideals of the society in which he lives, and in a similar degree his art represents in a purified and ennobled form the history of contemporary life and thought. This type of art may for convenience be labeled Social Art. Its ideal is based on the classic ideal of reason, science, and the perfect society of which art forms an integral part; but it is the classic ideal widened and ennobled by long influence of the romantic spirit. Such an ideal tends always toward monism, for it regards the material and the spiritual as essentially one, and that one is life.

On the other hand, art may result from the artist's conviction that the road to the ultimate Reality does not

necessarily lie through a perfected human society: his conception of life is, in fact, dualistic. For him the material life and the spiritual life are two separate existences, of which the spiritual is alone the true one. It is the romantic ideal carried to its logical conclusion, and lacking the leaven of the classic spirit to curb and rationalize it. It is the ideal which produced the monastic system and formed so large an element in the Crusades. Such an artist is a hermit, who either from despair at the ugliness and cruelty of the life he sees round him, or from the conviction that he has something better, turns his back upon society and builds himself a hermitage out of his creative imagination.

Various periods of history have left us beautiful types of this hermit art. We see it in the garden statuary of the seventeenth-century villas and châteaux of Italy and France: beautiful, wistful creations that try to recall the ancient gods and sylvan beings long since discredited, investing them with a delicate mystery and pathos unknown to their classic prototypes — the mystery and pathos of the romantic spirit.

We see it again in the art of Watteau, who depicted the charming artificiality of the society of his time, a society which played at embarking for Cythera, and elaborately acted the pastoral ideals in which it would fain believe. He shows it to us, at the psychological moment when its artificiality has ceased to suffice it, trying only half successfully to close its eyes to the grim, strenuous realities of life as it exists outside the magic circle of the *fête champêtre*. His art does not concern itself with reality; at most it suggests it, vaguely distant; but it is these suggestions that throw its artificiality into such poignant relief, humanizing and giving a pathos to those men and women, refined, prettily attractive, and

almost ingenuous in their artificiality, playing so near the brink of the inexorable *néant*. At its least, it is an art of garden tableaux, dainty dressing-tables, and Arcadian shepherdesses. Looking at it, we feel that we cannot judge as men and women of the world these children who have never known the realities of life. We feel, with the preacher, that all is vanity; yet how charming the vanity!

At its best, it is the fool with his motley and his secret tragedy — Pierrot with a face blanched partly by powder, partly by the tragedy of disillusionment.

Nowadays the hermit spirit manifests itself in many forms. The delicate art of W. B. Yeats finds its inspiration in the mystic lore of times for him nobler and more spiritual than ours. Francis Thompson, that spiritual voluptuary, turns his face from modern life to contemplate his mystical conception of Christianity.

I that no part have in the time's bragged way,
And its loud bruit,

he sings, and follows his steep path to salvation alone.

Indeed, any art which concentrates its vision exclusively upon spiritual mystery must be lonely; for the spiritual, as conceived by the dualist, can be approached only by shutting out the world in solitary meditation. Such spiritual experience cannot be shared by a crowd as by one consciousness; it is the separate and private concern of each single individual. Thus it is that the soul dramas of Maeterlinck, and the music of Debussy and his school, are so lonely. Debussy deals not with the forms and details which constitute an event, but with the total impression — the soul, if you will — evolved from those forms and details. And it is this spiritualizing, this banishing of the accidents of detail and form, together with the subtlety and restraint of his

emotional and color schemes, which produces that effect of lonely purity which haunts his music.

Take, for example, his 'Soirée dans Grenade.' It is a vivid picture of a night carnival in Spain. Here, if anywhere, was a chance for the portrayal of strongly human and material elements. One can imagine how Richard Strauss would have done it. We should have had a noisy crowd, full of character and broad humor; loud laughter and whistlings; coarse jibes from the hunch-back at the street corner — a vivid *genre* representation. Debussy attains to a vividness at least as strong, by the exact antitheses of these elements. There is no humor, no human character; we are unconscious of the presence of human beings, except in so far as their passage provides movement, sound, and color. The colors, though full-toned, are blurred and mistily interfused. There are no solid forms; only lines — tall, perpendicular lines and great sweeping curves, a sense of tense rhythm and *élan*, and a sense, too, of the tragic regret which always underlies such scenes of vivid, momentary joy. A passing mandolin is the only hint we get of a separate human presence. It is, in fact, an intense spiritual impression. You can no more imagine Debussy writing national, crowd-stirring music than you can think of Yeats as poet-laureate.

To many people these hermit arts, with their very specialized atmospheres, untroubled by the salt breeze of life, seem decadent and morbid — a luxury rather than a glorious necessity. They seem to be the coward creations of shrinking, sensitive souls, children of the world's weariness and discouragement, who have not the courage to face, and the strength to transfigure, the cruelty and ugliness of life, as it has been faced and transfigured by the universal power of such geniuses as

Michelangelo, Shakespeare, and Beethoven, children of the world's eternal energy.

There is much to be said on either side. The upholder of the social ideal might argue on the following lines. To the observer of modern life, the most striking phenomenon is the social revolution which is slowly growing up all over Europe. The ultimate corollary of Socialism is a confident optimism, a belief in the perfectibility of society, the monistic belief that spiritual perfection is attainable only through the perfection of the race, that,

Not forfeiting the beast with which they are
crossed

To stature of the gods will they attain.

In such a society the only art which can have any ultimate reason for existence is the art which sums up and interprets existing life, leading it forward to higher ideals; for when life is purged of wrong and ugliness no one will seek escape from it in a beautiful dream, because life itself will be the most beautiful of all dreams.

He would point, in support of his argument, to Ancient Greece, where this ideal state of things was, for a brief period, partially realized; when art (poetry, drama, sculpture, music, and the dance) was an integral part of life, reflecting and articulating the Hellenic ideal — the ideal based on reason, intellect, and the beauty of a harmonious life. In it there was no place for hermit arts; they were in fact inconceivable under conditions in which, as Mr. Lowes Dickinson says, 'the ideal . . . was organically related to the real.' The noblest art, he would say, is collective, socially creative; hermit art is essentially disintegrative.

This does not mean that art will ultimately cease to be spiritual; far from it. It means that material and spirit are the constituents of life and that art can achieve true spirituality

only through the material and the human, as the art of Michelangelo and Titian has done, by showing us human gods and goddesses, creatures like ourselves, but nobler, more beautiful, and more powerful than ourselves. Such art stimulates both body and soul; it stimulates even when, as in Michelangelo, it depicts a great despair; because so immense a despair postulates an immeasurably great and noble nature; and to despair with Michelangelo is a nobler and fuller experience than to rejoice with a china shepherdess.

On the other hand, the advocate of hermit art might take up the same parable of Ancient Greece where his opponent dropped it, and ask where, as a matter of fact, this ideal led. He might point out that the very conditions necessary to its realization were fatal to it; that, to quote Mr. Lowes Dickinson again, 'the harmony of the Greeks contained in itself the factors of its own destruction,' and that the fact that art happened to express contemporary life for a brief period shows not that such is the office of art, but that life at that time reached so high a level that it became a worthy and inspiring theme for art. Art, he would say, is sacred — a goddess. She cannot demean herself by stooping to the level of life. Life, if it be wise, may approach her and implore her aid; if not, then so much the worse for life.

For the hermit artist the material is an illusion in which man blindly gropes, seeking to escape into the true, spiritual world which surrounds him, but which, not knowing the infallible key, he only sees in fitful glimpses in moments of divine ecstasy. He sees it in art, which is the poet's attempt to materialize this ecstasy, debased and fragmentary, because no poet has achieved the power of expressing perfect beauty, but still flashing out in dazzling fragments in —

Many a verse from so strange influence
That he must ever wonder how and whence
It came.

Art is the pursuit of the beauty that is truth and the truth that is beauty, and so long as it achieves these it does not matter in what form it expresses itself, for it is outside of time and space, and date and locality are only accidents of the artist's choice. It has no connection with society or with the material world, except in so far as it is compelled to express itself in terms of them, using them as the veils and symbols of spiritual loveliness. All who approach art are inevitably stimulated by it, because it is the expression of beauty, and beauty is the food of the soul.

Art, according to such a theory, is a shrine secluded from the dusty highway of existence, in which the devout soul finds strength and repose in the contemplation of the mystery of beauty.

We shall know which of the two theories is the true one when we know the answer to the everlasting question, 'What is life?' Meanwhile, in the dust and turmoil of life as it now is, we can gladly accept both an art which urges forward the march and one which offers a temporary respite from the wrongs and discouragements which harass an imperfect world. We can also remember that the wells and cypresses of the lake garden will rejoice the hearts of men for whom the strange beauty of the hermit idealism which created it can mean nothing.

The southern garden, endlessly contemplating the changing face of the sea from its lofty station, has a much more complex appeal. It tells of no single human mind, but is rich in scattered hints of vanished arts and vanished centuries. The ancient family who in the eleventh century built the Saracenic palace which it surrounds, is far too remote to suggest to the mind anything more individual than a vision of

vague, impressionistic pageantry. The beautiful, florid fragment of a cloistered court tells of a fantastic love of decoration as branching and luxuriant as the garden itself.

The exuberant growth and the rich bloom of the South have transformed the whole place into a bower of hanging color and perfume, in which great shrubs of scarlet salvia, tree peonies, thickly flowering camellia trees, and high-climbing roses with great knotted trunks, glow richly under dark cypresses, gray eucalyptus trees, cedars, palms, and great umbrella pines in which, even on the stillest days, the air makes a sound of rushing water. Through the tangle of exotic growth the rugged tops of the Monte del Demonio show brown and violet.

Fronting the sea, a long terrace walk extends between a double row of tall oleander shrubs, spaced at equal distances, with an octagonal white-stuccoed pillar stationed between each two. Midway of its length the terrace projects in a platform with a marble balustrade. Standing upon it, as on the figure-head of a titanic ship, one seems to be stationed immeasurably above the whole earth. The exquisite, complex sensations of height, clarity, and color, exhilarate one to ecstasy. The purity and transparency of the air seem almost tangible; one is conscious of its sweet, subtle presence filling, in boundless volume, the height, depth, and breadth of the immense purview. The sea, laid like a map far below, expands pure and limpid into the horizon. On cloudless days its full sapphire-blue shines like a great, lustrous iris-petal; but when the sky is changing, its surface is the scene of exquisite gradual color-transformations, now violet and purple shot with green and dusted with gold, now fading to subtle hues of topaz, amethyst, and aquamarine, and delicate tones that change before they

can be defined. Once, during a lull in a day of stormy rain, a ragged pillar of burning opal rose out of the midst of the bay — a marvel wrought by the alchemy of sun, rain, and storm-cloud.

From this small platform, two steep flights of steps, diverging from either side, lead down to another broad terrace. This terrace has stone vases overflowing with geraniums along its low parapet wall, and is laid out as a formal garden; but the irrepressible wealth of nature breaks forth magnificently over the bounds of its formality. Below the terrace wall, two little churches with plastered Moorish domes stand under a group of lofty stone-pines, and hundreds of feet beneath sweeps the great curve of the bay, and the shining spaces of the sea stretch endlessly toward the horizon.

The garden is full of marble fragments of various epochs. Pillars ruthlessly stolen from the Greek temples of Paestum, some of them over-wrought with exquisite spiral flutings, are set as terminals to the walks, or pierced and mutilated and laid horizontally as hand-rails upon others set up to form balustrades. Here and there an old column with a Romanesque capital serves as

a prop for a climbing rose. At one end of the terrace a statuette of a fierce old Gothic saint, long-bearded, and grasping the sword of his faith, has come, by the whimsical irony of Fate, to be set up as the tutelary deity of a well, whose water drips through a mossy cushion of primroses and violets into a rustic trough full of arum lilies. Elsewhere, in a secret, mossy angle of the wall, a grotto thickly tufted with hanging maiden-hair conceals a drip-well among whose ferns and rock-work stands another misused saint — a pathetic little marble figure with mutilated arms, and face on which a smile half-piteous, half-sly, still lingers; which makes him, in his fallen state, appear half-martyr and half-satyr.

Whereas the garden on the lake was essentially scholarly, this garden is essentially lordly, almost feudal, by reason of its opulence, its riotous color and its superb position above a sea whose coasts have known the coming of Greeks, Romans, Ostrogoths, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, and many more than these. It is lordly in spite of its ruined palace and its fragments of perished art, the pathos of whose ruin is heightened by the pathetic and whimsical beauty of their misuse.

A GREEN THOUGHT

BY MARGARET LYNN

It all began in a perfectly natural way. Henry and I were first engaged in the quiet and innocuous, though unæsthetic, amusement of seeing how far we could stick our tongues out, and whose tongue, when thus projected, could be brought to the finest point. Henry out-classed me — by virtue of his greater maturity, I chose to think. He *said* he could see this fine tip he had achieved, and he certainly could almost touch his nose with it. I was profoundly chagrined, but I covered my mortification as best I could by using my now well-limbered tongue to imply that this sort of preëminence was of a very undesirable quality anyway, and to draw some rather unpleasant parallels. Henry made a retort involving a personal allusion which had nothing to do with the occasion, but was all the more annoying. Our moment of pleasant emulation seemed likely to pass into one of acrimonious difference.

But just at this point Henry's eye happened to fall upon the brimming plate of fly-poison which Maldy had placed on a window-sill to beguile the gluttonous fly. In its lake of deadly water floated dark gray squares of fly-paper, enticingly spread with brown sugar for purposes of allurements, but in reality exuding certain death. At least Maldy cherished the notion that they did. Henry was struck with an idea which for the moment eclipsed disputation.

"I dare you to see how near you can come to that with your tongue without touching it," he said.

Now there were two reasons why I should have met this with either silent reproof or virtuous refusal. We were forbidden always by Maldy to 'near ourselves' to her poison-plates or to 'have any doings' with them. And we were expressly forbidden by the highest authorities either to offer 'dares' or to take them. Ever since the day when I had attempted to stand on one foot on the ridge of the granary-roof while Henry counted five hundred, and had failed ignominiously and dangerously, 'daring' had been under a ban for us. Henry should not have dared me now and I should not have accepted the challenge. But one who bears daily and hourly the obloquy of not being a boy is especially sensitive on points of honor and courage.

I bent over the plate and experimentally measured the distance. Then I had a second thought.

"You're afraid to do it yourself," I said.

"I'm not, either. You go ahead and do it first."

I was aware of an inconsistency in this, but one can't be all the time pointing out its illogicalities to masculinity, so I said nothing more. I approached a cautious and oscillating tongue to the mixture. Then Henry, remarking that I had not come within a mile of it, did the same. He did seem to outdo me — again because of his larger proportions, I was sure. My blood was up. Henry never forgot it when he beat me at anything. Once more I bent over the plate, advancing

a sensitive and reluctant tongue-tip nearer and nearer the deadly surface. The suggestive opportunity was too great a temptation to Henry — him of the creative imagination. He suddenly 'bobbed' my head on the back, and down went nose and chin and out-reaching tongue into the noisome stuff. Moreover, my sudden impact with the plate knocked it off the window-sill and its contents splashed darkly over the floor.

With great presence of mind I remembered that I must not close my mouth or risk swallowing any of the deadly liquid. I snatched Henry's handkerchief, usually scorned for its complexion, and hastily wiped all the submerged portion. I did n't know how rapidly the poison would act, but the instinct of self-preservation bade me ward off the final moment as long as possible. There was not the slightest doubt, however, that my end was only a matter of brief time, and that a very few minutes would probably see the tragedy.

I gazed at Henry in a sort of acute stupor and he blinked at me in return, overwhelmed at the result of a perfectly natural act.

In spite of everything, I could not help being aware of the dramatic value of the situation as I stood waiting for the final instant, undesired but doubtless imminent. Unfortunately, the tragic quality of it was modified somewhat by my being obliged to keep my mouth open. I should have liked to tell Henry what I thought of him once for all, before the moment of departure came, but the instinct of precaution forbade articulation. He might at least make partial amends by saying something appropriate now and helping to complete the situation. But he only kept on staring and looking stupid — no adequate behavior under the circumstances.

Then, to add to the annoying commonplaceness of things, Maldy, coming in, spied her cherished fly-poison on the floor. She turned an accusing look on me, and I seemed to be making a face at her. I admit that Maldy did have some reason to be irritated. She gave voice to some very Maldian generalizations and left the room without asking me what was the matter or how I felt. In a minute she came back to gather up the plate and paper and wipe up the spilled water, and to say that she would tell our 'fawther.' Maldy always said 'fawther,' and she could say it, on occasion, so that it seemed to mean a giant fifteen feet high who loved to beat children, the harder the better.

I never liked Maldy less than at the moments when she was saying she would tell our 'fawther.' She never did tell any one anything — except when she found us playing with the Puckett children down in the hollow, when she dragged us straight to a reproof which she plainly regarded as inadequate. And she generally made it her business to conceal delinquencies which she herself did not especially condemn. But no one could tell what might happen, and she sometimes gave us uncomfortable moments while we waited for results of her threats. This time, though, I felt less her condemnatory attitude than her lack of sympathy, as she gave a final glare at me and took an angry departure.

Henry, however, looked very uneasy. He sat down uncomfortably on the edge of a rocking-chair and put his hands into his pockets.

'Would you like my handkerchief again?' he asked presently, in a conciliatory tone.

I shook my head stonily. Since I could not say anything adequate it did not seem worth while to express myself at all. But, of course, I could

not accept his implied apology for poisoning me.

Henry felt in his pockets and took another thought.

'Have a peppermint?' he suggested cordially.

Again I shook my head and turned my eyes on the window. Henry weighed the peppermint in his fingers a moment and then ate it himself.

Somewhat cheered by the naturalness of the act, he came back to normal and said, 'I'll bet it won't hurt at all.'

This was insulting. I would n't fail to die now for anything. An empty pause followed.

My mother came through the room. I had been hoping she would. That chance would afford a natural way of breaking the news.

But all she said was, 'Close your mouth, dear. That is n't nice.'

And she went out.

That was the last straw. I had been supposing that my mother would feel the situation instinctively, as she always did. Her imperception was a disappointment. I had already begun to take a sort of poignant enjoyment out of a vision I was rapidly constructing, of a final scene, with all the family present, and the repentant Maldy and Henry receiving the cold shoulders of all the others. Evidently I should have to reconstruct that gratifying view. I closed my mouth with a snap, and took my sunbonnet, a convention of dress that I ignored as often as possible. Henry rose with a relieved air, pleased that the unusual and embarrassing situation had come to an end.

'Want to get out the pony?' he asked sociably.

But I said impassively, 'No,' and went on my way.

There did n't seem to be any use in dying, if one were n't going to get any more out of it than this. And still I

did n't like to give up the idea. Anyway, I was sure I was going to die, whether I wanted to or not. I would just have to make the most of it on my own account, and have it, like other large experiences, all to myself. One more possibility remained. My father was coming toward the house, and I directed my steps so as to cross his path. He ought at least to have a chance, on such an occasion as this. But all he did was to say, noticing the direction in which I seemed to be going, 'Don't eat any of those cherries yet, daughter. They won't be ripe enough for another week.'

I had to wait a moment before I could say my obedient 'Yes, sir.' And there was so much that I might have said if I could have brought myself to do it! This was more than a disappointment. It was a blow. I could have cried had not pride forbidden. To have it thought that I was after green cherries when I already had fly-poison in my system! It was my first really profound trial of having a great experience belittled, and it cut deep.

I wandered out to where the mover was buried, and sat down. I did n't choose the spot, but it seemed to lie in my way and I paused to consider its appropriateness as a place for meditation. This was our nearest approach to knowledge of a graveyard, but it had always seemed inadequate in every way, and quite devoid of sentimental suggestion. The real pathos of the forgotten grave on a stranger's land seemed lost on every one except my mother, who sent us to put flowers on it on Memorial Day, and had a man renew the wooden slab from time to time. But I think my father rather regretted the kindness which had allowed it to be placed there. Scattered bits of blue-grass from the carefully cherished growth on the lawn struggled with the prairie-grass which still held

these outskirts, and a spare yellow blossom of Indian blood-root, as we erroneously called it, lent a scanty bit of grace of its kind. But the atmosphere of the spot was too commonplace to be effective. We children had raced by it too often to have any feeling connected with it at all, any more than any other place. I looked at it now with a vague notion of sympathy, but for the moment I was more interested in dying than in being dead.

So, finding nothing companionable here, I rose and wandered on down the road. One of the men passed me, driving on a hay-rack, and I caught on behind and balanced myself neatly, though abstractedly, on the projecting end of the reach. We jolted along down to the farm gate and up the road a little way. Then the man turned into a field. It was only a wheat-field, where no entertainment promised, or solace for a doomed one, so I jumped off and stopped on the road.

I did n't know what I wanted to do next. The lack of sympathy and of understanding which had been shown me within the last hour gave me a vague feeling of detachment from my family and from everything else. I did n't see anything to do out on the road, but at the same time I did n't see anything to do anywhere. I looked up and down along the line of yellow wagon-track, with the sparse prairie-grass and the immigrating weeds forming its border. The road toward town and the more thickly-settled country to the east of us, was quite familiar to me in all its scanty detail, and now promised no new interest. In the other direction it led away, past my father's land and past an unpainted, rust-streaked farm-house or two, and then on across a piece of open prairie. I had heard my father and other men complain because its eastern owners did not have this land broken up and set-

tled, but I did not know how extensive it was, and I had never been at all curious about it or what lay beyond it, for I had no great faith in its possibilities.

But when one is being shaken out of relationship to all normal things by a new experience, one prefers the unknown to the known. So, without any special choosing, I began to loiter along the road to the prairie, in a large indifference to coming results. I heard the creak and rattle of a wagon behind me and settled my pace to a steady trudge, so that I might seem to have business on the highway. The wagon came nearer, overtook me, passed me, and I looked up, to see that it was an emigrant wagon, with the dusty, weathered canvas top and the bony, tired team that always belonged with the emigrant wagon, and the usual dog under the wagon and the extra horse nibbling along behind.

We were expressly forbidden to have anything to do with movers; but what is law to one set apart as I was then? I promptly caught on behind, holding to the edge of the feed-box which was always attached to the back of a mover-wagon. The dog sniffed at me a little, but he was such a limp, skinny dog that I ventured to kick at him haughtily, and he curved himself sideways and slunk up nearer to the horses and said nothing more about it. The blank canvas cover showed no eye watching me, and the heavy wagon moved stolidly along as if following a dull purpose of its own. It became rather amusing to think that I was making use of it, and its unseen owners did not even know that I was there. Merely keeping up with the slow horses did not take all my energy and, forgetting my precarious physical condition, I hopped on one foot and then on the other and jumped up to try to see in through the canvas, and hooked my elbows over the edge of the feed-box

and dragged my toes in the dust, looking over my shoulder to see what sort of track I was making. I began to have a pretty good time.

I really meant to quit and go back home soon, for, after all, the entertainment of this was easily exhausted. But all at once a voice above me said, 'Want a ride, little girl?' and there was a mover-woman looking at me through the opening in the canvas, at the back.

Somewhat to my own surprise I promptly answered, 'Yes.'

I should hardly have supposed I would have ventured to do so, but having made the daring decision I rather respected myself for my courage and stood by it. The wagon stopped with a slow creak and somebody held back a flap of the canvas at the side, while I climbed up by means of the wheel and the clumsy brake, and effected an entrance between the wobbly hoops that supported the cover. I was very prim and sedate as I scrambled in, head first, and took a seat on the pile of bedding the woman pointed me to, but inwardly I was all agog. This was the most exciting thing that had happened to me for many a day — more so even than the fly-poison.

I naturally had a momentary feeling of triumph over Henry as I smoothed down my skirt and placed my feet carefully, to avoid putting them into any of the utensils which were toppling about. I had a fleeting thought of the effectiveness with which I would tell him about it, a vision which made it desirable to live to return home. The movers and the mover-wagons had always had a mystery that belonged to no other people or things we knew. They were so strange, in their eternal going and going, carrying all their possessions with them as they moved, like people without the ordinary ties of life. We had often tried to

get a glimpse into the dim well of their wagons, but had never succeeded to our satisfaction.

And now the chance was bestowed on me — not on Henry or John. I tried to hold my curiosity in leash as I looked about me, so as not to see everything at once and thus gloss over the effect. I fixed my attention on one thing at a time, slowly staring at each object — from the lank, hairy man on the seat in front, to the mangy gray cat sleeping on the bag of corn-meal at the end of the wagon-bed — while the woman on her part stared at me.

I had never seen so many things, it seemed to me. All the necessities of living — if one wanted to live under these conditions — had been thrown together into this narrow, low-arched space. The mussy bedding where I was perched, and the trunk where the woman sat holding the baby, and the box where the little boy lay asleep, were only the substructure or nuclei for bundles and boxes and bags and rolls, all more or less dilapidated, and disclosing commonplace and uninviting contents, like side-meat or dried beef or soiled clothes. Among those were other articles, no less commonplace — old shoes and pans and a jug or two and a tin wash-basin and a skillet bearing traces of a recent dinner. Things hung from the canvas cover and menaced our heads as they swung about. A boot-jack lay among the other objects, and I wondered if it were really a necessary article to take along on such a trip.

All the time I was looking, the mover-woman was looking at me. She sat opposite me, her toes touching mine, although I tried to screw away as far as possible. She had a brown face and little winking black eyes, and she wore a limp, gray calico dress. She wanted to know a great many things. I had never met any one with so amazing an

appetite for unmeaning facts. She wanted to know my name and where I lived, and whether my pa and ma were both living, and how many brothers and sisters I had and their order of succession, and how much land my pa had and whether it was all paid for or had a mortgage on it, and whether he had made the money himself or had a legacy — she pronounced it *lēgacy* and I did n't know what she meant, but I said no anyway — and where my pa and ma lived before they came here, and whether they liked it here, and what was the price of land, and whether my ma had right smart of chickens this year, and whether we ate our fries or sold them. She felt the texture of my gingham dress between her crooked finger and thumb and asked how much it was a yard, and if my ma made it, and if she had the pattern of my sun-bonnet, and if I could cook, and if I had pieced a quilt.

That was only a part of what she asked me. Sometimes her phrases were strange to me, but I felt bound to answer, anyway. I wondered, in an uneasy way, whether she were polite. And, unlike most grown-ups who had conversed with me, she seemed to expect an answer to every question and made no allowance for either shyness or ignorance. When she talked she forgot to keep the flies off the baby, and they buzzed about its poor little eyes and mouth. The little boy had gone to sleep in the midst of eating a cold pancake spread with molasses, and the uneaten and forgotten half had dropped from his sleepy fingers and lay on the quilt beside him. It, too, as well as his molasses-streaked little face, was visited by many flies, crawling stickily on their besmeared legs.

My curiosity about movers was waning. It did not seem now as if there could be anything interesting about people like these. Even the Pucketts

were more likable. They told me things instead of always asking questions. I had wanted tremendously to ask the woman about herself, but I did n't know how to begin. And, after all, it did n't seem worth while to find out about a woman who did n't keep the flies off her children. I felt very uncomfortable in telling how many acres my father had and how many dresses I had myself, but how could I help answering her when she stopped and looked at me with her bright black eyes and worked her mouth in that nervous way?

I did n't know what to do. Home had suddenly become very attractive. I had had chance dreams sometimes of riding off in a mover-wagon to a land of new experience, but I never could have imagined that the unknown contents of the wagon included flies and unwashed skillets and women who worked their mouths that way and asked questions. I found nothing bookish or romantic in it. I wished I were back home, but I did n't know how to get away.

The slouching man on the wagon-seat suddenly helped me by asking abruptly, 'How fur you goin', sis?'

I raised the flap of the cover and looked out. We had passed far beyond the last of the dreary farm-houses, and straight before me, to the south, lay the open prairie. There was nothing else in view, house or fence or road. But I said promptly, 'I want to get out right here.'

And, without waiting even for the man to bring his slow horses to a stop, I was out, with my foot on the brake, and jumped to the ground. Both man and woman looked after me curiously. I paused to say politely, 'Thank you very much for the ride,' and then set off straight into the prairie, as if I had urgent business there. As soon as the wagon was out of sight I would turn

round and follow the road toward home, now grown desirable, poison or no poison.

The road here lay along a side-hill, and in front of me the prairie sloped up for a few rods, to the hill-top. I walked straight up the little ascent, so conscious of looks following me that I scarcely noticed what was before me until I had dipped over the crest of the hill. Then, out of sight of the wagon, and relieved of the embarrassment of watching eyes, I stopped suddenly and began to see.

For a moment I could do nothing but see. I scarcely breathed or consciously felt. I only looked. A long, long, irregular valley lay before me, with hill-slopes cutting down into it occasionally from each side. It all spread out in gentle curves, with soft risings and slow descents, and it was all, all clothed in the rare full green of the prairie-grass, which lay over the hill-tops and deepened into the valleys, and made every line and curve of the landscape soft with grace and willingly tender. The south wind came up into my face as I stood. It seemed to be at work enriching all I saw. It made the grass buoyant with windy ripples on its green surface. It bent the blades curvewise, until the sun glinted on their sides and the hills shone in places with gold in their green. Down in the hollow, where the rich slough-grass grew high, it made deep waves, with lovely shadings from pale to dark. It died away softly to a mere stirring and then back with a sudden joyful gust, and mingled rhythmic movement with the sweet quiet of all that lay before me.

An occasional flower raised its head: not many, only enough to enliven the color of the grass. There were the red sweet-william and the prairie-pea and the wild verbena, and others whose names I did not know, and never would

know, since they went away with the prairie and never came back. Here and there the green was dotted with sturdy 'nigger-heads,' with their rich mahogany centres and faintly pink fringes.

When at last I stirred from my little trance and drew a long happy breath of absorption, my hand dropped on one of these as I stood there, and without looking at it I clasped the whole top in my small fist, squeezing the prickles of the cushiony centre hard against the sensitive place in my palm. I knew the nigger-head well. It had neither romance nor mystery, and was as unsympathetic a creation as could go by the name of flower. But now its familiarity and its uncomfortable prickliness, as I stood holding it, seemed to form a tether to all the practical familiar things outside of this green vista. And this sub-consciousness of other things made all that was before me seem the more exquisite. But soon I loosed my hold on it and moved a little farther down the slope. There again I stood to look and look, following curve after curve of the green, where it stretched off to the south, rising over a hill and dipping into a valley, and finally climbing a last slope to reach the mysterious thing that was the horizon line.

I can't tell what strangeness lay in the line of wonder where the blue of the sky met the green of the hills. It was a mystery which far transcended in remoteness and promise any pot of gold of any childish tradition. That line itself held my attention. I had never before found myself where I could follow the full sweep of it all round. Now I revolved slowly, tracing the long ellipse which inclosed the narrow valley, lifting itself over the crest of a hill or dropping into a soft curve at the head of a draw. The completeness of the line fascinated me and I followed it round twice. I had never

imagined it thus unbroken. I looked from the green to the blue and back again, and then at the fine definition of line where they met.

For once I had no wonder as to what lay beyond that line, in either the green or the blue. The completeness and simplicity of what the horizon bounded set it off into a world by itself — a whole world, but so simple. And I was the only person in it.

I had never before been alone in any such degree as this. To be sure, there had been pleasant afternoons in the orchard, and surreptitious hours in the granary or barn-loft, in company with a forbidden book. But that was not complete isolation. At any moment some one might call me, or Henry or John, or both of them, might appear. Brothers have an energetic pervasiveness which makes any retirement insecure. A possibility, if not an actuality, intruded on every such moment and interfered with absolute solitude.

But here was a real aloneness, a solitude that was almost tangible, and — I discovered — an exquisite, an adorable thing. It made everything mine, in a way I had never known before and could not realize completely enough for my satisfaction now. Even my self seemed more mine than it ever had, at those times when some one might break in at any moment with an outside demand upon me. I dropped down into the grass, forgetting all about my intention of going home. 'A green thought' — I began to myself, for there is great pleasure in applying a bit of poetry when there is no one else round. 'A green thought' — But the rest of the phrase would not fit, and I had to let poetry lapse for the time and merely look and listen, allowing the prairie to define itself.

A sort of noiseless sound lived through the stillness, a sound which

had no beginning, and which could never have an ending, one would think. It was made up of everything there — the wind and the grass and the faintly sounding water in the tiny hidden creek among the slough-grass, and all the little lives among the green growth. I could almost believe, as I raised my eyes, that the softly-departing clouds had a part in it, so gentle and continuous was the sound. It seemed to be just a tender vocalization of mere living. When a bird's call dropped into it sometimes, it was only a phrase that melted into all the rest.

Listening seemed only to make looking all the more intent. This was a landscape, for this moment at least, completely satisfying. Here was no great variety to draw the eye from detail to detail in a way that interfered with mood and forbade absorption. It was a whole eye-full, of only the two elements, the green of the grass and the blue of the sky. Either would have been enough for man's desire. The two were riches beyond grasping. The sky was noble, now absolutely cloudless, a great half-globe of blue. It deepened from the lighter rim, where it seemed to come near to the horizon, to the exquisite remoteness straight above me, where the blue became bluer the longer I looked into it. Golden-blue I called it to myself, as I dwelt upon it.

I sprang to my feet and ran, my sunbonnet thrown back on my shoulders, so that I might feel the moving softness of the south wind in my face, and my arms spread wide as if to grasp all I saw. If any one had been there to see me I could not have done it. But for once a world was my own. The wind seemed to be bringing the grass toward me, in a constant motion, and I ran to meet it. I ran and ran, in a sort of ecstasy of all I realized of the place, the prairie wind in my hair, the

prairie-grass about my feet, the prairie sun in my eyes. Every minute was an adventure in life.

There is no time in a place like that. After a while I began to notice that the sunlight, sloping down the western hill, was catching the tops of the grasses instead of penetrating among them. Then there came a little indistinctness on the horizon line and a milky haziness in the farther end of the valley. But I put off thinking of the meaning of these things or deciding what I should do next. It seemed to me that if I went out of this place I could never come back. This day was different from all other days. Home and everything else were remote from this valley of grasses.

A shout — two shouts — broke across the continuity of sweet sound in my ears. I looked behind me and saw two figures on horseback, one on the edge of the hill-top and the smaller one nearer, moving toward me. They were my father and Henry, both standing in their stirrups and scanning the landscape. My first impulse was to keep still, and I sat unresponsive. But Henry had not helped to hunt cattle on the prairie for nothing. He turned and whistled shrilly to my father, who settled down in his saddle

and waited, while Henry came dashing up to me. Relief was plainly evident in his face, but he was not too much absorbed to put the pony through a mild imitation of bucking as he approached. Indignation succeeding to anxiety was apparent in his tone as he demanded,

'What in Sam are you doing out here?'

'I thought I would take a walk,' I answered with quiet dignity as I rose and shook out the skirt of my dress.

'Well, you'd better walk back home for a walk, and it's four miles.'

It was plainly a relief to Henry to find me on the wrong side again. I surmised that the story of the fly-poison had been divulged, and found my own poise. With calm assurance I ignored him and walked straight up to where my father waited.

He said only, 'All right, daughter?' and drew me up on the horse behind him, and we cantered off home, Henry and the pony trailing along in the rear.

I did n't look back as we went along. But I laid my cheek up against my father's shoulder, as I held fast to him, and shut my eyes. And I could still see and see and see the moving green of the prairie-grass and the golden-blue of the sky.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

V

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

In the autumn of the year 1886, I left East Deerfield and entered upon my new duties in the switch-tower at West Cambridge, Massachusetts. From a position paying forty dollars a month, with a minimum working day of twelve hours, I passed into employment that paid a wage of thirteen dollars a week, with a minimum daily service of eight hours. I went to work at two o'clock in the early morning and, as a rule, I finished my labors for the day when the clock struck ten in the forenoon. The middle man followed from 10 A.M. until 6 P.M., and the third man then finished the round of the twenty-four hours. It did not seem to occur to the superintendent in those days, or to the towermen themselves, for that matter, that this division of the working-day was an unreasonable and unbusinesslike arrangement. It was certainly a hardship for the men at West Cambridge, who lived at some distance from the tower. But then, we were working for a railroad on which duty was limitless, and regulated only by the requirements of the service and the judgment of the superintendent. For several years, under this arrangement, I walked to my work, a distance of nearly two miles, between one and two o'clock in the morning.

This working arrangement at West Cambridge may be taken as a fair illus-

tration of the kind of intelligence, or whatever it may be called, that was engaged in the railroad business in those days. I cannot look upon the situation as reflecting favorably on the good-will or executive ability of managers. The smallest business concern, as well as the largest, appeared to be on the same industrial and moral level in this respect. Nor can the silence or indifference of the worker at the time be judged from the standpoint of to-day, when rights and wrongs of every description are subject to constant and fearless discussion.

Nevertheless, it was certainly an injustice, as I have noted, to request a man to walk to his work at two in the morning, without some stated and clearly understood reason. The superintendent was supposed to have this reason, and there the matter ended. Later, when the intelligence of men, managers, and society broadened, a fairer division of the working day was put into effect.

As a matter of fact, however, the specific instance of inconvenience to which I have referred was only a drop in the bucket compared with the general situation of which it was a part. For various reasons, these hardships were particularly aggravated on railroads, although the employees had actually to be educated to an appreciation of this fact. For example, my shift of eight hours was liable at any time to

be extended to sixteen or twenty-four without a cent of extra remuneration. In such cases I simply said to myself, 'That's just my luck'; and I was only one among thousands of employees who took matters philosophically in this way.

Recently, as I was discussing this matter with Mr. E. A. Smith, who was a train-dispatcher and assistant superintendent on the Fitchburg Railroad many years before I entered the service, he remarked, 'Why, there is Miss Carter the telegraph operator at Athol: she has filled that position faithfully and without mistake of any description for something like forty-five years. I am well within the mark when I say that hundreds of times during that long period of service, she went to work in that office at six o'clock on Sunday morning and, relief operators failing to appear, she kept it up until midnight on Monday, without a word of protest. During this long work period she handled not only important train-orders and other railroad business, but also all the message work of the Western Union Telegraph Company. This position was worth forty dollars a month to Miss Carter. There were no extras or perquisites connected with her work, but if she happened to be sick for a day the pay for that day was deducted from her salary at the end of the month. From the business of the Western Union Telegraph Company alone the railroad probably benefited to many times the amount of the salaries paid to the operators. Over-time, in those days, was never given a thought. It had simply not been invented, for the same psychological and commercial reasons, I suppose, that the safety bicycle had not then superseded the awkward and dangerous fly-wheel.'

Of course, a situation of this kind could not continue indefinitely in any form of progressive society. Superin-

tendents and others, who were called upon to mingle with the employees and to discuss these conditions, gradually awoke to the injustice of the situation, and in many directions, under pressure, I confess, were the first to initiate reforms.

I call to mind the first payment for over-time I ever received. I was the most surprised individual on the Fitchburg Railroad. The company was installing a switch-tower at Waltham, and I was requested, after my work at West Cambridge was over, to go to that place and break in two or three green men so that they might be ready for their duties on the completion of the new plant. The following week, when I counted my money at the little window in the pay-car, I was simply dumbfounded. I did not exactly feel like walking off with something that did not rightfully belong to me, so I raised the half-guilty look with which I was surveying the wealth in my hand, to the countenance of the paymaster. Both he and his assistant were highly amused at my dilemma. Then one of them good-naturedly said to me, 'Move on, Fagan, that's all right.' But the affair did not end there. Some one of the higher officials, I understand, caught sight of the item on the pay-roll, and called for an explanation. I have good reason for thinking that the matter was finally settled by the superintendent making good the amount out of his own pocket.

But while the industrial lot of telegraph and towermen in those days was particularly distressing, judging it from present standards of justice, the situation in the train service was very much worse. I recall a typical case at East Deerfield. One day, in mid-winter, Conductor Parks walked into my office. His daily routine was to run a freight train from East Deerfield to Ashburnham Junction and return. This was,

barring accidents, a reasonable day's work: under ordinary circumstances he could make the trip in something like ten hours. On the occasion I now refer to, Conductor Parks and his train had been snow-bound and otherwise tied up at various places on the road for forty-eight hours. I told him I thought it was 'pretty hard lines.' His reply was something like this, 'Oh, that's nothing. Look at poor old Hobbs! They took his engine away from him yesterday to help a passenger train up Royalston grade. He is still side-tracked at that point waiting for the return of his engine.'

II

Before describing my actual duties in the switch-tower at West Cambridge and the features connected with these duties that developed and guided my progress in other directions, I am going to touch briefly on the accident situation in those early days, for the reason that the problem itself had much to do, not only with my own personal career, but with industrial improvement among railroad men in general. So far as responsibility for accident was concerned, the manager, the employee, and the public were all in the same box. There was probably quite as much social conscience concerned in the matter then as now, but it was unorganized and leaderless. There was absolutely no publicity, at the time, in regard to the details of railroad life, either in Massachusetts or elsewhere. In the fierce hurry of the times, the public mind was absorbed in the contemplation of statistics relating to railroad mileage and the expansion of trade.

Nevertheless, it was a very serious state of affairs from any point of view, and during the time of my service at East Deerfield, if the church-bells had been rung every time a human being was killed or injured on American rail-

roads, it seems to me they would have been kept tolling almost incessantly. In my own narrow circle of acquaintances, eighteen conductors were killed or injured in one year, and, on an average, one engineman, one fireman, two conductors, and six brakemen every month in the year. A trainman, in those days, with eight fingers and two thumbs was a rarity.

By common consent at the time, sympathy and interest of every description in this accident situation seemed to be focused on what was known as the 'paper.' This was a popular collection for the benefit of unfortunates. During my experience on the railroad at East Deerfield, there was hardly a week in which one of these papers was not in circulation in the neighborhood. The pay-car was the headquarters for many of these appeals, and the superintendent himself frequently headed the list of subscribers. Mr. E. K. Turner who, as engineer and some of the time as superintendent, was double-tracking the road at the time, was a strict disciplinarian, and men were frequently discharged by him simply 'for cause,' on five minutes' notice. But this stern feature of his administration was buried in universal respect for the official who never missed an opportunity to put down his name on these circulars for a 'five.'

It must not be imagined, however, that this distressing accident situation was the result of wide-spread carelessness on the part of the employees. Both rules and equipment at the time were actually unknown quantities. Everything was in the experimental stage, and every change for the better was nearly always the result or the price of some bitter experience. With the same consecration to duty to-day as then, the modern accident problem would lose its significance. Indeed, as a matter of fact, carelessness in those days

was frequently more of a reflection on management, or rather on the science of railroading at the time, than on the conduct of employees. An illustration of this point will not be out of place.

One night at East Deerfield I received orders from the train-dispatcher to get out an extra engine to help train number ninety-four. This engine, with the figures 94 displayed on its headlight, immediately took up a position in the yard awaiting the arrival of that train. Meanwhile another train, number ninety-three, moving in the opposite direction, on single track, had received orders to meet number ninety-four at East Deerfield. In a few minutes number ninety-three came along, and catching sight of the figures 94 on the headlight of the helping engine, the engineer mistook this helper for the regular train he was to meet and kept on his way. One of the most disastrous freight wrecks in the history of the road was the result. Nowadays, helping engines never display numbers until they are actually hitched to a train. Such, at any rate, is the history of a rule, and its reflection on the foresight or education of management.

It seems to me there was less real carelessness on the railroads in those days than at any time since. It is true the material was crude and inexperienced, and men were turned loose on their jobs without any examination, physical or otherwise, in regard to qualifications. All over the country these men, by the score, were being trapped and killed by the over-head bridge, the 'link-and-pin' device, and the open frog. Then, after years of bitter experience, came the automatic coupler, the bridge-guard, and the blocked frog. Meanwhile, out of the débris of this distressing situation, a new and more intelligent class of railroad men was emerging. It is with the history of this new class, then beginning to organize,

among whom my own lot was cast, that I am now concerned. Under inconceivable difficulties they served the public and their employers faithfully and well. To these men belongs most of the credit for pointing out the defects in the service, and thus paving the way for reforms which soon put the railroad business in America, for a time at least, on a sane and safe basis. To accomplish their ends these men, this better class of newcomers, determined to organize.

During my term of service at East Deerfield, this great labor movement for the bettering of working and financial conditions, or at least its undercurrent, was in full swing. Of course it was not a local issue, but an enterprise of national significance. Already in the western states, under the leadership of the Knights of Labor, it had repeatedly manifested itself in riotous demonstrations. But in New England, though the general aims were similar, the human material engaged in the struggle was different.

As it came under my observation at East Deerfield, the movement was a reasonable revolt against the intolerable state of affairs which I have described, and it was being engineered by men of my acquaintance who were far from being unlawfully inclined. The idea of organization for the common good was taking firm hold of their common-sense and intelligence, and it spread rapidly among enginemen, firemen, conductors, brakemen, and switchmen. These men, at that time, wanted reasonable pay, fair treatment, safety in operation, and, at the same time, in a marked degree, they desired the respect and good-will of the managers and the public. This situation was slowly evolving under my eyes at East Deerfield. From day to day for several years it continued to work out, very unobtrusively it is true, until

finally it came to the surface. In the round-house, in the caboose, in the telegraph office, wherever two or three men came together, there was a never-ending discussion of the vital issues of conditions and wages. At the same time there was no end of talk and exchange of opinions going on about rules, mechanical and personal safeguards, and the general improvement of the service. In these discussions, loyalty to the old Fitchburg Railroad was an ever-present and distinguishing feature. This was actually the atmosphere in which I worked at East Deerfield.

To interest the public and the management in these betterment schemes, *without losing their jobs*, was, to begin with, the burden of the railroad labor movement in New England, according to my diagnosis. But management in New England, taking its cue from the demonstrations that were accompanying the movement in some of the western states, was antagonistic to the men; while public opinion, as is usual when a political complication in the distance is foreshadowed, was on the fence awaiting developments.

To-day, however, thinking the matter over carefully at a time when the strike is quite as conspicuously the weapon of the well-to-do and splendidly-conditioned railroad man as of underpaid and otherwise less fortunate workers in other industries, I naturally ask myself what has become of that well-disposed body of men, and of that splendid movement whose beginnings appeared to me, at East Deerfield, so full of industrial and social inspiration. It must be remembered that society and management in those days threw these workers back upon their own resources; and to them, that is, to the employees, almost exclusively belongs the credit for a series of reforms and material betterments on

railroads that is probably unexampled in industrial history. If, then, along these same lines of advance, workers all over the country are now taking advantage of impregnable economic positions, and are openly converting exaggerated private rights into pronounced public wrongs, the history of the beginnings of this movement, as it came under my observation on the railroads, and as I am now trying to describe it, cannot fail to be interesting.

During the early eighties, the new era on railroads and elsewhere, with brotherhood and humanity at the helm, was coming on apace. From my individualistic point of view, these ideas of humanity and brotherhood were being translated by the social conscience of America into terms almost exclusively of economic value and significance. That there was, and is, social and industrial danger in this one-sided attitude, goes without saying.

III

It is impossible for me at this time to follow in detail the progress of the labor movement on the railroads, as it came under my observation. But the following account of my service in the signal-tower at West Cambridge will, I think, serve to illustrate and illuminate many of its interesting features. The principal points to be noticed will be the individualistic character of a part of my surroundings, and the careful, conscientious, and socially successful career of employees who were permitted to labor in that kind of an atmosphere.

In the switch-tower at West Cambridge, between midnight and six in the morning, there is usually plenty of time for reading, writing, or study. Outside work of this kind, of course, is not definitely sanctioned by the management. In fact, any practice that interferes,

or is likely to interfere, with the towerman's duties, is an infringement of the general rules of the company. For thirty years I have lived up to the spirit of these rules without paying much attention to the letter. To compel a man on a night job of this kind simply to pose in a waiting attitude, perhaps for an hour at a time, would be profitless discipline.

In a general way the towerman's duties may briefly be described under a few definite and interesting heads. In the first place, a thorough understanding of the book of rules and the current time-tables is absolutely essential. This knowledge must be supplemented by unfaltering attention to the clicking of the telegraph wires, and to the ringing of the various track-bells. In reality, these sounds relating to the movement of trains are heard, or rather felt, without any effort in the way of listening, while the towerman is throwing a combination on his machine, or explaining a situation to a trainman. In the same way an expert telegraph-operator, without any effort, can read a message on his sounder, manipulate his key, and answer the inquiries of patrons at the office window.

In my own case, this dissociation of routine work from literary or other enterprises, in which my mind was at the time engaged, is a phase of my educational experience in which I have always been profoundly interested. One day, quite accidentally, it occurred to me that this lever-throwing was, in some curious way, a great intellectual stimulant. Its immediate effect was to bring my sub-conscious knowledge or ingenuity to the surface. I pursued this inspirational method for years, and, after a while, every attempt of the kind was like an excursion into dreamland. When at a loss for a word or an illustration of any kind, the answer was usually forthcoming after an ex-

citing round or two at the levers. The greater the stress of business, and the louder the rattle of the trains or the ringing of the bells, which a sort of unconscious half of me was attending to with scrupulous fidelity, the keener became the intellectual activity of my other half, which at the same time was busy with other interests. It was simply a sort of singing at my work, and when anything happened to disturb the harmonious progress of the two parallel operations, the charm of course was broken. Immaterial conversation or noises, however, were unheeded. One day, for example, one of the boys exploded a cannon-cracker under my chair. I suppose I heard it, but that was all.

But coming back to the everyday situation, and apart from this mental acuteness which in the exercise of his responsible duties the average towerman acquires, an absolutely faultless manipulation of the levers of the interlocking machine is called for, in conjunction with the exercise of a sound judgment in all matters that relate to the movement of the trains.

There are sixty levers in the switch-tower at West Cambridge, each one of which is numbered. A series of these numbers, or the levers they represent, thrown in a given rotation, constitutes a route. Every route that is set up in this way for the passage of a train is isolated, as it were, and protected from trains passing or crossing on other routes. The mechanical intelligence that dominates the situation in the tower, and unites every train and every employee within the tower-zone in a bond of safety, is located behind the machine in a bed of long steel rods and cross-bolts, called the 'locking.' In preparing the routes, and in giving signals for the movements of trains, what may be called the conscience of the machine is frequently brought into play.

When the operator takes hold of, and attempts to pull, a lever wrongfully, to which act, in some form, danger is attached, he invariably finds the forbidden movement absolutely locked against his effort. He has been actually detected in an attempt to make a mistake, and the effect on the tower-man's conscience at the time is more acute than a reprimand from his superintendent.

The nervous strain on a beginner in one of these switch-towers is considerable, but when he has once become thoroughly broken in and conversant with the mechanical part of his duties, his confidence in the machine becomes unlimited, and he is able to concentrate his mind, almost exclusively, on the disposition of his trains, and on other matters, according to the nature and strength of his faculties.

But while the above is a fair description of the situation in a switch-tower at the present day, it by no means covered the field of work at West Cambridge at the time I entered the service. The most disagreeable part of the work in those days was out of doors. We were called upon, just when we could, and how we could, to clean, oil, and adjust the switches. For this purpose we were supplied with a kit of tools. The lamp or signal department was also in our charge. There were something like fifty signal lamps to be cleaned, filled and placed in position on high poles and low standards. In this way a track circuit of two or three miles had to be covered twice a day. To accomplish this work we took flying trips from the tower, between trains, as opportunity offered.

IV

From these signal-tower duties, in which for twenty-five years I was almost continuously engaged, I turn now

to the little community of workers at West Cambridge. I divide these workers into two groups. First, the train- and engine-men who were not fixtures, as it were, at that station, but, on train trips and otherwise, were frequent visitors at the tower, and at all times associated with its activities. As I remember these train-employees, and have elsewhere described them, they had been individualists both by instinct and inclination in their early railroad experience; but just about the time I arrived at West Cambridge their condition, financial and otherwise, was improving with almost incredible swiftness. Their organizations were becoming political factors, and political society was beginning to prick up its ears and get busy about them. To illustrate the situation in the case of this first group of railroad men, and its treatment by society in those days of dawning prosperity, I will take the case of Conductor Breakers.

This interesting railroad man was conductor of a train crew that did most of the switching in the railroad territory round Cambridge in the early days of my service at that point. He was a man of the old school, who had been in the fight for better conditions on railroads from the beginning. One day Mr. Breakers said to me, 'When I entered the railroad service, thirty years ago, I moved from Charlestown to Cambridge with all my worldly possessions on a wheel-barrow.' With the passage of time, and as the position of this man, financially and otherwise, improved, a very curious state of affairs in regard to his duties began to develop. The situation simply arose from the application of current business morality to the affairs of a railroad. Just as soon as business and political interests began to move in behalf of the railroad employee, and took notice of his rising importance, his

industrial integrity was endangered. For example, it made little difference to the Fitchburg Railroad Company whether factory A or factory B received the first visit from the switch-engine in the morning, but as soon as the proprietors or foremen of a dozen factories began to bribe the conductor in order to secure priority of service *and other favors*, a quiet system of graft was introduced that finally developed into a most astonishing state of affairs.

For a time the conductor in question avoided and tried to dodge the temptation; but the pressure was too great, and he ended by working the situation for all it was worth, and in his hands it proved to be worth a good deal. Before long, from one of the largest plants in the neighborhood he was in receipt of a regular salary. From other firms, at intervals, he received donations of pocket-money, hams, milk, wood, coal, and ice, according to his requirements; and if he needed anything in the way of hardware or pottery, all he had to do was to visit the factories and help himself. After a while, in collecting these assessments, in which the whole train crew sometimes shared, the conductor enlisted the service of one of his brakemen. This man had nearly as many side-lines as the conductor; his job on the railroad, however, did not prevent him from being, at the same time, a call member of the Cambridge fire department.

But opportunity and encouragement for enterprise of this kind could not be confined to the limits of a freight-yard, or a single city. The conductor soon entered the political arena. Every once in a while he took a trip to Washington in the interests of a postmaster, a congressman, or a senator. Then the management of the Fitchburg Railroad itself got mixed in the muddle. Just how, no man could tell, for Breakers went round with his finger on his

lips saying, 'Hush,' to everybody. His little trips to Washington and elsewhere did not interfere in any way with the pay that was coming to him every week as conductor of the switcher. This was certainly a very strange state of affairs. But the most demoralizing effect of political and other interference in the railroad business has yet to be mentioned.

One afternoon, the switch-engine with a few cars, in charge of this conductor, taking a flying trip into the city, hit the rear of an express passenger train ahead, which had slowed up a little at Somerville. It was on the programme to discharge the entire crew, but Conductor Breakers pulled too many strings. Until the men were quietly returned to their jobs, the office of the superintendent was besieged with delegations, committees and professional people representing, it was calculated, fully a third of the voting population of Charlestown. I was able to keep track of these events pretty closely from the fact that during this period I was acting as clerk to the superintendent of the road, and as such I had charge of the pay-rolls and had every opportunity to take note of the proceedings. But I never met a man who could say that he was able to fathom the mystery of Conductor Breakers and his manœuvres. His lack of education was a bar to his personal preferment. His specialty was getting jobs for other people, or making them believe he was busy in their interests. This, it seems, was sufficient, in railroad and political circles at any rate, to keep nearly everybody in tow.

This situation, of course, is bygone history, but it gives one a good idea how questionable practices began on railroads. It also illustrates the share which society itself had in the encouragement of practices which are now being so strenuously condemned.

v

The second group of railroad men at West Cambridge was altogether of a different class, or variety. Surely there must have been something industrially healthy and significant in the situation when we come to consider that, regardless of conditions and wages at this point on the railroad, a dozen workers held together year in and year out, and can now show records ranging from twenty to forty years of unbroken and satisfactory service. A questionable situation, I suppose, to some progressive people, who recognize no condition as sound that is not forever on the jump toward something different and prospectively better. Such people have little appreciation for conditions or individuals in this world that wisely slow up or stand still for inspirational purposes. But, apart from all comment on the situation, the facts themselves at West Cambridge are decidedly interesting.

All told, there were seven trackmen, two gatemen, and three towermen in this little group. The towermen received about thirteen dollars a week, the others about eight dollars. There were seven days in the working week, but remuneration for work on Sunday, in those days, was definitely forbidden by orders from headquarters. To find the amount that was due for work of a single day, however, the weekly wage was invariably divided by seven.

While the working conditions of the towerman, then, considering the importance of his duties, were not altogether satisfactory, those of the trackman, of course, were very much worse. And yet the results under these conditions, both to society and to the railroad, were certainly remarkable. The record of each individual in this group of workers was about the same as my own, and so I am speaking for the

group when I say that, personally, in thirty years' service, I never received a letter, or was asked a single question that could be construed into a reflection on conduct or work. Industrially, under conditions which in part I have described, the records of these men were all right; socially they were still better.

Of the original group, with possibly one exception, each individual owns, or did own, his little home. One of these men, a trackman, actually built the frame of his dwelling-house himself. The families of these workers ranged from three to ten children to the household; most of these children are now grown up and can hold their own with any, it matters not who they may be, in the community. These children grew up under my eyes. They were well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, well-educated, and perfectly healthy. It is not too much to say that the best results were derived from the lowest wage and the keenest struggle. Leaving the towermen out of the calculation, the results I have mentioned were obtained on a weekly income, per individual, of less than eight dollars.

Once upon a time one of these men had a case in court. He owned a tenement house in Somerville, and his case had something to do with the collection of his rents. Referring to his low wages and his real-estate holdings, the judge put this question to him: 'How do you do it?' The man answered, 'Your Honor, that's my secret.'

In industrial circles, as elsewhere, secrets of this kind have usually a good deal to do with the character and disposition of the 'boss.' The section foreman at West Cambridge was, and is, in many ways, a remarkable man. As I look at it, the force of his unassuming yet strong personality kept a gang of men together for something like a quarter of a century. He is the

greatest living compliment to the principles of industrial honesty that I ever met. He is strict in a way, yet he never scolds. He is a tall, rugged man of the Lincoln type, just as much at home among his men digging out the switches in the teeth of a blizzard of snow, as he is in the company of notables at a masonic gathering. Among his fellows on the railroad, to mention Delvy is to praise him.

Because it will conduct me along the lines of my own progress at West Cambridge, and at the same time throw a little light on the 'secrets' of these rugged personalities in railroad life, I shall try to draw a pen portrait of one of Delvy's men.

Take Dan, for example. His arrival at West Cambridge preceded my own by a year or two. At all times he seemed to have his work on his mind; and at night, in stormy weather, he frequently came down to the tower of his own accord, just to assure himself that everything was in good working order. To begin with, he was a section-hand pure and simple. His duty was, in part, to walk over and inspect a section of track the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

He and his family had the West Cambridge 'secret,' in a marked degree. It consisted of all sorts of little economies, even to the extent of picking up waste lumber, splitting ties for fuel, and working at all sorts of odd jobs in the neighborhood at break of dawn, and sometimes far into the night. In all kinds of work the children lent a hand. Then there were hens and a little gardening as side-lines; and besides, when it came to a pinch, if I am not mistaken, the boys could cobble their own shoes, and the only daughter in the family could make her own dresses.

It is easy to understand what a quantity of character was wrapped up in a situation of this kind. In the process of

improving working conditions by organization and otherwise, is it possible to retain the sterling characteristics for which Dan and his type were distinguished? Will education and industrial enlightenment take care of the issue? The world to-day is asking this question.

In course of time Dan's duties on the railroad became more responsible, but there was no change for the better in his income. When, thanks to the efforts of their brotherhood, the tower-men were relieved of all out-of-door duties at West Cambridge, Dan fell heir to the adjusting tools, the lamps, and the oil-cans. In this way, quite frequently nowadays, the man lower down feels the pinch of a 'raise' or a lift higher up. But Dan and his fellows kept right along ploddingly. His natural ability and ingenuity along mechanical lines were remarkable. His educational opportunities, however, had been few. In fact, in some directions, he was decidedly superstitious.

Somehow, I always looked upon this characteristic as one of his virtues. In actual contact with life, his superstition was of as much practical value as libraries of book-learning are to some people. This is philosophy in accordance with the facts. In dealing with his fellow men Dan was as honest as the hills are solid. His superstition had something to do with his behavior. In the course of years of track-walking, it is no exaggeration to say that Dan picked up, in the aggregate, two or three hundred dollars in the form of cash and jewelry. As it seemed to me, he was always unaccountably restless until the property was safely returned to the owners. Dan's philosophy of honesty was unique as well as refreshing. One day he explained its fundamentals to me somewhat as follows:—

In the old country, when he was a

boy, a gentleman in a hurry thrust a coin into his hand as a fee for carrying a trunk. When Dan got home he found a sovereign in his pocket. As Dan looked at it, the man, in the dusk of the evening, had made a mistake. By rights the coin should have been a shilling. For several days the gold-piece actually burned in his pocket. But what could he do? And besides, he was sadly in need of a new pair of shoes. After a week of mental distress he finally purchased a pair. As he was leaving the store he stumbled over a black cat. This put the finishing touch to his mental agitation. But he could not work in his bare feet, so the boots had to be worn. As Dan tells the story, the first day he wore them the boots were fairly comfortable; the second day they pinched a little; on the third day they were positively painful; and then, after spending the fourth day in agony, he placed the cursed things in a bag with a rock for a weight and threw them into the lake. From that day Dan's ideas of the sacred rights of property were unshakable.

But Dan was one of nature's humorists, as well as a preceptor of morals. For years, just before going to work in the morning, he was in the habit of paying a flying visit to the tower to snatch a glance at the newspapers. Dan had a habit of reading the head-lines out loud, with a comment or two slipped in between. He invariably began with the weather report, the heading of which, as Dan read it out, was always, 'For Boston and vacancy.'

Dan was also the regulator of the tower clock, and once in a while he came in to adjust what he called its 'penundulum.' Furthermore, he had some knowledge of herbs and wild flowers, and possessed among other medicinal secrets an infallible remedy for 'information of the bladder.'

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VI

But apart from questions relating to character and its conservation, which naturally come to the front from my description of the rugged and ready material engaged in the railroad business at East Deerfield and West Cambridge, there is another feature of the situation that is also of universal importance: I refer to the conservation of authority.

At a time when the attitude of powerful labor organizations toward discipline on railroads was being freely discussed in the public prints, Mr. Roosevelt, then President, wrote this little sermon on the subject:—

'The wage-worker who does not do well at his job shows that he lacks self-respect. He ought to wish to do well because he respects himself. Remember, too, that ordinarily the rich man cannot harm you unless you harm yourself. If you are content with your standard of living until somebody else comes in with a higher standard of living, then the harm the other man has done to you comes because of your own yielding to weakness and envy. If your heart is stout enough you won't feel it.

'The labor union has done great and needed work for the betterment of the laboring man; but where it has worked against his individual efficiency as a worker it has gone wrong, and the wrong must be remedied. On railroads, for instance, we should not tolerate any interference with the absolute right of a superintendent to discharge a man. There should be no requirement to show cause. The man who is a little inefficient or a little careless and is left in the service, is apt finally to be responsible for some great disaster; and there should not be the slightest interference, or attempted interference, with the right of a superintendent to

turn such a man out. Where a labor union works to decrease the average efficiency of the worker it cannot in the long run escape being detrimental to the community as a whole, and, in the real interest of organized labor, this should not be permitted.'

In the light of the facts as they are to-day, railroad men will certainly not look upon this little sermon as a very progressive announcement. Be this as it may, I wish to make Mr. Roosevelt's ideas on the conservation of authority the text of this final section of this chapter.

Of course this autobiography should be, in the main, an experience and not an argument. Nevertheless, the story would certainly lose most of its significance if the writer lacked convictions, or if he failed to take to himself, and whenever possible to impart to others, as best he could according to his light, the lesson to be derived from passing events.

Combining a consideration of public problems then, with the history of my personal progress in the surroundings of a switch-tower, I turn again, very briefly, to what may be called the adventures of Dan. From the early East Deerfield days, this man, representing industrial integrity, was the type which, at any rate, formed the ground plan of the service with which I was associated. Society, of course, is interested in perpetuating the characteristics of this type, and directly in line with the desires and efforts of society in this direction come those problems connected with authority.

Dan, then, was not only socially and industrially successful, but he was also a hero. In the year 1893, I think it was, a heavy freight train crashed into and telescoped a passenger train right in front of the station at West Cambridge. Five passengers were killed, and about thirty were seriously in-

jured. A signal and a flag were against the freight train, but they were both unseen or disregarded. Dan, who lived only a few yards from the station, heard the crash and hurried to the scene. The engine of the freight train ploughed its way clear through the rear coach and was belching a torrent of steam into the next one ahead, when Dan, disregarding the warning shouts of the bystanders, scrambled, with a coat over his head, into the blazing coach. While the crowd hung back, terror-stricken, Dan dragged a number of women and young people to safety through the hissing steam. In after days, notably at Christmastime, he received tokens of grateful remembrance from many of these people, and in this way his personal satisfaction in his own deed has been kept alive from year to year.

To the men in the signal-tower at West Cambridge, however, this collision of trains, with resulting loss of life, was no mystery. They knew all about the signals, the flags, and the conditions under which they were operated. They were also daily witnesses of the efforts of the management, in the interest of safety, to enforce the principle of implicit obedience in the face of a rising tide of aggressive industrial assertiveness which, at the time, was backed up in various ways by public opinion. In this particular instance the coroner, one or two judges, and the newspapers, united in placing all the blame for the accident upon the management of the railroad. The fact was lost sight of that every railroad in the country was suffering from the same trouble at the same time, with similar results.

No substitute has been proposed by these, or any other critics, to take the place of obedience to rules, and the exercise of authority in connection therewith. Be this as it may, this accident

at West Cambridge was used as a test case, and authority was driven to the wall. In the words of the then general superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad, 'The newspapers and the public may know how to run a railroad, but, with such handicaps, I certainly do not.'

Some time after this accident at West Cambridge I left the tower service for a while, and was appointed clerk to the superintendent of the division, whose office was in Boston. I held the position for about eighteen months and was then sent back to the tower. I was removed from this position for the same reason, I suppose, that Mr. Hartwell, the superintendent, was also, before long, relieved of his duties. In a word, we were behind the times. The distinction between the old and the new idea in management was fundamental. For example, Mr. Hartwell, on one occasion, eliminated a man who was in the habit of running recklessly round curves. The new solution of this problem in discipline is to eliminate the curve. Not so long ago an accident at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the New Haven Railroad, was judged by the courts and the newspapers on the principle that the accident would not have happened if the track had been straight.

Mr. Hartwell, however, was a disciplinarian, and withal a splendid railroad man, from the ground up. In all cases that came up for promotion, he always insisted upon a thorough examination of each candidate. In order to be trusted with a train, every applicant had to pass Mr. Hartwell's personal inspection. When that old-time superintendent left the service, a dozen

or more men were on his unavailable list. At the present day, thanks to the seniority rule, practically every man qualifies, and accidents eliminate the weaklings.

Some time before Mr. Hartwell's retirement from the service, a certain train crew, with, or in charge of, a crowded passenger train, left the North Station in Boston. The men neglected to make the air test before starting; consequently the train barely escaped a plunge into an open 'draw.' Mr. Hartwell discharged the train crew, just as the law would have deprived a pilot of his license for needlessly running his ship upon the rocks. But the superintendent's word was not final. A number of influences were set to work on behalf of the men, and in a month the crew was sent back to work by order of the highest executive officer on the railroad, who, by the way, at the time was seeking a military appointment at the hands of the governor, and was soliciting political endorsement. It detracts in no way from the importance of the issues, that managers at times conspire to defeat their own interests.

However, I got it into my head at the time I was working in Mr. Hartwell's office, that society was deeply interested in these two problems of the conservation of character and authority, and it became increasingly evident to me that the issues were as vitally concerned with education and religious matters, as with the railroad business. So I returned to the switch-tower with the determination to study these problems, and quietly to start a sort of personal campaign in their behalf, with my pen.

(To be continued.)

A REAL MYTH

BY W. JEFF LAUCK

RECENT political events have shown that the ultimate consumer, instead of being a myth, is a most surprising reality. A series of governmental investigations, however, extending over the past few years, has developed the fact that there is another factor in the tariff situation who is a real myth. This is the so-called American wage-earner. He is practically non-existent, and a tradition. The argument that he is the chief beneficiary of our protective tariff system is also legendary.

The United States Immigration Commission recently conducted exhaustive investigations by which detailed information was secured concerning more than half a million wage-earners, representing forty of the principal branches of mining and manufacturing in all industrial localities of any importance east of the Rocky Mountains. The results showed that three fifths of our industrial workers are southern and eastern Europeans, almost all of whom have come to this country during the past twenty-five years.

Only one out of every twenty of the wage-earners in our mines and factories was found to be a native American. The remainder of the operating forces are either Germans, English, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, or Scandinavians, of native or of foreign birth. In other words, the greater number of our so-called American wage-earners have been shown by a comprehensive Federal inquiry not to be American in any sense of the word. They are aliens. Among them, immigrants of non-Eng-

lish-speaking races, and of inferior standards of living, representing the lowest level of the much-discussed 'pauper labor of Europe,' are numerically predominant. The native American wage-earner is practically a myth.

The displacement of the American wage-earner has been due to two causes: first, the availability of a cheap immigrant labor-supply; and secondly, the invention of improved machinery. Mechanical and other inventions adopted during recent years have done away with the necessity of skill and experience on the part of the operative and have made it possible for industrial establishments to employ unskilled and untrained workmen. Southern and eastern European immigrants have been used to supply the demand for labor created by the remarkable industrial expansion of recent years. A small proportion of native Americans has been retained in the mills and mines to fill positions of skill and responsibility. The greater number, however, have found it impossible to compete with the low standards of the recent immigrants, or to endure the working conditions imposed by the employment of the southern and eastern Europeans. As a consequence, the claim that a high tariff is needed to maintain the standards of living and of work of the American wage-earner is a fiction. Under the operation of our protective system the native Americans and older immigrants from Great Britain and northern Europe have vanished before the competition of the

immigrant labor of low standards from southern and eastern Europe.

Not only does a non-restrictive immigration policy freely permit southern and eastern Europeans to compete with and displace the native American in our mines and factories, but it also creates conditions which prevent our industrial workers from sharing in the benefits of a protective tariff. The tariff imposes restrictions upon commodities and thus protects the manufacturer and enables him to control local markets and prices. On the other hand, the entrance of labor being unrestrained, the influx of a supply of low grade has had the effect of forcing almost all of the native Americans from our mines and industrial establishments, of causing a deterioration in working and living conditions, of breaking down labor unions based upon industrial occupations, and of weakening the general bargaining power of our industrial workers in selling their labor. Wage-earners in our mines, mills, and factories, of whatever nativity or race, have been unable, therefore, to secure any advantages from our protective tariff policy. This fact is obvious from a consideration of the economic condition of labor in the United States at the present time.

The comprehensive and intensive inquiry of the United States Immigration Commission has already been mentioned. This body expended \$600,000, and for a period of over three years had agents and experts at work in all sections of the country collecting data. Information carefully secured concerning 26,116 adult male industrial workers employed in 38 of the leading branches of mining and manufacturing showed average annual earnings of only \$475. Two fifths of 15,000 male heads of families who were employed in mines and factories were found to be earning less than \$500 per annum.

Slightly more than one half of these husbands and fathers were receiving less than \$600 each year. The average yearly family income of 15,000 families was only \$721. Three tenths of the families of the industrial establishments had an annual income under \$500. These figures have been verified by the results of the Woman and Child Labor and other studies of the United States Bureau of Labor, which were conducted during the same period as those of the Immigration Commission.

The fact of striking significance which is apparent from a mere reading of the above figures is that the wages which the married employee receives from the mine, mill, or factory, are not sufficient to maintain a normal family life. In other words, the earnings of a husband are inadequate for the support of himself and his wife and children. Recourse to other sources of family income is necessary. This means the employment of the wife and children, or the keeping of boarders and lodgers.

Of the 16,000 families included in the industrial investigations of the Immigration Commission, only 40 per cent were entirely supported by the earnings of the heads. A considerable proportion of the families received an income from the earnings of wives, while slightly more than one fifth derived funds from the contributions of children. Three tenths of the households were partly supported by the payments of boarders and lodgers. The relative importance of the different sources may be illustrated by the data received relative to the families of 2,038 steel workers and of 745 cotton operatives. In the case of wage-earners in the iron and steel industry, seven tenths of the total family income was found to arise from the earnings of the husbands in the furnaces and mills, while one tenth was secured from the wages of children, and one fifth from

boarders and lodgers. Among the employees of the cotton-goods manufacturing industry, only slightly more than one half of the total family income was derived from the earnings of the husbands in the mills. The children contributed three tenths of the total amount available for the maintenance of the families. The earnings of wives and the payments of boarders and lodgers, in about equal proportions, made up the remainder.

The conclusion is, therefore, apparent, that the earnings of married adult males employed in all branches of American mining and manufacturing are not large enough entirely to support their families. In the cotton and other textile mills as well as in the iron and steel plants, glass factories, bituminous, iron-ore and copper mines, and in all of the basic industries, the prevailing wage is a family and not an individual one. Mining communities, with the exception of the anthracite coal localities, which have silk and hosiery and knit-goods mills, are usually isolated and offer no opportunities for the employment of women and children. In these localities family income supplementary to the earnings of the heads, is mainly derived from taking boarders or lodgers into the homes. In communities which have developed in connection with the manufacture of iron and steel it is usually easy for the women and children of the households of the iron- and steel-workers to find work. Special manufactures, such as that of cigars and tobacco, are established in these large centres of population for the special purpose of exploiting this class of labor. In the case of the manufacture of clothing and textiles, and to some extent in the glass industry, all members of the family find employment in the factories.

The result of this situation is twofold: first, the children of wage-earners

are forced to leave school and seek employment as soon as they have reached the legal working age; and secondly, an independent form of family life is destroyed by the necessity of taking boarders and lodgers into the homes.

This condition of affairs has tended to lower the standard of living among our industrial workers. Congestion and unsatisfactory and unsanitary living arrangements are everywhere apparent. Of 17,000 selected families studied by the Federal government, the heads of which consisted of all classes of wage-earners, three out of every ten had boarders or lodgers. For every ten households there was an average of 34 boarders or lodgers. Rent payments being based on the number of rooms, the tendency is, of course, to hire as few rooms as possible, with the result that a high degree of congestion is the usual condition.

In the 17,000 households already referred to, there were 246 persons for every 100 sleeping-rooms. Almost two fifths of the families had three or more persons in each sleeping-room; about one fifth had four or more, and a considerable proportion five or more. In the case of some households all rooms of the apartments occupied were used for sleeping quarters. There was no separate kitchen, living-, or dining-room. One third of the families had only one room available for cooking, eating, and general living purposes. The congestion, unsatisfactory methods of living, and low standards of the families of our wage-earners may, perhaps, be more quickly grasped from the statement that the average monthly rent-payment per person was found by the Immigration Commission in its study of 17,000 households to be only \$1.60. In other words, our wage-earners have not only been forced to put their children at work and to keep boarders and lodgers in order to supplement their

own wages, but have also found it necessary to crowd the members of the household into the smallest possible space in order to reduce the per-capita outlay for rent.

The standards of living of the southern and eastern Europeans, who now form the largest proportion of our industrial workers, are much lower than those of the native Americans or of any other class of wage-earners in our mines and factories as set forth above. The preponderance of single men among the newcomers, or, what practically amounts to the same thing, of married men without their wives and families, has made possible a boarding-group system as the usual method of living. Under this arrangement, which prevails in all industrial localities, a married workman, as a rule, acts as head of a group of immigrant wage-earners ranging in number from four to twenty. His wife does their cooking and washing and the general house-keeping. Each lodger either buys his own food and has it cooked separately, or the housewife buys it all, and its cost is distributed equally among the members of the group. The head of the household receives a fixed sum, usually \$3.00 per month, from each lodger. His profit obviously increases in proportion to the number of boarders or lodgers he can keep in his house or apartment, and consequently he endeavors to crowd his rooms to their utmost capacity. All available space is utilized for sleeping purposes. Often the same beds which are occupied at night by day workers in the mills or mines are used during the day by men on the night shifts.

Every effort is made by the recent immigrants to live on a basis of minimum cheapness. By doing this and by earning as much as possible, they hope after a few years to return to their native lands with an amount of sav-

ings which to them will be a competency, or at least the means of greatly improving their economic condition. They have no permanent interest in this country or in the advancement of the wage-earners in the industries in which they are employed. Obviously, native American workmen cannot compete with their low standards, or work under the conditions which their attitude produces.

Such is the status of our industrial workers under a protective tariff policy. No more convincing proof of the failure of that system to benefit them can be found. If additional evidence be required, however, it exists in abundance in the form of the recent reports of the Tariff Board and the Federal Bureau of Corporations.

In its report on the pulp and news-print paper industry, the Tariff Board showed that the total mill cost of making one ton of news-print paper averaged, in 1911, \$32.88. The average price received for this class of paper in the New York market during the same year was \$43.90. The gross profit to the manufacturer per ton was, therefore, \$11.02. The labor cost was approximately only 10 per cent of the total cost and only 36 per cent of the profit to the manufacturer. In other words, the startling fact was disclosed that if the wages of the work-people in the pulp and paper mills were doubled, and if the New York price remained the same, there would still be a profit to the mill of \$7.75 for each ton of news-print paper produced. Smaller increases in rates of payment to the workmen would of course have less effect upon profits and total costs.

The low proportion of labor-cost to total cost in the steel industry is also shown by the study of the cost records of the United States Steel Corporation by the Federal Bureau of Corporations. As a result of this inquiry it was

found that the entire cost per ton of producing Minnesota and Michigan iron ore and delivering it to the lower lake ports was \$2.88. Of this amount only 35 cents per ton, or 12 per cent of the aggregate outlay, was for labor at the mines. The expense of producing a ton of coke in the Connellsville, Pennsylvania, region was ascertained to be \$3.69, out of which only 25 cents was expended for productive labor. In making pig iron, and Bessemer and open-hearth steel ingots and rails, the sum paid for labor was ascertained to be only from 3 to 5 per cent of the total cost of manufacture. Furthermore, the present duty on steel products was found to be from three to sixteen times the labor-cost per ton.

In the woolen and worsted and cotton-goods industries there are also many illustrations to be had of the low range of labor-costs, as well as striking comparisons of the high tariff duties on textiles with the small amounts paid to workmen in the mills. A yard of men's worsted suiting was found by the Tariff Board to cost an American mill \$1.71 to place on the market. The rate of payment to the weaver on this cloth was ascertained to be only 5 cents per yard, but the present tariff duty is \$1.02. In manufacturing women's serge cloth of a certain description on which there is an import duty of 49 cents per yard, the total American expense of production was shown to be 65 cents per yard plus the labor-cost of only 10 cents. On comparing foreign and domestic costs for another sample of women's all-wool serge, the total expenses of manufacturing it in the United States were discovered to be 43 cents, and the labor-cost only 9 cents per yard. The duty on a yard of this cloth, however, is 49 cents, or 1.44 per cent of the difference between the expense for labor in the United States and England, the

country showing the lowest labor-cost.

As regards cotton goods, it was found that the duty on some fabrics was 2.5 per cent of the difference in labor-cost between this country and Great Britain. The inquiry of the Tariff Board also showed that the money wages of English cotton-mill workers were only one third less than those of operatives in our mills. A comparison of real wages disclosed the additional fact that the operatives in both countries were on practically the same level, with a slight advantage in purchasing power in favor of the English workmen.

Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely to show the small proportion which labor-cost forms of the total outlay for manufacturing articles of general consumption. Numerous other cases might be cited to demonstrate how extensively, although a wide margin of protection is afforded theoretically to labor by our present tariff law, labor has failed to obtain any advantage from this margin. It is apparent that our wage-earners are not getting their proper share of tariff benefits and that their compensation might be greatly increased without any serious injury to profits or to industry. The rates paid to workers in the iron and steel, paper and news-print, and the cotton, woolen, and worsted goods industries, for example, might be doubled and still leave large profits to be divided by the manufacturer and the wholesale and retail merchants. The wage-earners in these and other branches of mining and manufacturing are not securing their share of protection from the tariff because they are not in a position to demand it. It is being obtained by the manufacturers and jobbers or distributing agents, principally the latter.

The significant features of the entire situation may be summed up in a few words. Our liberal immigration pol-

icy has made possible the competition of immigrant laborers with American workmen. This competition has gradually become more and more direct; and, because of mechanical inventions, has within recent years penetrated to occupations which were formerly skilled, and exclusively held by Americans. In other words, we have had protection to commodities, but free labor. This labor has been without industrial experience, but it has been possible by the adoption of improved machinery in industrial establishments to use it to displace American labor.

As a consequence, labor unions and other organizations for collective action among wage-earners have been disrupted, the bargaining power arising

from skill or training has been destroyed, and the American wage-earner has not been in a position either to maintain his status or to demand his share of the output of industry. The bargaining strength of the employer, on the other hand, has been improved, and 'protection to the American wage-earner' in the face of an unrestricted alien labor-supply of a low grade has had the effect of adding to the profits of the manufacturer, mine-operator, and wholesale merchant, rather than of assisting the members of the operating forces. Under these conditions the American wage-earner has largely disappeared, and neither he nor his immigrant successor has been properly benefited by our protective tariff laws.

AUTUMN IN THE ISLANDS

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

AFTER the wind in the wood,
Peace and the night;
After the bond and the brood,
Flight.
After the height and the hush
Where the wild hawk swings,
Heart of the earth-loving thrush
Shaken with wings.

After the bloom and the leaf,
Rain on the nest;
After the splendor and grief,
Rest.
After the hills, and the far
Glories and gleams,
Cloud, and the dawn of a star,
And dreams.

THURSDAY

BY DOROTHEA SLADE

DICKY, the one-legged crossing-sweeper, quite contrary to his usual habits, was spending the evening at home.

He sat beside his wife's bed, with a pathetically injured expression on his weather-beaten face, for she was dying. There was nothing he could think of that had not been done for her, and yet she was dying.

He had even bought her a little bunch of grapes in the market on the way home. He knew she had always had a fancy for them, though he had never thought of buying them for her before.

"Ave a grape, me gal!" he had said, displaying his gift with self-conscious gratification; and she had not cared to disappoint him. So he had spent an unprofitable half-hour in removing the pips from the little skinny green bags, with clumsy, patient fingers. It seemed to him as if she had quite enjoyed them, until he discovered that they were all collecting in a little heap in a handkerchief under the pillow. He had been very cross with her then over her willful deception, and she had cried. And he had kissed her. He did not remember having kissed her before since they were married. She was not pleasant to kiss at all. He noticed how dark and shriveled her skin was, almost like the leather on his own boot. They had told him her inside was eaten away with cancer. Bah! it made him feel quite sick.

That doctor was a fraud. He had been coming regularly every day, and what good had he done her? Those

parish doctors that you did n't have to pay for were no class. She was dying, after all. He began to think what it would be like in Gutter-garten without her. He would have to make his own tea and frizzle his own bacon when he came in. Who would do his washing? He found himself suddenly wondering how one made a bed, or cleaned out a room. These things had always happened in his home somehow. Perhaps they would not happen any more. He had often envied his wife sitting at home by the fire all day while he shivered in the wind-swept street or shoveled up the greasy mud while the rain drenched his poor deformed body through his thin, ragged clothes. Perhaps she had been busy, after all. Who would mend for him now, and patiently patch those frayed and threadbare trousers through another winter? A wave of intensely real emotion shuddered through the heart of the crossing-sweeper as he looked at the pitiful, twisted face of his dying wife.

And then suddenly he remembered that there were other women in Gutter-garten. Women who *could* be kissed and even 'treated'; gorgeous women, some of them, with big eyes and saucy tongues. He supposed any woman would do all those little things in his home just like his wife. She was dying. Well, let her die then — the sooner the better, for he knew her pains were cruel. He found himself hoping that it would happen very soon. Perhaps if the Gutter Parson came she would die quicker. It was his business to start people on

the last journey. That was one of the things they kept him for. Anyway, it was right for her to see the priest, of course. He had never been a religious man himself; still, so far as he could remember, he had not gone to bed without saying a 'Glory be' since he was a little lad at the Sunday School. He called loudly up the stairs of the Gutter-castle for the Elder Lizzie, who 'did' for him and the sick wife just now.

'I've now took a fancy into me 'ead to have the priest fetched to my gal!' he explained.

The Elder Lizzie gave him an incredulous stare. Then she lifted a corner of her apron to one eye and wiped it slowly.

'Wot?' she asked, still staring.

Dicky repeated his information. 'I've a fancy as my gal should 'ave the priest fetched to 'er!'

Lizzie dropped the corner of her apron abruptly, and her eyes grew round and dry.

'Yer devil!' she said; 'yer must be a-wishin' of she to die; and after all me trouble, too. I'm sure I've treated 'er as fair as me own sister. I'll fetch the priest me very self, and me prayer is you'll be done in yer eye. There's many a sick creature 'e's put on their pore legs again, just when they thought they was gone!'

Dicky went back to his watch beside the sick-bed. The Gutter Parson would be here presently. He was known to be very prompt on such occasions, but the crossing-sweeper was feeling a little queer inside. It was tiresome, that way the women had of knowing just what you would never have thought of telling any one. Women were mean things; perhaps, after all, those other women, with bold eyes and lips he could kiss, would not do for him so quietly as this poor dying creature had done. But he was sure it was right for the priest to

be fetched. He was not a religious man, no one could laugh at him for that. He had never been to church for what he could get, like some others. But the children had been regularly to Sunday school.

Perhaps he trusted more than he knew to his nightly repetition of 'Glory be!' Anyhow he did feel certain that when his last moment came, he would expect the Gutter Parson to see him safely through. He had not thought at all what would happen if he died suddenly in a fit or by accident. He could not think of such things. God would be kind to the last to the one-legged crossing-sweeper. And yet Dicky knew that he was, at the bottom of his heart, looking forward to this visit with dim apprehension. Nobody knew what nonsense the Elder Lizzie might have been talking, as she hurried the Gutter Parson to obey his summons. Perhaps when they arrived he would tell the gentleman that his wife was better. A new idea suddenly came to him: perhaps the dying woman would not want to see the priest at all. In the meantime he felt that he wanted to be kind to her.

She was sitting up with a bundle of pillows behind her, and her head sunk forward on her shrunken breast. Now and then she stretched out a lean hand and groped about with it in the darkness which had gathered round her, and sometimes her blackened lips moved feebly: 'Elp me!'

'I am 'elping yer, me gal,' said Dicky tenderly. 'Wot can I do for yer?'

'I wants me Communion on Thursday!' whispered the sick woman.

Dicky remembered suddenly that she had often slipped out on Sunday mornings early; he had thought she used to buy the meat then. If he had known she was going to church there would have been a row. So, after all, she had deceived him. She had not

been a good wife to him. She was dying, — the sooner the better.

'Ter-morrer,' said Dicky. 'We need n't wait till Thursday.'

'Thursday,' whined the sick woman; 'I said Thursday.'

It was the Gutter Parson who stood suddenly near him at the bedside and startled Dicky. So he had come, and he had walked in just as if the place belonged to him. The crossing-sweeper would have liked to swear, but he did not. He looked up once at that quiet, kindly face, the face of a strong man with two legs and a mind that was not shifty like his own, and he did not look again.

He had never got out of his own room quite so quickly before since the amputation of his left leg, but he had been glad to go when the priest had asked to be left alone with the dying woman. He felt like a stranger in there, with his own wife and the Gutter Parson both talking about things he did not understand. He began to wish he had gone with her to buy the meat on Sundays.

When he was called back again into the room he came creeping and looking curiously about him. The Gutter Parson was putting a violet ribbon into his pocket.

'I'll bring you the Blessed Sacrament to-morrow,' he promised.

'Thursday; I said Thursday!' muttered the sick woman.

The Gutter Parson looked dubious, for it seemed scarcely possible that the withered shrunken body lying there on the bed could imprison a human soul so long.

'Well, Thursday,' he agreed reluctantly; and Dicky was alone on the doorstep.

When he went back to the bedside his wife was whispering feebly.

'Is it Thursday yet?' she asked.

All that night and all the next day

the question was perpetually on her lips: 'Is it Thursday yet?'

Dicky was feeling vaguely uneasy. What would happen on Thursday? He did not want to be so near to God. He did not want them to bring God to his home. Dicky had always had pleasantly dim ideas about God before. Somewhere or other in a big place called heaven he believed that God sat on a big throne. But this was so real and so near, he would have liked to run away, only some dim suggestion of loyalty held him chained to that awful, mysterious, muttering figure on his bed who called to him so often to 'elp' her, and who was waiting like himself for Thursday.

At last the day came. Dicky woke up in the gray dawn wondering what was the matter. Suddenly he remembered. It was Thursday.

'Yus, 't is!' he answered as he caught sight of the pale lips moving beside him.

The day grew slowly, while the sick woman waited joyfully and Dick shuddered.

'I ain't done nothin' wrong to nobody!' he kept assuring himself.

At seven o'clock the Elder Lizzie appeared, and exiled him. Her preparations took a long time, and later on a stranger came to assist her. Presently the bell in the little mission chapel began to ring and he heard the dying woman ask if it were Thursday.

Perhaps they had not answered her; he crept into the room and looking fearfully round, 'It's Thursday!' he said in a trembling voice.

'Ain't 'e comin' soon?' asked the sick woman, with a little despairing cry.

Dick thought it would be soon. He watched the two candles on the white-spread table. They were guttering in a cold unnatural draught that stirred through the room. He put out a hesitating hand to close the window and

saw that it was fastened. A great dread took possession of him and suddenly he dropped on his knees and realized that he was caught in a trap. There was no time for him to escape now; if he lifted his bowed head for an instant he knew that he would meet the Face of God and die.

For this little stuffy, familiar room, with its scanty, hired furniture for which he paid tenpence a night, with Sundays thrown in, had at that moment become the holiest spot in Gutter-garten.

'O Gawd, don't come into my 'ouse!' whined the miserable Dicky.

But he knew that He had come, and even then he was groveling in the dust before the Mysterious Prisoner of the Pyx.

The awful reality of this Presence was so different from Dick's ordinary dim conception of the far-away God who could be forgotten and even blasphemed.

Oh, if only he could get away! But he would never be able to get away again — he would never be able to forget.

Dicky was nursing a whining, cowardly heart, and praying for the withdrawal of that intensely real and dreadful thing.

But that did not happen, even with the Gutter Priest's own intention.

'Behold the Lamb of God!'

Within that white circle the burning Heart of God throbbed through the stillness of the little room and scorched the shrinking soul of Dicky. But the bowed body on the bed, with its stiffened, discolored lips and its sightless

eyes, had lost the power to become the tabernacle of the Host and its doors were shut fast against the approaching Guest.

The blood was surging in Dicky's veins and singing in his ears, but he dared not lift his head. He heard them laying the body down flat in the bed. One of the pillows slipped to the floor beside him. He heard his wife speak in a voice that did not belong to her at all. She was dying, and they were her last words. He listened eagerly for them.

'Put me out straight!' she muttered.

'She's thinking of her coffin, pore dear,' explained the Elder Lizzie; 'er was always thoughtful up to the last!'

Then she pulled out those crumpled, twisted limbs tenderly, and whispered into the dying ear, 'Don' fret yer, me gal, yer'll make a lovely corpse!'

The Gutter Parson was saying a prayer, and before he had quite finished, the Elder Lizzie crept behind Dicky and flung up the window.

Five minutes later, the little room held only himself and something hidden away under a sheet on the bed.

The crossing-sweeper got up slowly. The little candles were still smoking on the white-spread table, but the air was empty. He knew that he was changed, though he had only very vague ideas how the change would declare itself. He might join the Salvation Army or he might get drunk. In the meantime he would kneel down on the dirty floor and say a 'Glory be!' before that little throne where the Terrible One had rested.

THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

VII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

THE historian of Gregg's South Carolina brigade says of the formation of this last line of battle which the Army of Northern Virginia ever made: 'The nature of the campaign of the past week was easily read in the countenances and gait of the troops. Their faces were haggard, their step slow and unsteady. Bare skeletons of the old organizations remained, and those tottered along at wide intervals.'

Two hundred moved up in the rear of Gregg's brigade, and at once lay down; thereupon some one asked, 'Whose regiment is that?' A soldier among them with a grim smile replied, 'Kershaw's division.' Just think of it: two hundred and fifty, all that was left of that heroic division that turned the tide in the Wilderness, and whose volleys I can hear as I write these lines!

Meanwhile, Gibbon, Turner, and the Fifth Corps, led on by Griffin, are quickening their steps at every moment. Now they are all out in the open across the Lynchburg Road, coming on like a mighty wave ready to break at any moment on the disorganized, retreating Confederates. That garden of poppies, red roses, and cockscombs that marched up so gayly is broken into patches and carried back fast on the out-going tide of defeat.

It is now about nine o'clock, and

many a village and country church-bell is ringing for morning service, their tones dying away over fields where lambs are frisking; but no smoke of battle rises, and no poor boys are breathing their last, their young blood staining the lea.

Gordon has been through four or five dreadful hours. But trying as they have been to him, what must they have been to Lee, who when we left him was waiting for dawn to come, and for Gordon to attack.

On account of the mist it is doubtful if, from his position beyond the river, he could see Grimes mounting the fields to the Bent Creek Road and thence on to the timber. The uppermost question now was: Has Grant been able to out-march me, and will they encounter infantry? Yes, General Lee, he has out-marched you, and I think the world will hold that he has out-generated you, too, in this last campaign. Minutes, quarters of an hour, went by; the firing seemed to hang at one spot, and every one knows that when that is the case the advance is, momentarily at least, checked. Lee could stand the anxiety no longer, and sent the accomplished Venable of his staff to Gordon to ask him if he thought he could cut his way through. Gordon replied emphatically, 'Tell General Lee that my command has been fought to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing

unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps!'

Venable galloped back with the discouraging response, and says that Lee exclaimed, 'There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths.'

Rather die a thousand deaths! Rather die a thousand deaths! Here we have about the first and only recorded spontaneous, right-out-of-the-heart, furnace-glowing utterance from that remarkably self-poised man; and, if true, it is a mighty interesting revelation. What was there in the occasion so painful as to wring this burst of feeling from his habitually-deliberate lips. It could not have been surprise. Had not these very circumstances, for the last year, cast their shadows before? Had he not within less than twenty-four hours told his old friend of West Point days, Pendleton, that from the beginning he had doubted the ultimate success of the South if the Confederacy were not recognized by the powerful foreign governments? And had he not replied that very morning to the same old friend's good-natured remark on his spick-and-span uniform (Lee had always hitherto appeared in undress), that he might have to meet Grant before the day closed? Nelson on the day of Trafalgar put on all the medals, orders, and rich decorations he had won. Cæsar, as he felt the stabs of Brutus and Cassius, arranged his toga that he might fall gracefully. It does not seem that the pain he felt could have come from the suddenness of surprise. It must have had some other source.

Rather die a thousand deaths than to go and see Grant! Whence came the arrow, and what keenly sensitive point in this truly great nature had it pierced? Was a natural pride rebellious and mad at the thought that, after all those brilliant battles, — Gaines's

Mill, Manassas, Antietam, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, — he should have to go and ask on what terms that valiant army might lay down its arms, as the armies of Buckner and Pemberton before him had done? If it were a dread of humiliation, had he a right to harbor such a thought? Had not Grant said to him in the note received the evening before: 'Peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged'?

In view of the fact that his going would bring peace to the land, whence came the pang? Had he not said in his reply to Grant's note quoted above that, 'The restoration of peace should be the sole object of all'? Why should he prefer a thousand deaths, then, rather than go to see the man whom Fate had put at the head of an army which, through its multitude of men, had overcome the Army of Northern Virginia? Venable was an honorable man; but, in the light of the fact that it was an hour when greatness called for greatness, I wonder and I wonder if Lee ever made just that remark. If he did, it only tells me this, — that beneath all glamour and earthly glory lies the common clay of our natures.

Well, he at once sent for Longstreet, whose forces during the night had moved up till the trains at New Hope Church impeded their further progress, and were then throwing up a line of intrenchments, breast-high, with an abatis in front across the road, the left of the works resting on the headwaters of Devil's Creek, flowing north into the James, the right on those of Wolf Creek that soon finds its way through dense, wild-turkey-haunted woods to the Appomattox.

Longstreet rode forward. In his *Memoirs* he says that Lee 'was dressed in a suit of new uniform, sword and sash, a handsomely embroidered belt, boots, and a pair of gold spurs'; but adds that 'the handsome apparel and brave bearing failed to conceal his profound depression.' Lee, after gracefully saluting Longstreet, — this old hero still had his right arm in a sling from the almost fatal wound he received in the Wilderness, — told him that Gordon's men had met with a formidable force through which he could not break, and sought his views as to what should be done. Longstreet, with his inflexible resolution, asked if the bloody sacrifice of his army could in any way help the cause in other quarters. Lee said he thought not. 'Then,' replied Longstreet, 'your situation speaks for itself.'

They were standing near an almost burned-out fire; Lee called Mahone, and put the same question to him, and the brave little blue-eyed man, before answering, kicked some of the embers together, and then affirmed Longstreet's judgment.

These interviews must have taken place not later than seven o'clock. Lee in his note of the night before had appointed 10 A.M. as the hour when he would like to meet Grant on the road beyond New Hope Church, and while waiting for the hour to come, and expecting every minute an answer from Grant, he had a talk with Alexander.

The latter says that soon after sunrise he came upon Lee and his staff. They were by the roadside, and Lee called to him, and after peeling off the bark took a seat on a felled oak. He then produced a field-map and said, 'Well, we have come to the Junction, and they seem to be here ahead of us. What have we got to do to-day?'

A long and interesting interview fol-

lowed that can be found in Alexander's most admirable military memoirs, which, like those of Sikes and Sorrel, breathe sincerity.

Alexander was glad of the chance to talk with Lee for, ever since the afternoon before, when Pendleton told him, as they rode side by side, of his going to Lee with the self-appointed council's suggestion, he had been mulling over the matter, and had thought out a plan of his own to save Lee and them all from the ignominy of surrender. I know just how he felt, for he was a man of deep feeling, and I shall never forget its manifestation during an interview I had with him in Richmond at the time of the undraping of Jefferson Davis's monument. We were at the Jefferson Hotel, and that stately and capacious hostelry was thronged with ex-Confederates, all proudly dressed in their gray, and cheering to the echo every time the orchestra struck up one of their favorite Southern airs.

At Alexander's suggestion we had withdrawn to an alcove under the stairway and were talking over West Point days; and he told me of a row he had had there with a classmate just before graduation, a row so bitter that neither spoke to the other on parting from the Academy. Now it so happened that this classmate was the senior aide to the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, to whom, at Appomattox, the Confederate batteries under Alexander had to be turned over after the surrender. On first going to headquarters officially in regard to details, Alexander said that he made it a point not to notice his classmate, whose face wore a look of friendly greeting. The next day he had to go there again, and his classmate standing at his tent-door beckoned to him. Alexander, after a struggle with his West Point hate, turned his steps toward him, wondering what he wanted.

To his surprise, his old-time enemy drew a large roll of bills from his pocket, stripped off a goodly number, and held them out, saying, 'Aleck, you are welcome to this; I have more than I want, and you may need it.'

'Do you know, Morris,' said Alexander, his soft voice trembling with emotion, 'I declined the money although I had hardly a cent in the world. I felt so badly and ugly over surrendering; but I see now that I did myself and him a great wrong.'

He paused. I glanced at his face, and his eyes were swimming with tears. My only excuse for allowing this episode to delay the narrative is that the reader may get some idea of the man who was talking with Lee, and what surrender meant to him and the Southern army.

Well, Alexander developed his plans warmly, and finally, with the desperation of youth, urged that the men should take to the woods, with the understanding that they were to rally on Johnston or report armed to the governors of their respective states. Lee listened quietly, and then replied to this obviously impracticable scheme that he had not over fifteen thousand muskets, and that even if all should report for duty their numbers would be too small to accomplish anything, and it would end in nothing but a destructive, malignant, guerrilla warfare. He then added; 'General, you and I as Christian men have no right to consider only how this would affect us; we must consider its effect on the country as a whole; if I took your advice we would bring on a state of affairs it would take the country years to recover from. . . . I am going to meet Grant at 10 A.M. and surrender the army on the condition of not fighting again until exchanged, and take the consequences of my act.'

Now we have the Lee of Venable
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and Alexander, but it is only fair to the former to complete his account of what was said after Lee's exclamation about dying a thousand deaths. 'Convulsed with passionate grief,' goes on Venable, 'many were the wild words which we spoke, as we stood round him. Said one, "Oh, general, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field."'

'He replied, "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us." (No, no, General Lee, you were mistaken: no one ever has said or will say hard things of you or your gallant army for surrendering in the field.) "They will not understand how we were overwhelmed with numbers." (Yes, the world thoroughly understands that we had five men to your one.) "But that is not the question, colonel [Venable was a colonel], the question is: Is it right to surrender the army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."'

In these portraitures by Venable and Alexander, what living examples we have of how enthusiasm and love build up and festoon this world's heroes. But I find no fault. Climb on, blooming glory, round the pure-minded and dignified Lee! climb on, and ever climb on, around the modest, peace-bringing, and magnanimous Grant.

Lee finally mounted Traveller and, without notifying either Longstreet or Gordon, set off to meet Grant. His course was toward the rear, that is, along the road toward New Hope Church. He soon met a battalion of artillery withdrawing from its bivouac by the side of Rocky Run, and one of its officers says that it was about nine o'clock, and that Traveller was finely groomed, his bridle and bit polished until they shone like silver. Lee was accompanied by a courier and Colonels Marshall and Taylor of his staff.

Up the leaning ridge that faces the

midday sun and pours its summer showers and melting snow down into the little murmuring run, went Lee. The officers of the Eleventh North Carolina saw him, and from his unusual dress concluded that he was on his way to surrender, and that in that case the hour had come to carry out their resolution of two nights before, namely, to commit their colors to the flames; and soon, up among the fresh green leaves of spring went the smoke of their destruction. On went Lee and soon came to Longstreet's line of intrenchments; and as he passed through them that loyal, intrepid corps gave him cheer upon cheer. Go ask the field of Manassas, Gettysburg, far-away Chickamauga, and the Wilderness, and they will tell you with pride where every one of its colors flew.

After clearing the rearguard, the orderly bearing the flag of truce was put in front and Lee proceeded slowly on his solemn journey; and I can imagine Traveller, with ears alert, looking down the red streak of road bordered on both sides by still woods. Great was the hour, and great was the man he bore, but who knows what was passing through his rider's mind? Never had Traveller carried him on a mission like this. For the comfort of Lee I wish that, as he rode, the reality of the present had by some magic come and enveloped him, and then, instead of Sheridan's and Gordon's angry guns, he would have heard from Southland and Northland the mighty song of the triumphs of Peace.

Before long a staff officer from the front overtook them. Lee, after hearing what he had to say, asked him to go back and notify Longstreet and Gordon that he was on his way to see Grant, and rode on.

Meanwhile, Gordon had made repeated applications to Longstreet for the help which Longstreet could not

give him; but as soon as Lee's message was received, Longstreet sent it to Gordon by Captain Sims, who had been serving on his staff since the untimely death of his own commander, A. P. Hill, telling Sims to say to Gordon that, if he thought proper, he could ask Sheridan for a suspension of hostilities till they could hear the result of the conference between Lee and Grant.

Sims hurried toward Gordon, then threatened with immediate and complete overthrow. The battery at the Peet house was still firing rapidly, but the infantry and cavalry, save Munford and Rosser, who had escaped through a gap, had fallen back till their skirmish line, made up of the Fourth and Fourteenth North Carolina, lay within three hundred yards of the Court House. A stone marks the spot, and when last October I stood beside it, fog like a stranded cloud lay heavy and cold about the place, and the chilled crickets beneath the dun, matted grass at the foot of the stone were responding feebly to the silence of the fields.

In a small pasture not far from where Gordon stood at the edge of the village, a perfectly white cow was grazing peacefully, and beside her was a red one with a narrow white scarf across her left shoulder. The haggard apple trees close by them, the forlorn, bleary-eyed, red-chimneyed old houses, — there are less than a dozen of them, — the hills and woods beyond the river, all loomed mysteriously in the mist. While I stood there gazing round, a puff of wind came by, and the mist began to steal away, and I thought that I was fortunate in seeing the field clothed as Gordon saw it that other early morning so long ago.

But to return to Gordon who, when Sims rode up to him, and by word of mouth gave him Longstreet's message,

was, as we all know, in a most trying position; for he expected complete disaster to break at any minute. He could see our infantry on the rising ground above him just ready like a shrieking hawk to swoop down upon him; batteries were going into position on every knoll, and he could see the flash of Sheridan's sabres preparatory to a charge, and his down-hearted men drifting by him in shoals. What a contrast with that morning when, as captain of Georgia mountaineers wearing coon-skin caps, he marched through Atlanta at the breaking-out of the war and was asked: 'What company is that, sir?' Proudly he answered, 'This is the Mountain Rifles'; but one of his men, a tall mountaineer, exclaimed, 'Mountain hell! We ain't no Raccoon Roughs.'

Yes, it was a contrast; gone was his smile at the answer; Atlanta lay in ashes; gone were the hopes of the crowd that had cheered him at the head of the Mountain Rifles; and now he was about to close the eyes of the dying Confederacy.

On receiving Longstreet's message, all of his aides being away on duty, he begged Sims to go at once to Sheridan and ask him to suspend hostilities.

Off dashed Captain Sims toward Custer's command, and as soon as he had passed Gary's small Confederate brigade, for want of a flag of truce, or even a handkerchief to display, he tied a new white crash towel to the tip of his sword and proceeded on his way. A piece of that towel, and of the drawer of the table on which Lee signed the terms of surrender, Mrs. Custer has kindly given me, and they, with a piece of the flowing red flannel neck-tie which her husband wore that morning, hang framed on my wall.

It took only a few strides of Sims's horse to bring him to a group of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry, near whom,

dismounted, stood Colonel Whitaker of Custer's staff. 'Where is your commanding officer, General Sheridan?' asked Sims impetuously; 'I have a message for him.' 'He is not here,' replied Whitaker, 'but Custer is, and you had better see him.'

They soon overtook Custer. 'Who are you and what do you wish?' he demanded, checking his horse, that was at a gallop. Sims replied, in tones as defiant as Custer's, who he was, and the nature of his mission.

I can imagine Custer's radiant face as the mighty news broke on him. He told Whitaker to go back with Sims, and gave another aide a message for Sheridan, which its bearer shouted exultingly as, with horse at full flight and hat in hand, he approached: 'Lee has surrendered; don't charge; the white flag is up!'

Whitaker having reached Gordon with Sims, Gordon asked him to go with two other aides, Jones of Alabama and Brown of Georgia, carrying the same towel to our infantry, still on the move. Fast they galloped, and as they passed Wells's brigade of cavalry in line of battle, Whitaker cried out, 'Lower your carbines, men, lower your carbines; you will never have to raise them again in this war.'

Striking Chamberlain's line, Whitaker cried out, 'This is unconditional surrender; this is the end!' And then on.

One of his Confederate companions reined up, and drawing near Chamberlain, said, 'I am just from Gordon and Longstreet, and Gordon says for God's sake stop that infantry or hell will be to pay.'

Chamberlain had to tell him that he had no authority to stop the movement, that Sheridan was in command. 'Then I'll go to him,' said the officer; and off he went, and the humane Chamberlain ceased pushing his division.

Gordon, on Sims's return, sent orders by Major Parker of Huger's battalion to the battery at the Peet house to cease firing.

Let us pause a moment. The last shot has been fired (the section is under the command of Lieutenant Wright of Clutter's battery); the gun is still smoking, and its fated projectile goes muttering madly over Whitaker and the bearers of the flag of truce, on toward our lines, who with bated breath and in joy of heavenly expectancy are awaiting the oncoming flags. Blind to everything but Fate's deadly purpose, on past the heralds of peace, rushes that doomed projectile, on and plunges through the breast of Lieutenant Clark of the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York. Inscrutable Destiny, you and I have faced each other, and, as the blood spurted from that youthful heart, I hope that you were satisfied.

At about that very same moment, too, when not another life need have been sacrificed, a musket-ball sped from the Confederate lines past the flag-bearers and mortally wounded William Montgomery of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania. Fate's victim in this case was less than sixteen years old, and out of his photograph, now before me, gazes a boy with a pure, sweet, hauntingly earnest face.

All firing ceased; but the men did not stop moving forward till they had gained a position from which they could overlook the Court House and the remnants of Gordon's troops falling back in utter and hopeless confusion beyond the river. With this scene before them the ranks halted, guns were brought to an order, colors were planted, and all stood looking, wrapped in flooding joy. It meant the end of the war, and a gray-haired officer exclaimed, 'Glory to God!' and Chamberlain replied, 'Yes, and on earth peace and good-will toward men.'

Hardly had Sims left him before Custer set out rapidly to see Gordon himself, and on approaching, with his usual assurance, demanded in the name of General Sheridan the unconditional surrender of all his troops. To this abrupt demand Gordon replied with unquestioned resolution that he would not pledge himself to any such terms, and that if Sheridan in the face of the flag of truce insisted on fighting, the responsibility for bloodshed would be on Sheridan and not on Gordon. Custer then asked to see Longstreet, and Major Hunter, a fine type of the Virginia gentleman, a member of Gordon's staff, escorted him to the old hero.

On Longstreet Custer made the same peremptory demand for unconditional surrender. Longstreet told him that he was not in command of the Army of Northern Virginia and, annoyed by Custer's brusque manner, — the old fellow naturally was in no humor that morning to stand impertinence, and especially that of a brassy, yellow-haired boy, — gave him to understand that he was entirely out of his place, and finally let fly some English that was quite vigorous. Custer was acute enough to see that his boyish game of bluff would not work, and I can fancy his laughing, contagious smile as he parted with the indignant old general, who assigned Major Wade Hampton Gibbs, one of Custer's West Point friends, to show him out of his lines.

Meanwhile Sheridan, who was about three quarters of a mile from the Court House, saw a large group of officers about it, and supposing that Custer was among them, started at a gallop to join them. He had his headquarters flag behind him, and as soon as he drew near Gordon's lines, was fired on. He halted, and taking off his hat called to them that they were violating the

flag of truce; but the firing did not stop, and boiling mad, he took refuge in a ravine. Later he sent the sergeant back with his flag and an aide to the group, demanding what their conduct meant.

Gordon rode forward to meet him, and says that Sheridan was mounted on a very handsome horse — yes, we know about Rienzi. The interview was not very pleasant, for Sheridan did not have a gracious manner. But after explaining the situation and reaching a mutual understanding, they dismounted and sat together on the ground. The silence that had begun to reign was broken suddenly by a roll of musketry. Sheridan jumped to his feet, glaring fiercely at Gordon, and asked, 'What does that mean, sir?' 'It's my fault,' replied Gordon. 'I have forgotten to notify that command.'

As none of his staff were available, Vanderbilt Allen, of Sheridan's staff, one of my fellow West Point cadets, was sent, directing them to cease firing. And do you know that the officer to whom he bore Gordon's message actually insisted on 'Van's' surrender, and when he learned that the army was about to lay down its arms, took off his sword and slipped away, away from his colors and comrades, and from sharing the greatest event in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, for it was its transfiguration.

Well, I will not cumber the narrative with all that happened in the next hour and a half at the Court House; let it suffice that Longstreet, Wilcox, and others joined Gordon, Ord, and Sheridan, and agreed to wait till Grant and Lee had met. But Longstreet could not rest easy till word of the situation was sent to Humphreys, who, he feared, would attack his lines at New Hope Church; and Sheridan sent his chief of staff, 'Tony' Forsythe, escorted by Colonel Fairfax of Longstreet's staff, back through the Con-

federate lines with a message to Meade of the agreement they had reached.

'Tony,' for so everybody called him, was a tall, statuesque man of light complexion, very companionable, dignified, but with an undercurrent of natural gayety. I wish now that I had asked him all about this ride when, with boon companions, I sat till late hours in the City Club of Columbus, Ohio, with Governor Powell, John Taylor, Galloway, and Dennison, and heard him talk of Arizona jack-rabbits, as we sipped some fragrant old Scotch.

And now the troops about the Court House are resting on their arms; those of the Army of the Potomac, to their manhood and honor, showing no wild or barbaric elation, and the privates of Lee's army, heavy at heart, speculating wistfully on what is to be their fate. One of their number has written that there was an indescribable sadness over them all, but that they, feeling their common misfortune, were very gentle in their words to each other, sharing liberally the little food that remained.

II

And now while West Point men, young and old, were meeting with the cloudless friendship of their cadet days, let us return to Lee.

Having gained a mile or so beyond Longstreet's lines he halted and dismounted, and sent Colonel Taylor, accompanied by the courier, forward, who soon met my friend, Colonel Whittier of Humphreys's staff, bearing a flag of truce. Whittier was an uncommonly fine-looking and prepossessing young fellow, with charming manners; and somewhere on the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg he shared my tent one night, and by its lone candle we talked long, and when he rode away in the morning he carried my heart with him.

The courier asked him if he had a letter for General Lee, and if so, offered to deliver it; but Whittier told him he must deliver it in person. They soon came up with Marshall, who led the way to Lee, standing a little off, beside the road. The letter read as follows:—

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A.M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, that I am equally desirous for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they would hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. LEE.

This communication must have brought great disappointment to Lee, for I am sure he had been confident, if Grant would only meet him, of securing terms for a general peace that would save him and the army from the pain of surrender, and the South from a dismal remembrance of unqualified defeat. But this straightforward, kindly note completely terminated any such hopes; humiliation was inevitable; and to give it emphasis, Whittier says that, while Lee was reading the letter, Sheridan's angry guns from the direction of the Court House could be distinctly heard.

Apparently, Lee, without reading Grant's letter a second time, began to dictate to Marshall the following reply:—

GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT.

April 9, 1865.

While the above was being written, an aide from Longstreet, Colonel Haskell, with a message to Lee, dashed by like the wind, not discovering Lee till he had passed him; and, having but one arm, the colonel was unable to check his horse at once. But as soon as he got control he reversed her course and, on nearing Lee, threw himself to the ground. The mare's large pink nostrils were flaring wide, and she was panting fast as, with lowered head, she walked by his side.

Lee hastened toward him exclaiming, 'What is it? What is it? Oh, why did you do it? You have ruined your beautiful mare!'

The history of that mad ride is as follows:—

After Lee had left Longstreet, Fitz Lee sent in word that he had found a gap for the escape of the army, and Longstreet felt that that news was so important that he told Haskell to overtake Lee and bring him back before he saw Grant, if he had to kill his mare. This favorite blooded animal had been led all the way from Petersburg and, for the first time, had been saddled that very morning, Haskell intending to call on her to fly with him, if necessary, from the impending surrender.

I am truly glad to tell you, Reader, that the beautiful, high-bred, and high-spirited creature soon recovered. What,

break down under a single heat and carrying a message on a field like that, with perhaps the blood of Sir Henry in her veins! And had he not worn the colors of the South against American Eclipse? No, no! She was sold the following day to one of our officers for a good round sum in gold, but I have no doubt that visions of Traveller and the fields of Virginia passed before her as in her Northern stall she dreamed of that heat.

Lee did not credit Fitz Lee's report, and his judgment was soon confirmed by the arrival of another aide from Longstreet, saying that it was a mistake. He finished his letter and Marshall handed it to Whittier, with the request from the general that he would ask Humphreys not to push his lines. Humphreys forwarded the letter to Meade, and Meade, thinking time and some good might result from so doing, opened it, and then sent it on to Grant, suggesting that it might be well for him to see Lee, and that he had granted a short truce.

The bearer of this dispatch was Lieutenant Pease, an aide to Seth Williams, and many were the pleasant days I passed with him. He was above middle height and firmly built, had dark-brown, earnest eyes and reddish hair.

Meanwhile, Humphreys, not hearing from Meade, moved on, sending Whittier ahead to notify Marshall that he had had no orders to suspend hostilities. Marshall again pleaded that he would not persevere, for it meant a useless sacrifice of life, but Humphreys, with his line of battle deployed, would not listen to any delay and actually was sending word to Lee, who was in plain sight, to get out of the way, when fortunately Forsythe appeared, directly from Sheridan. Lee sent Taylor with Forsythe to Meade who, having heard his story, agreed to an armistice until Lee could go and see Grant. It was

this detached duty that accounts for Taylor's not being with Lee at the McLean house, for I have no doubt that he would have asked this loyal and seasoned aide to go with him.

Lee thereupon rode back to within about three quarters of a mile of the Court House, where he dismounted, and sat down at the foot of an apple tree by the roadside. Alexander, who was near by, with thoughtfulness for Lee's comfort, had some fence-rails laid or piled under the tree and covered them with red artillery blankets for him to rest upon.

When Pease overtook Grant, his party were breathing their horses near an open field, and he and Rawlins were sitting on a log. Pease gave him Lee's letter. Grant tore off the end of the envelope and drew forth the note. After reading it, without a change of expression, he passed it to the pale and worn Rawlins at his side, one of the best friends that any man like Grant ever had in the world, saying, 'Here, General Rawlins.'

When Rawlins had read it, Grant asked, 'Well, how do you think that will do?'

Rawlins replied emphatically, 'I think *that* will do.'

Grant at once wrote to Lee as follows:—

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,

Commanding C. S. Army:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg Road to the Farmville and Lynchburg Road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Grant gave his dispatch to Babcock, directing him to take the shortest road he could find to reach Lee.

That was a famous duty Grant put on his young and loyal aide, and there was something mysteriously fitting in the choice. For a youth with a gentler face or with more of the natural bloom of charity and good-will in it, or with less deprecatory blue eyes, could not have been found in the army. Grant at once set off for the Court House.

Meanwhile, Lee, joined by Longstreet, had expressed to the latter his anxiety lest Grant, on account of his first proposition not having been accepted, might now insist on harsher terms. Longstreet tried to reassure him. He knew Grant well enough to say that his terms would not be harsher than Lee might demand under like circumstances. But Lee's concern as to how Grant would deal with him, for some reason, was not laid. Whence came his distrust of Grant? Was it because camp gossip of old associates had drifted to Lee, in substance not unlike that which I heard myself from old army officers at Fort Monroe, after Donaldson and Shiloh, that Grant was a rather common and offensive fellow? Would not the fact that Grant had piled up his dead, and apparently without mercy, before the works of Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, tend to confirm in Lee's mind the gossip as to his character? Might not the heart of that common fellow be vindictive as well as cold? Oh, the refined and hidden qualities in the clay of those called common! and the scornful indifference that has been shown them! In the most sublime of the Psalms, the nineteenth, we read, 'Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me.'

Or was Lee's concern as to the terms because he had caught the eye of that member of the inner court which sits

in judgment, day and night, on the deeds of men — the judge who had argued silently, with benevolence yet with warmth, on the Farmville hills, that, defeat being inevitable, he ought to accept his fate without the loss of another life, — a responsibility which Grant had raised in his first note and repeated in his last?

Lee's heart was tender and, on more than one occasion in his loneliness (for no head of any army ever led a more isolated life), we know it had bled secretly over the sorrowful state of his men and of the Southern people; yet it was not of the kind to torment itself over steps irrevocably taken and approved by his judgment and sense of duty. No, as he sat there on the bank by the roadside waiting to hear where he should meet Grant and lay down his arms, *that* was not the source of his mind's unrest. The trail to it will be struck, as I believe, in the answer to a question of less subtlety. Why, after the fall of Petersburg, Richmond, and the overwhelming disaster at Sailor's Creek, should his hope of ultimate success have lived or even flickered for a moment? Why did not that epitome of the manliness of his day yield at Farmville? What carried him on from there against the pitchy darkness and steep desperation of the situation, on, resolutely, after the heads of divisions and corps had virtually told him that, in their opinions, the end had come; and above all, when he knew that his army had wasted away to a mere shadow and the few who remained were worn out with hunger and fatigue? What qualities in his being were at the helm, blind to facts and deaf to reason?

Bound as he was by a sense of duty to effect a junction with Johnston, yet to me, as he appears leading on that fragment of the old Army of Northern Virginia, from whose heart hope had

fled, leading it on in the face of that utterly dismal and starless situation, there is something so fraught with doom in his conduct that a shadow of brooding awe falls over this page, and lo! Æschylus, soldier of Marathon and Salamis, takes his place in the silent, hollow-eyed, famishing column; and as on through the darkness following Lee, he murmurs the preludes of his immortal tragedies, the spirits of Agamemnon, Orestes, Prometheus, and the pursuing, unappeasable Erinyes hover over him.

And now let us draw near to Lee and give him a steady, kindly, searching look, unmindful of the showering stars of yellow, red, and green that are falling about him from exploding bombs of eulogy. Nor as to an idol or a marvel let us draw near, but as to a fellow mortal, genuinely true to the real in every, and the best, sense of the word; one who, though famous, was not honey-combed with ambition or tainted with cunning or cant; and though a soldier and wearing a soldier's laurels, yet never craved or sought honors except as they bloomed on deeds done for the glory of his lawfully constituted and acknowledged civil authority. In short, he was a soldier to whom the sense of duty was a gospel, and a man of the world whose only rule of life was, that life should be upright and stainless. I cannot but think that Providence meant, through him, to prolong the ideal of the gentleman in this world.

And now to those high moral standards, warmest family affections, imperial qualities and characteristics, add wealth, station, an imposing stature, a noble countenance, and abilities of the first order, and, as the background of those notable attributes, a glowing series of rare victories in the cause of the Confederacy, with its appealingly tragic life and death, and it can easily be seen why, through the natural im-

pulses of our nature, Lee has become the embodiment of one of the world's ideals, that of the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman. And from the bottom of my heart I thank Heaven, since the commercial spirit of our time has grown into a sordid, money-gorged, godless, snoring monster, for the comfort of having a character like Lee's to look at, standing in burnished glory above the smoke of Mammon's altars.

But we are not seeking the sublimation of his mortality; rather we would see the ingrained qualities of his nature which carried this modern Prometheus, these last two days of the Confederacy, on to the storm-battered crags of Scythia.

In a manner and mood becoming his native gentleness of character and unsullied life, and above all, the tender and appealing associations of the morning (it was Palm Sunday and the church-bells of the land were calling from steeple to steeple), let us look at him as a fellow mortal, look at him and find, if we can, the reason why, as he sits there by that Virginia roadside amid the wreck of the Army of Northern Virginia, nothing Longstreet does or may say as to Grant's magnanimity of character assuages his troubled mind. With this end in view then, and in order that our survey may be direct, true and substantial, let us detach him from his surroundings and deal with his personality, that marvelous compound the secrets of whose making are in the breast of Nature herself, and which she in her wisdom turns over from the cradle into the unfeeling hands of Destiny to direct to its end.

So, note, if you will, the stately angle at which he holds his head, and the peremptory silencing gaze of those potent eyes, studded with the light of conscious personal worth and a distinguished ancestry, which, as those

of all men of parts and such aloofness and dignity, are ever quietly on their guard. And do not fail to note, also, how quickly his winning openness of address shelves into an unfathomable ocean of reserve; the open gate, the blooming meadow, so to speak, closing like a floe in a polar sea. This cold simile is not overdrawn: he greeted his fellow men with charming dignified kindness, but that was the end of it, and there is no one among the living or dead, outside of his own family, who has ever claimed to have been on close confidential relations with him.

Under the habitually unruffled composure of that ocean of reserve, and dominated, as I believe, by two master spirits, lies the authentic Lee. And what were those master spirits, which, blind to facts and deaf to reason, drove him on from Farmville? Were they creations of his own? No, not at all. Nature herself had planted them. And what were they? One, an all-pervading unconscious pride, a pride not sordid or arrogant, but lofty; the other, diffused through his whole being and pulsing in every vein, a burning, even fierce, enthusiasm. These, in my judgment, were the ingrained, controlling temperamental qualities in Robert E. Lee, which determined his fate. The former could not stand the humiliation of being overthrown completely in a

cause he believed right, the latter converted him, at Danger's first challenge, as was again and again displayed in the field, into a prompt and inveterate fighter. As for instance, at Antietam, although he had met and stood off McClellan, yet with such carnage that it was in effect a defeat, still for a day after the battle he held his ground among his dead, resolutely challenging his adversary to come on if he dared. So, too, he stood for a day at Gettysburg, after his frightful repulses, inviting Meade to attack; and when with his bleeding army he reached the flooded Potomac with every bridge swept away, undismayed he turned his back on the raging stream and, planting his colors, defiantly bade the Army of the Potomac to strike. Who can forget, either, how quickly he accepted Hooker's gage of battle in the Wilderness, and how a year later (the violets were just in bloom again for the first time on the blood-stained ground of Gettysburg) he plunged at Grant. No eagle that ever flew, no tiger that ever sprang, had more natural courage; and I will guarantee that every field he was on, if you ask them about him, will speak of the unquailing battle-spirit of his mien. Be not deceived: Lee, notwithstanding his poise, was naturally the most belligerent man at the head of any army in the war.

(To be concluded.)

THE MORAL VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

I

THE industrial atmosphere is filled with 'wars and rumors of wars.' The sad conditions recently existing at Lawrence; the coal strike abroad, and that threatened here; the recent arrests by the United States authorities of persons in certain labor circles, charged with crime — these all give pause to thoughtful men, make the judicious grieve, and lead one to question the soundness and permanence of our present industrial structure. For clearly, if that structure rests upon a basis of justified discontent, of which the troubles cited are in part an expression, it is in truth founded on sand. If the only way in which that discontent can find voice and can seek a remedy is through industrial war, the situation is sad and menacing.

It is not necessary in this article to review the conditions which have made the common feeling among many of our mill operatives that of suffering from injustice. The fact that this is so is known and read of all men. Nor is it necessary to endorse the extreme views of radical leaders, either in socialist or labor circles, when one says that this feeling of injustice has much to warrant it. For example, a man in a large establishment in the central West was detained at home three days by the death and burial of his son. When he returned to work, not only was his pay docked for the three days, but the absence, though explained, was counted against his efficiency record, with the

effect of reducing his pay twenty-five cents daily for six months. Naturally one such case would spread distrust among hundreds of workmen, any one of whom would feel that a like thing might happen to him. The injustice done to one thus became a case of righteous resentment throughout the shop.

If our industrial structure is to endure, the conditions in it must come to be such as will make our workmen and women better, wiser, happier, and stronger through their work. It is a wrong to the community that profit should arise out of continued conditions that injure the workers. But a chasm of sympathy and an equal chasm of knowledge too often separate the worker from the employer; and through this want of knowledge and this lack of sympathy we all suffer.

II

The truth is that there has been an unequal advance in our industrial knowledge and practice. The technical side of production has become highly developed. Our great schools turn out men who are highly trained in engineering and mechanical sciences, and who add the results of constant experience and thought to the knowledge they have thus acquired. The result is commonly seen in the rapid and continuing evolution along the mechanical side of our industries. The same thing is largely true of the commercial side. We have specialists in

office systems; a technical press is devoted to this kind of work as well as to engineering. We have commercial schools and schools of business administration, and a force is growing up trained to deal with these matters in a professional way. But we have as yet no means of training in the great art of guiding men. Our application of exact knowledge to our industries is too much confined to the office and to the mechanical equipment of a mill. Little or nothing has been done to deal scientifically—that is, to deal with accurate knowledge—with the human force which is, after all, the greatest power in production.

Yet it is obvious to any thinking man that accurate knowledge needs to be applied to this human factor quite as much as to the others we have mentioned. The problems of mechanics and of materials and equipment in a large industry are complex and difficult, but not more so than the problems arising from the complexities of the human nature on which, in a large measure, the success of the mill depends. For we may fit a dozen machines with like tools and like materials and run them at a similar speed and be sure of a like result from all the twelve; but this cannot be done with a dozen men, for the men are not alike, and in the man is a capacity for responsiveness or for obstructiveness that the machine does not contain. In short, the machine is an inert thing to which power must be applied from without, and the man is alive, actuated by forces from within. And yet the lesser mechanical sides have been studied exhaustively, and the greater human side has been studied very little. One wonders whether it is because a price has to be paid for buying machines that we are so careful about their quality and their maintenance, and wonders also whether, if it were realized that high

wages paid to a man may be as truly an investment as a high price paid for a machine, our methods with the man would not be different.

Our present way of dealing with the human force in industry is largely by guess-work or by 'rule of thumb.' We talk about an eight-hour day as if there were some fixed result to come from working that long; yet know, as we say it, that the mere number of hours is no measure of product, that one man will produce in eight hours what it takes another ten hours to make, and that there will also come in differences in quality of work to affect either result. And we talk also about the law of supply and demand for labor, as if the market price of labor, could it be fixed, would give us for one hundred laborers employed at that market price some exactly defined result. Yet we know that of the one hundred some will be better, some worse, and that the arbitrary wage which the supposed law might involve would be an accurate measure neither of cost nor of product. We have gone on blunderingly enough with this unstudied human factor, at an awful cost of human pain and want and suffering; and at a serious loss to manufacturers, who bitterly complain of inefficient and insufficient labor; and at a heavy loss to the community, which tries by all sorts of crude efforts through laws and regulations to arrange without exhaustive study that which only such study can fathom, and to do in a sort of helpless way that which needs careful and patient development on lines determined by knowledge.

Before leaving this part of our subject let us think for a moment of some of the consequences of our failure hitherto to study this precious human problem as we ought to have done. In the sweat-shops of our great cities women literally agonize in the effort, through long hours amid bad surround-

ings, to secure enough for bread. In some of our great mills children, far too young for toil, work through the live-long day; on our railways thousands of employees' lives are annually sacrificed; in some of our great factories the conditions are such as to degrade our womanhood and to threaten the future generations. We know these things, — in a groping way through our labor boards we are beginning to inquire into them, and they are forced on our attention now and then by the outbursts of discontent normal to such conditions.

III

Those who teach the so-called 'scientific management,' of which so much is now heard, approach these problems from a standpoint that has at least the merit of being an attempt to get exact knowledge. Their point of view is that the men in the mill must be studied first of all; and when they say men they include the manager, the superintendent, and the foremen, as well as those lower down in the industrial scale. Indeed, since it is a fundamental principle of this new method that there must be a readjustment of outlook on the part of the management toward the employee, it is in the manager that the new gospel finds its first and often its chief opponent; for the manager, especially if he be a successful one, thinks he knows how to run his mill, and the last thing that occurs to him is to become his own severest critic. The new teaching tells him, however, that he must not only do this, but that he must abandon the 'eye for an eye' and 'tooth for a tooth' principle of dealing with the workers, and assume in their behalf some details of management that now are neglected. He is told that his whole industry must be planned to make it easy for those workers to produce; that their needs must be consid-

ered as a foremost part of the manager's task, and that materials, tools, and accessories of every sort must not only be provided for the workers, but be brought to the workers; that the saving of the workers' energy and worry and time is the supreme duty of the management.

It is strictly enjoined upon the head of the establishment that, instead of hiring a man at so much a day, and then letting him work out his own salvation at the lathe or the loom, he is to be the friend, counselor, and guide of that workman in every detail of his daily work. Thus the relation between master and man is, by the new teaching, at least partly reversed. No longer does the man merely serve the master. The master must now devote himself in part to serving the man, and when the new spirit gets firm hold, each becomes the willing and glad servant of the other, to the common profit and the public good.

The second step taught by the new method is how practically to carry out this spirit of mutual service. Here begins the removal of obstacles from the workman's path. Materials, tools, and appliances are standardized, to save the time taken in choosing between those that are unlike. Materials of a kind are grouped in such wise that steps may be saved. Men called 'move-men' are employed, whose duty it is to bring everything the worker needs to where the worker is, in order that the latter's time may be given wholly to productive work. This is carried so far in some instances that drinking-water is brought about to the workers to save their having to leave their work to get it, or drinking fountains are installed at frequent intervals for a like reason.

In this phase of the new method of management, continuous study is given to doing that which shall assist the

employee in his task, and a constant evolution goes on in this assistance.

Then comes the system of planning and arranging work in such a way that for each machine or man the work is so planned in advance that the question never arises: What is next to be done? Before one task is finished the material and appliances for the next are brought to the worker's side, ready to his hand, and at one central point in the factory office the entire present and future progress of the work through the factory is, so to speak, visualized in cards upon a board, so that it is there shown what each machine is doing, and what it has to do. This method permits no backward step, no wasted motion, and cuts out many a so-called handling charge that now means loss.

IV

But when the equipment of a mill has been perfected and standardized, and each machine has been so regulated, altered, or replaced, that it shall produce the product determined upon by careful study as standard, and when to the worker's side have been brought the material and the tools and appliances needed, and when a systematic flexible plan of present and future operation has been put into use, there is still much left undone. Now begins the study of the worker himself. For what is he fit, and how fit is he? Because he calls himself a machinist, can he run a lathe in the best way? Because he is entitled a weaver, can he run looms with the best results? This becomes a matter of individual study, which has two objects: one is to learn whether that worker does his work with the least effort in the simplest and easiest way. If he does not, he is taught how to leave out false motions, and how to save his time and energy. Instructors are provided for

this express purpose. Indeed, the factory becomes in a true sense a school in which the manager must have the spirit of both a teacher and a learner, and in which there is a staff of trained teachers daily practicing their art.

In a West Virginia glass-works was a man who by skill and training earned eleven dollars daily. Another near him could earn but eight dollars daily. Under the new spirit of management an instructor was assigned to the eight-dollar man so to teach him that he might bring his product up to the point where he also would earn eleven dollars. For it has come to be realized of late that the amount of wages paid is not the serious thing, but that the amount and quality of the product is the controlling factor.

The second reason for the study made of the worker is to learn the time in which work ought to be done. It is at this point that there is much dispute concerning the effects of the new system. Men separate this single element in it from the others; and forgetting that the spirit of this management, which is its core and without which it does not exist at all, is that of mutual helpfulness, assume that this time-study, as it is called, threatens what is called 'speeding-up.' There has been also serious objection to the methods used for this time-study: they are claimed to be intrusive and objectionable to the degree of putting an indignity upon the workman.

Clearly the accurate knowledge which our industries require must be obtained. We must know, and no longer guess, how long a certain operation ought to take; but just as clearly this knowledge should not be obtained in any offensive or aggressive way, but with the consent and coöperation of the worker. Done in any other way the information may not be trustworthy. For our present purpose, however, it

suffices that a thorough and kindly inquiry is made into the details of each operation the worker performs, and that knowledge is gained of the necessary delays and interruptions in his work. In this way standards can be set which, through teaching the operative the easiest ways of working and bringing to his side what he needs with which to work, permit production at less labor on a much greater scale than by the former rule-of-thumb methods.

At this point the spirit of coöperation, which is fundamental to this method of management, steps in again to say that the worker's task, in which he is taught and assisted as has been described, and which through such teaching and assistance has become more productive, shall return to him a much larger wage than that he has hitherto received. Experience shows that this increase has run from thirty-five to fifty per cent advance, and in the shops where this has taken place, the men themselves not only seem, as the writer has observed them, to be taking things calmly, though without waste of time, but they say themselves that they are not overstrained. Indeed, in some places where the new method is used, workmen to whom it has not yet been applied have petitioned for a chance to work under it.

V

From this brief review it may be clear that the so-called 'scientific methods of management' aim to get facts not only about machines and materials, but about men and women. They strive to adjust the worker to the work; to train him in it; to equip him for it; to provide everything needed for its easy and wasteless performance; and to recompense him well for the larger product made. But emphasis must again be placed upon the fact that it is

the presence of the cordial and hearty spirit of sympathetic coöperation between the employer and the workmen in the factory that is the very core and centre of these new methods. If that spirit is wanting, the new methods are not there, no matter what the management may be said to be. This is truly one of the cases where 'the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive.' No amount of orders from owners, of blank forms, and clerical staffs will make up one of these so-called 'scientific' systems. Back of them all, fundamental to them all, is the broad spirit of teamwork without which, whatever the management may be, the phrase 'scientific management' has no meaning.

Nor do the apostles of the new creed urge that it is one which can be adopted quickly, as one would eat his dinner; nor that it can be at once assimilated, as that dinner is digested. Any change in factory management must be an evolution out of that which has preceded, just as those systems or lack of systems which exist are themselves the result of evolution. It would be contrary to the very spirit of the new ideals to impose them from above by sudden orders, and it would also be an offense against the new spirit to attempt to impose them upon an unwilling working force. The misunderstanding of what is really meant by the new movement we are discussing will be fundamental and complete if we fail to grasp that this is an effort to have men in our industries do to each other as they would like to have others do to them, and to do this because, being in accordance with the laws of human nature, it is lucrative so to do.

Not only are the present conditions in many of our industries such as barely to afford a living to the operative, but employers complain that profits are not what they require for the maintenance of their plants, and

to cover the risk involved. 'The high cost of living' is a phrase which is on the lips of every one, and represents a fact which presses with peculiar power upon the homes of the poor. It does not meet this problem to produce more profits by reducing wages, if that process would indeed bring that result; nor, on the other hand, does it meet the problem to reduce the profits by increasing wages, if that method could bring that outcome. In either case one of the two parties in interest would suffer, and the third interested party, the ultimate consumer, would not seem to be helped in either way. In some way we must get at a result in which all shall share — the owner, the worker, the consumer. Waste is loss whether it be wasted effort, wasted material, time wasted in the use of tools, or in the way of working; in whatever form waste appears, it is an absolute loss to us all.

So we find the word 'efficiency' everywhere spoken; not exactly defined but meaning in substance the stopping of waste. In one factory the owner finds his automatic machines running but eighty per cent of the working-day, — a waste of one fifth of all their time. By study and by coöperation with the men running the machines, and without increased effort on their part, the machines are brought to ninety-six per cent productive time. In another shop a lathe is found operating at such a feed and speed and with such equipment that by skillful readjustment it is made to produce forty-eight times its former product. Clearly there is need for exacting self-study on the part of our manufacturers.

Efficiency is a public need, and is not only necessary to meet competition, although the pressure of competition has proved insufficient alone to induce the highest efficiency, but it has become necessary for a larger need; namely,

because we cannot much longer endure the continued growth in cost of the common necessities of life. They must be produced in a more efficient way and at a lower cost. The new methods of management say in substance: 'We will provide this higher efficiency and this lower cost, and we will provide it in such a way that without overstrain the worker may produce the larger product costing less, and be paid more for doing it.' These methods offer thus a remedy that claims to meet the problem at both ends and to provide the worker with greater means for buying that which will cost less to buy.

But this efficiency is not an end to be sought for the benefit of any class or group among us. It cannot be a means of making the rich richer or of adding to the profits of the manufacturer unless it shall, at least in equal measure, add to the income of the worker, while it relieves him from physical effort as well as from mental strain. And the test of these new systems of management will be whether they do work out this result.

There has been a tendency in some quarters to criticize adversely the various systems of so-called 'scientific management' before they have had time to show their ultimate results. It would be more just to acknowledge frankly the faults and weaknesses of our present methods or lack of method; to confess how inconsistent they are with the happiness of the working people who get a bare living through them; to give to the new thought that welcome to which its high purpose would seem to entitle it; and to wait patiently and sympathetically till it has been given a fair chance and sufficient time to work out its results. It is neither fair nor wise to pass judgment on an unfinished job.

But the new evolution, in order to

produce the most economical results, while training the most efficient men and women to get those results, must not only conserve their physical and nervous health: it must do more. The happiness and contentment of the workers are as much a matter of public concern as their physical condition. The efficiency of the future must be not merely such as will provide a wage

sufficient for physical living, but such as will permit recreation and mental and moral refreshment. We shall not reach the needed results of the best methods of industrial management until we can speak of our industrial towns in a paraphrase of Holy Writ, saying: 'The cities shall be full of happy people working in the mills thereof.'

THE TEMPLE'S DIFFICULT DOOR

BY ROBERT M. GAY

Do you remember the little old white church which, when we were boys, we attended more or less unwillingly, according to the season, with its stiff-backed pews in which we sat aching, counting the pipes in the organ and the balusters in the altar-rail and the dentils in the moulding of the pulpit? Of course you remember it, and the little old lady who sat in a corner ejaculating her hallelujahs and amens with the regularity of a cuckoo-clock, and the solemn precentor who sawed out the time with his hand, and the preacher who took his texts from the Old Testament and rolled the names of the Ten Tribes and their enemies as a sweet morsel under his tongue. The little old lady, you recollect, was valiant in prayer-meeting. She was not afraid to criticize the minister, or to repeat week by week the story of her conversion in her ninth year. Nor did she fail continually to impress upon us boys — facing us, sometimes, with uplifted finger — the immanence of him who goeth to and fro in the earth and rageth like a lion,

seeking whom he may devour. Ah, those prayer-meetings! Shall we, shall we ever forget them? Or the references to the sinners who sat on the back row (where we always sat)? Or the wailing hymns, or the dismal testimonies, or the waves of dejection that swept over us during the cataloguing of our omissions and commissions?

And there was always a boy! Do you remember him? A boy of our own age, mind you, a boy who ostentatiously arose and, with the decorum of a deacon, dwelt upon his former iniquities and present beatitude. We expected this of an occasional girl, yet the girls never did it; a mumbled text, a flurried word or two, were the extent of their temerity. As for us, it was not our custom to discuss our souls, even among ourselves. It is said that to forget the existence of a stomach is the best symptom of health in that useful organ, and, if the analogy holds, our souls must have been singularly robust. We were bashful about our virtues and vices; we could not fathom the sentiments of

Take Time to be Holy; we were in mortal fear that some day somebody might convict us of sin and hale us forthwith into the fold of the elect. Yet here was a boy who flaunted his goodness in our faces. It was evident that he was not normal, that it lay with us as a duty to puncture the bubble of his presumptuousness.

The time came, you remember, very opportunely. On a memorable evening it was announced that this Infant Samuel, as the little old lady called him, was to recite to the congregation the entire Book of Esther from memory. For us, who found it beyond our powers to remember a Golden Text of ten words for ten minutes, such a performance was unbelievable. We put our heads together and evolved a plot, dark, yet charming in its simple effectiveness. We decided to make faces at him.

We were expert in the art of face-making, because we had practiced it for weeks upon our sisters who sang in the choir. They had suffered, but were now immune. The grimaces of a Grimaldi could not have ruffled the calm of their scornful features.

We planted ourselves in the front row, and the boy began his recital. In time his preoccupied and lack-lustre eye wandered in our direction and rested upon us. He started, looked away, stammered, recovered, and went bravely on. But we knew that he would look back. We dared not glance at our neighbors, but had faith that each was doing his duty.

Of course he did look back, but why prolong the mournful tale? It is sufficient to say that Esther and Ahasuerus remained unwedded and Haman unhung; and that our victim retired amid the titterings of the judicious and the commiserations of the pious, while we plumed ourselves upon a difficult task laudably accomplished.

I have indulged in this long reminiscence, which probably can be matched in the experience of most of my masculine readers, because it is provocative of thoughts that deserve to be aired. An essay might be written upon the pathos that lies in the spectacle of a boy who is incited to a public display of his goodness; in the docility which is as clay in the hands of deluded adults. That he suffered there can be no doubt, — not one half so much under the ordeal of our contriving, which, I hope, cured him, as under the isolation which his dedication to goodness made inevitable. He was a lonely boy, though he may not have realized that he was. That he could ever understand his fellows, or be understood by them, was impossible. He was the victim of the most perverse fate that can afflict a boy: he had been born in the bosom of a family whose piety contained not a grain of the salt of humor, not a particle of the leaven of imagination, not — But I am forgetting. I wish to ask the reader's consideration, not of the victim, but of the tormentors.

Why is it that boys are suspicious of that approximate moral perfection called goodness? Girls find a deep satisfaction in being good, — in being neat, in being clean, in being decorous. If they are not these, we call them tomboys, still casting the onus of sinfulness upon the other sex. When we boys confided our exploit to the little girls, we found that they openly defended the boy, though, it must be admitted, they privately admired us, as is the way of their sex. Our fathers, informed by our sisters, and instigated by our mothers, solemnly reproached us, but with a twinkle that would not be hidden. Manifestly, the trail of the serpent was over them, too. They were sorry that they had not sat in the choir.

The meekest of men love to tell how bad they were as boys, hugging their

fiction of early depravity with an unregenerate glee. The more innocuous they may be now, the more they love to boast — especially to their wives — of these phantasmal wild oats. The ladies pretend to be shocked at the stories, but are glad to believe them; and so it is not surprising if some men, in their fear of being mistaken for saints, remain boys all their lives.

The pursuit of the ideal is complicated by man's suspicion of goodness, and by woman's curious, but characteristic, indecision whether to espouse perfection or imperfection. Gifted with a natural propensity toward virtue and propriety and neatness and respectability and all the other approximate perfections of life, attaining them with ease and wearing them with grace, she of course values them little enough in man. His foibles interest her more than his virtues. She admires even while she condemns. He, because he is a man, prefers admiration to commendation.

In education, man as a rule inculcates ideals of perfection without pretending to practice them; but woman, with an iron logic which, man's aspersions to the contrary notwithstanding, is characteristic of her, not only points but leads the way. Hence it is that some teachers of her sex have two manners, the human for social occasions, and the divine for the class-room. In the privacy of their homes they have their imperfections; in the class-room they are icily perfect. Their perfectness extends to such details as facial expression and tone of voice. Occasionally a man adopts the duplex character, but with deplorable result. I remember such a one in high school. Those of us who had the good fortune to meet him socially, found that he had his peccadillos of character, manner, and language, but in the school he was a pattern which we despaired of imitating. From his necktie to his

reading of Burke's 'Conciliation,' he was without spot or blemish. We did not dare to love him; we gave up all hope of emulation. We nicknamed him Mrs. Dawson, and let it go at that.

But women carry this dual character more successfully than men. Whether because they are better actors or because we confuse saintliness with femininity, even as boys we are more ready to forgive it in them. To the little girls, it seems perfectly natural. They catch the idea readily and practice their teachers' precisions and pruderies upon the family. We must admit, too, that in the art of being a pattern, women show a sterner conscientiousness than men. They are not constitutionally so lazy. It requires hard and sustained effort to be a pattern, an inveterate and dogged attention to detail. It is chiefly here that we men fail. The male saints — witness Jerome — had a time of it with their petty temptations, simply because sainthood is largely a matter of detail. Most men are good enough in essentials, but fail in the little things; the little things, of which woman is enamored, — too often, the slave. To be perfect gives her a satisfaction that man will never understand; and, prompted by the constitutional laziness aforesaid, he takes refuge in calling goodness womanish.

His institutions, therefore, are good enough in essentials; his political organizations and governments, his bureaus and offices and federations and unions, all are nobly planned, but lack the feminine touch that makes for perfection. His streets are dirty and so are his politics; his laws need dusting; a little sweeping would not hurt his governments; his various organizations would be none the worse for some polishing and weeding and clipping of loose threads and sewing up of rents and various other species of revamping. All these last subtleties are be-

yond him, just as, be he never so neat, are all the tiny sweetnesss and refinements and knots and bows and satisfying knick-knacks of his wife's person. She is a creature of *soupgons* and *nuances* and intuitive niceties. She can endure no compromise with disorder or dirt or decay. Her motes are all beams until they are demolished; she uses a mountain of faith to move a mustard-seed; she cannot see the polished surface for the speck of dust that is on it. In her extreme development she spends her life doing the million and one trifles that man would leave undone.

The trouble is that, not satisfied with all this, she longs to make him perfect, too. Never deterred by the stupendousness of the task, she goes on, century by century, generation by generation, teaching him, preaching to him, marrying him; gently leading him or tyrannously compelling him toward the heaven of her ideal. And here again her gaze is microscopic. In her attention to his foibles she is liable to overlook his sins. She can seldom understand badness in boys, nor can ever see that the boy who is most bad in small matters may be the most good in large. She loves to keep her male offspring lamb-like, and tries his docility by making him wear long hair and wide collars and linen and ruffles and lace, never learning but through hard experience that, like the puppy, he takes naturally to mud and feels at ease only close to the soil. When he at last rebels and privily snips off his hair and rends his sashes and furbelows, she weeps, not because of the loss of material, but because of the loss of an ideal.

And who can blame her? It is seldom enough in this world that we can kiss and fondle an ideal, except in dreams.

I have a theory that our school laws should be revised and that we should confide our grammar-school teaching

of boys only to women who have been married. My reason is not the one the reader is imagining, however. It is not because she will have had children. No. I do not go so far as that. I merely demand that she shall have had a husband. He is quite sufficient. He is a male. A year's association with him will have softened her fibre, will have aroused in her mind doubts of the perfectibility of mankind. Then, then she will be ready to teach boys.

Yet it must be admitted that every teacher who has managed to remain human is confronted by a dilemma. As a teacher, he is expected to inculcate ideals of perfection, not only in studies, but in deportment; and yet, when he happens to come upon a student who approaches perfection it is a mournful occasion. The student may be admirable, but he is dull company. It has been suggested that teaching can be a satisfying profession only to very big or very little natures. I suppose that the idea is that the big nature sees the future in the instant, tolerates the present imperfection, dreaming of a distant flawlessness; while the little nature satisfies itself by attaining perfection in trifles.

The average man or woman who has drifted into the profession is saved from despair or insanity by that biological interest in, and curiosity about, humanity which we call humor. He knows that everlasting concern with perfection in trifles is a belittler of souls; that correcting sentences and paragraphs and Latin and German exercises and algebraic problems and geometrical proofs is poor food for a human mind. On the other hand, instinct tells him that the larger perfection is cold; that it dwells in the rarefied air of the mountain-tops; that it is un-human. To love the derelict student is treason to his profession; yet, as he looks back over the long line of

pupils who have passed through his hands, he sees that the ones who remain warm and vivid in his memory are those who fell most short of the very ideals which he tried to inculcate.

Among all the students in a certain school, I have a living recollection of just one, and he was the most imperfect student in it. He refused to study, he refused to behave, he insisted on fighting and bringing snakes to school in his pocket and — I do not exaggerate — standing on his head in the middle of a recitation. He passed most of his days sitting in the headmaster's office, studying demurely when that gentleman was present, and making paper flying-machines when surveillance relaxed. Yet, as I search my heart, I find that my memories of him are pleasant; that I should like to see him again, even at the price of having to recapture his garter-snakes, or of having to turn him right-side-up during a recitation. He was much misunderstood. Some of his teachers, having no faith in my theory of the interestingness of the imperfect, found him a thorn in the flesh, and predicted for him a sudden end by suspension; and there were doubtless times when, in an access of impatience, I longed for the end to come and was ready to officiate at it. He shattered the pedagogic ideal. Try as I would, I was unable to discover in him ideals of any sort, and he refused to adopt any that I offered, however edifying. Yet all the good little boys to whom he administered black eyes with the utmost generosity have faded from my memory and he stands out the brighter for the years that have gone. If he had been good, he, too, would long since have been consigned to the limbo of 'the dream of things that were.' Viewed in the narrow light of class discipline, he was a burden, like the grasshopper; in the broad and genial glow that falls from a humorous philosophy of life,

he was a joy, a heart-filling atomy of mischief, a triumphant example of the imperfectness of humanity and the humanness of imperfection.

We can postulate so much of the imperfect thing and so little of the perfect. Flawlessness leaves the weaker imagination so little to take hold of: it is slippery. Even woman, with that inconsistency which makes her adorable, really loves perfection no more than we. Every one knows that a little girl loves an old doll, or a rag doll, or a one-legged doll, better than the most expensive Parisian wax doll with real hair, and eyes that open and shut. The Parisian beauty has been longed for for months, but now that it has become an entity, it leaves the child cold. If it is so lucky as to lose an arm or some sawdust, there may be hope for it; but so long as it remains new and whole, it can never hope to enter the warmest precincts of the little girl's heart. 'To keep in sight Perfection,' says a contemporary poet, 'is the artist's best delight,' and his bitterest pang that he can do no more than that; yet in another epigram the same poet speaks as follows: —

The thousand painful steps at last are trod,
At last the temple's difficult door we win.
Perfect upon his pedestal the god
Freezes us hopeless when we enter in.

The little girl is tasting this experience. The contemplation of elastic joints, mechanical eyes, and waxen complexion warmed the cockles of her heart, but the embodiment of these in a palpable doll freezes her hopeless. If the poet, with more imagination, suffers too, and the highest natures — those which we call the transcendental — whiff the sadness that lies in the attainment of the perfect, surely the unimaginative mass of mankind can be excused if they find the inter-lunar regions chilly.

In reckless moments I wonder

whether the Greek statues did not suffer more happily at the hands of fate when they lost their arms and heads and legs than we are accustomed to think; whether their dilapidation has not given them a place in our hearts instead of merely in our heads; has not couched them in our love instead of merely pedestaled them in our reverence.

Or, to take an illustration from a lower plane, may it not be that we get a keener pleasure out of eating an imperfect apple? It is neither the best possible apple, which would be perfect, nor the worst possible apple, which would have a kind of negative perfection; it has a worm at the core; but I wonder whether we do not enjoy it more because we have to eat the more carefully to keep from eating him. Besides, he arouses in our mind all sorts of questionings. Why is he there? What kind of worm is he? How did he get in? How would he have got out if we had not ousted him? And — note this — what sort of an apple would it have been if he had taken up his residence elsewhere?

I am rather proud of this little apology of the apple. For the perfect apple could have roused no queries which the defective apple does not. The same

subtle influences went to make both: the same elements, the same forces, the same chemical processes. But the defective apple has in addition to all these — the worm.

There is 'some strangeness' even 'in beauty.' The perfect rhythm is intolerable. We demand chiaroscuro in life as in color. The preciousness of the ointment is the more evident for the fly. 'We love people for their vices,' so the vices do not make them despicable.

If the gods that sit above have a sense of humor, they must find us grown men and women as funny and as sad as we find the boys and girls and dogs. Not knowing the sentiments of the gods, we have to content ourselves with those of the poets and humorists who, we fondly imagine, have in them something of the god-like vision. They look at humanity from above. And they find that the spectacle of humanity trying to be what it cannot be, facing both ways, on the threshold of heaven casting a longing, lingering look behind, is comic and tragic in its very essence; for comedy and tragedy differ chiefly in degree. In the imperfection of humanity lie its tragedy and its humor. Without it, this would be a happier world; but with it, it is a merrier.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMEN AND DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND

IF those of us who are old enough in years, and old enough in thought and habit, and young enough in grace, to date ourselves consciously back to prehistoric times, to the days when there was a Lady of the Castle, and a Lady Abbess, and a Vanishing Lady; to the days when the Gentlewoman loomed large in life as in literature, to the days when Châtelaines were not manufacturers' daughters, when Nuns were not secularized, when Ladies were not Helps, when Woman was not writ large — if those of us, I say, could but live in this tiny corner of the most truly democratic government the world has ever seen (more truly democratic than most countries would ever desire to see!) we should be lost in amazement — so much is it a back issue here — at the heat of argument over, and the timeliness and popularity of, the Woman Question in the United States to-day. For more than a year American newspapers have brimmed with it. Reviews have published essay after essay. And as if this were not satiety, a few are even offering their readers a further year of it!

Certainly Americans when they take up an issue, whether football, athletics, or woman, take it up intensively. Otherwise the subject would be a dead issue. There would be nothing paying in it. God forbid that — as a nation — we should lose our sense of proportion, our sense of humor!

Now living in Switzerland, or more properly speaking living in this particular part of Switzerland (the shores of

Lake Geneva), tends to a larger, broader, because lazier, point of view. When nothing matters overmuch, when time is of no account, when to-morrow will do as well as to-day, life slips along easily, surely; old habits change, new ones are introduced, reforms come, the Lady vanishes, and no one seems to have anything in particular to say about it, or any special share in the doing of it. '*C'est comme cela*' — that is all. Things simply happen.

Surely this is a saner and a more advanced and restful state of affairs than the constant clamoring for things to happen, as with us; less wearing to one's nerves, and to the nerves of the country at large.

Must we then lay to our editors, conscientious, thoughtful men as they are, the responsibility for this overwhelming intensiveness with which a question, and often not a vital question, is discussed? Probably; for where would the college editor find his matter, and the city editor his, and the magazine editor his, in this day of the fifty-page sheet, and the one-hundred-and-fifty-page magazine, were it not in this detailed and reiterated treatment of a theme?

But where reviews are but a few pages thick, and newspapers but a single sheet, and an infinitesimal sheet at that, quantity is not needed. And how well one can do without it! How clear one's vision becomes! What tang to the short, crisp, sparkling editorials! How quickly, too, results follow! Why, only last year the women of Switzerland secured religious suffrage with scarcely a hot word, so quietly was the campaign conducted. And as church

and national policies are closely allied here, undoubtedly Switzerland, without so much as a single militant suffragette, will be among the very first countries to give equality in political suffrage.

And 'the Lady' has vanished? Most assuredly. And no one comments on it, or wonders at it, or writes about it. One never so much as catches a glimpse of an old-time Gentlewoman! And one does n't expect to.

But surely in this land of castles, there must still be 'the Lady of the Castle'? Castles there are in plenty, — beautiful old specimens of twelfth, and thirteenth, and fourteenth-century work; massive, imposing, dignified. One meets them at every turn. Castles also of a later date, warm, sunny, terraced affairs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but — as for the Lady of the Castle, alas, there is not one!

'What! not here, in this wonderful old building with moat and court?' No! indeed! — *that* châtelaine is an American! 'Or in this?' Again, no! — only a rich merchant's daughter from Zurich! 'Then here — in this rounded tower, fronting terraced sweep of lake?' No! not even here — an artist!

And where is 'the Lady Abbess?' Gone! Gone as completely as a myth of the Middle Ages! But in her place has come the Secularized Nun, quick of wit, keen of intellect, thoroughly the modern business woman — in a brand-new house, perhaps a city block in size; in a brand-new frock, without coif, or veil, or floating robe; with an uplifted eye, and manners to suit the times, and holding her own against all other twentieth-century competitors, as scholar, educator, philanthropist! A startling change to us of the Western world, and we stare in sheer amazement! But she lives, and achieves, and the Swiss eyelid never flickers!

And 'Woman,' plain 'Woman,' what of her? Is any career closed to her that she chooses to undertake? Apparently not one. Is there equal pay for equal work? Most certainly. Street-cleaner, field-hand, school-teacher, merchant, lawyer, doctor, dentist; — woman is all this and more. Married or single, old or young, the race is to the swiftest — man or woman.

And what is the result? The result is simply — justness; it could not well be less. But — it is not pleasing. In courtesy, it means a complete leveling down to mutuality. Woman has her place in train or tram — and so has Man; and his is not ceded to her. She has her place on street or sidewalk — and so has he; and he is careful to keep his right, and not to step aside. Should a foreign lady insist on greater ceremony, the man may give it, but — public sentiment is with the man, not with the lady.

And as with courtesy, so with manners: equality, always equality! The poor man elbows the rich woman. The tenement child screams from his window, '*Chapeau rouge! Chapeau rouge!*' if he deems the color of your hat too vivid. And neither act excites the slightest comment. Why should it? Has not Woman the same privileges as Man? Who speaks of chivalry or protection?

'Kindliness?' Ah! yes! stern kindness there is in plenty. But always as between comrades. Never because of sex. And one more sweet and gracious element in life has passed!

And if the Lady, and Courtesy, and Manners have vanished, so also has the Servant! 'What! No servants?' No! none whatever — that is none to the manner born. One can get them from France. One can get them from Germany. One can get them from Italy. One can get them from England. But if one wishes a Swiss servant one must

take her from the field, the shop, or the parlor. There are no others. And whether from field, or shop, or parlor, she is totally ignorant of service. Each phase has to be taught her, and life is short.

If, however, as occasionally happens, one is willing to accept age, and by age is meant something approaching seventy, one may secure efficiency, loyalty, manners. And what a glorious combination these three make! At present we know of just such a treasure in 'Madame Caroline.' There is nothing that she cannot bake or brew, no service that is too hard for her. Guests are received as by a duchess. And late in the evening, as we step into the kitchen to see what she is doing, we find her, wide awake, eyes sparkling, reading Fogazzaro! Even she must march with the times. Yet — Madame Caroline never reads novels! What then will be her awakening when in time she realizes the extent of her sin, we are eagerly anticipating!

But if age brings efficiency, it has also its drawbacks, drawbacks to be considered in these days of employers' liability. Age — is brittle. So the two days a week in which Madame Caroline goes to market we live in fear and trembling of accident to life or limb. And the days she spends indoors are even more of a nightmare, for when we see her — a little, gray, bent figure — perched on the topmost rung of a high step-ladder, cleaning windows, we fuss, and fume, and nearly faint.

There is of course that recklessly modern alternative, the Lady Help! And the Swiss delight in her. There is one around the corner, doing the service of a *bonne-à-tout-faire*; and a little farther on, another, as lady cook for a family of eight; and still farther on, a third, as lady nurse to a group of tiny sisters; and at Geneva, in a

charming old château, a fourth — the quaintest of Kate Greenaway figures — red hair, green smock, — a lady gardener! But is it pleasant meeting lady help? Certainly not. It is extremely disconcerting.

So also are other things in this land of democracy. Compulsory insurance, for one. Not of jewels, or valuables, there might be sense in this; but of towels, and frocks, and trunks, and bags, and pots, and pans, and endless household nothings. Individually insured, too; a maddening process — running into pure comic opera — when the City Fathers present themselves to make the verification.

And woman, like man, pays Federal State, and Municipal taxes, — three in all, — even if, as a foreigner, she is exempt from property or income tax. Oh, Woman has her privileges!

And chimneys are swept whether one will or no; at fifty centimes a chimney it is true, but — by order of the municipality, and by city appointees, and as often as *they* please, not as we please. And the present *ramonneur* nearly frightened us out of our wits the other day when we caught him embracing Madame Caroline in the Hall, and on both cheeks! A scene which was fairly startling till we were told he was her son-in-law — and yet the Swiss are not held to be demonstrative!

And if one's landlord dies, one's lease is canceled. And if he sells, one's lease is canceled. And if he fails, one's lease is canceled. Danger lurks in both living and dying, and the best lawyer in the land is none too good when it comes to the question of a lease!

And should the wind blow and one's house be a *châlet*, municipal authorities appear, and the fires are put out and one is left to shiver and shake, and to eat cold victuals! But — the house

stands. It does not burn down. No wonder insurance rates are low.

And should one require a telephone, one can secure it by a sliding scale arrangement: a large sum the first year, a moderate amount the second year, less and less the third, till finally the telephone is practically given one. Why not! the Swiss say. Why should it be otherwise? And—why should it?

A curious study—this race of hard-headed old Calvinists! But oh, the pure, sheer democracy of it all! The lack of fuss and clamor, the ease with which reforms appear, the readiness to abide by laws when made, the perfect Equality, the all-spreading Mutual-ity, the unfailing Common sense, and last, but not least, the touch of humor in the Lady Help, the Ramoneur, the Law!

THE OTHER SIDE

CLIMBING the hill of the years, about the twentieth turn one begins to catch glimpses of the Other Side. Youth sees only this side, its side, the absolute side. Then winds a little level path along the cliffs from which Youth gets strange mist-magnified, haze-distorted views across the valley. 'Do you know,' it whispers solemnly, 'I fear I am a sad heretic!' Or, 'When I was a child I fancied this a happy world!' Or, 'I do not like to talk about myself; nobody understands me!'

And Middle Age laughs at the little egotist. It has walked that cliff path: it knows. Now Middle Age is roaming at will, crossing new-made bridges, trying shaky stepping-stones, pushing gayly off in skiff or air-ship, and taking unmitigated, unabashed delight in these excursions to the other side. The old syllogism has come true: this side is not that side, hence this side must be the other side.

Sallie and I were discussing an acquaintance, and I gave my opinion in emphatic terms not wholly complimentary. Sallie's 'nevertheless' inaugurated a rose-colored list of our acquaintance's virtues, each item strengthening by opposition my casual views. Next day I overheard Sallie using my argument to a caller and getting well-drubbed for it; while I, trying Sallie's views on a fourth person, listened to my original opinion on our much-discussed friend. Now could anything have been more diverting? None of us cared; nobody was hurt. Our minds took contrary flexures as automatically as we 'sit light' when driving over a bump in the road, or lean in when the train curves out, or hurry our steps round the far side of Pisa's tower.

Having an invalid in the family and being asked day after day how he was, I adopted one rule of reply. When the query was couched with smiles and cheerful tones I replied that my patient was not so well. When the interrogation came dolefully, my patient was rather better. He himself was at first shocked at such levity; but, testing it, found it so provocative of amusement that I was condoned if not applauded.

A newspaper report of the serious illness of Judge Hoar caused a group of his friends to make inquiries of his brother. 'Oh, yes,' said the Senator genially, 'my brother was ill. His family were away and I was away and there was nobody to differ from him. He was lonely as one katydid without another to cry katydid n't. I returned to town, hurried to see him, contradicted everything he said, and we had several heated arguments. Now he is better, much better; he will soon be himself again.' And he was.

'I acted like a devil,' Sallie exclaimed one day; and when I protested,—

'Yes I did; and I wanted to act like a devil, and don't you with any perverted spirit of patience belittle my success in it.' Parents should let their children be contrary at times; it eases the strain. One wise father, when his boys threatened to run away from home, always fell in with the project, adding a courteous invitation to come home to spend the first night. On the contrary, being contrary to others' contrariness is merely to repeat on a superlative scale the original bone of contention. We 'catch the sense at two removes.'

While we get frequent profit and amusement in differing from others, the situation is more piquant when we differ from ourselves. In the midst of writing an editorial on the 'Interrogative Bore' I recall how hurt I was when one of my friends ceased to inquire about my affairs. 'Never explain,' I used to urge, till there stole over my memory the grace and balm of certain explanations made by loyal, velvet souls.

Descanting upon the sins of procrastination, I am haunted by a sense of the hours I have wasted by 'raw haste, half-sister to delay'; the crossed letters my celerity has precipitated; the apples I have discarded because I plucked them green. So I write one side of the case blithely, and then refute it tellingly, as tellingly as did my absent-minded friend who responded to his own toast. Sometimes an editor accepts both my sallies; sometimes he takes but one, — not necessarily the better one, but because he already has on hand a pat rejoinder written by another. Or sometimes it happens I had written the rejoinder myself. Those years I had gone on unconsciously collecting data on the other side, till the flood broke through like a reservoir in the hills, washing away all I had built up of old. Well,

why not? We change our skins every seven years, why not our minds? To feel the same thing continuously is to feel nothing at all. We read a book we marked ten years ago and contradict each underscored assertion.

James says that the obstinate insistence that tweedledum is not tweedledee is the bone and marrow of life. A judge of one of our highest courts recently returned to private practice because he hated having to be impartial. He needed the enthusiasm of acting one-sidedly. For him progress lay not in a straight line equidistant from either bank but, as in tacking, in the over-accentuating of one principle at a time. One mother is a notable cook. Her daughter prefers that her children shall remember her by something else than the good things she puts into their mouths. The third generation elects domestic science. Romanticism was a protest against the barren formalism of a decadent classicism. When romanticism ran to seed, realism sprang up to choke it. Then the new symbolism ploughed up the dry facts of the last crop. Luxury needs the corrective of hard times, and from the resultant stern economy blooms the wherewithal to provide beauty and art and song.

By such corrective spice our knowledge gets digested into wisdom. The reverse side of the judge mentally exhausted through the strain of being impartial is the backslider from Christian Science who was tired of being so happy all the time. No single virtue is the key to the universe. The French shouting '*Egalité*' were blind to the fact that the greatest inequality is achieved by the equal treatment of unequals. In winter I and numberless other students and tax-payers are practically debarred from the use of a splendid reading-room in a great public library because the atmosphere

reeks with the odor of the soiled clothes of hundreds of loafers who occupy the chairs and doze over magazines which they cannot read but which they usurp and pollute. All the yarn Penelope spun in Ulysses's absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths.

Many-sidedness, however, has its perils, too. It is possible to cultivate intellectual conditions that fairly paralyze the will. Premature multiplication of many points of view, cultivated emphasis of the many-sidedness of truth, readiness to defend any proposition, tends, as President King says, to over-sophistication. Lord Rosebery's fatal gift of seeing both sides of a question produces an equilibrium of inactivity of enormous loss to British politics. As Sentimental Tommysagely remarked, 'It is easy enough to make up your mind if you have only one mind'; but he had so many.

Still are not our many minds, is not our many-sidedness, the inevitable fruit of single-mindedness? They are woven together like the wrong side and the right side of a fabric, and in the best fabrics the wrong side is the right side, too. Let us decline to be frightened by this bugbear of the other side. Turn it over. Cross over. Know the other fellow. Try the other point of view. The judge asked Sam Weller if he spelled his name with a V or a W. 'That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord,' replied Sam.

AN INHERITANCE

I DID N'T have so many troubles of my own in those days but that I could take an interest in other people's doings, and my interest in Littledan was very keen indeed. He was one of those curious characters whom a boy instinctively finds as soon as he is allowed to run by himself. Such charac-

ters are always found in queer spots; always appear to be about the same age; and so far as the boy can understand, must have been just so old and just so located ever since time began.

Littledan had mild blue eyes, a bald spot on the top of his head, and a soft, low voice. His name, as it was spoken, was the outgrowth of his small stature and the fact that he had no other name known to the villagers except Dan. He lived all alone in a little cottage down by the river, and earned his daily bread by doing those things which it is hard to find any one to do: beating carpets, mowing lawns, and the like. Sometimes he got drunk, but his drunks were as small and mild as himself.

Although the fishing was good at the back of his garden he never fished, but I believe I won his heart with the bull-heads I took to him. I came to think of his labors as being timed by seasons. There were the carpet-beating season, the lawn-mowing season, and the path-shoveling season, besides various others.

I must have been in the habit of stopping and visiting with him for as many as five years before my boyish mind focused itself upon a curious thing in connection with his carpet-beating.

All day long, in their season, he would have one carpet after another hanging on a rope, and in his patient way would stand and beat. When each was finished it was carefully and methodically folded and laid inside his woodshed until he should have a wheelbarrow-load ready to deliver.

Our village was comparatively new. Of late years it had come to be something of a manufacturing place, so such fortunes as were in it were also comparatively new. Perhaps this fact was nowhere revealed more distinctly than it was on Littledan's carpet-

beating rope. Such monstrous figures, and such monstrous colors, and so monstrously blended — even I, a boy, could see the handwriting on those carpets.

One evening as I stopped on the way home from fishing, it suddenly occurred to me that the small carpet hanging on the rope, and being very gently tapped with the beating stick, was much more subdued than the general display to be seen there. It also seemed to me that this carpet was in some way familiar. After a little it was taken down and folded, but instead of being put in the wood-shed it was carried into the cottage.

My interest in the matter was not sufficient to cause me to ask questions. But when I saw this same small modest carpet the last one to be beaten for six consecutive evenings — and no dust came out of it at that — I called for an explanation.

Littledan blushed sheepishly.

'That's my own carpet,' he admitted. 'I beat it the last thing every night to steady my nerves. Somehow these bright colors and big figures wear on me in a way I can't describe. Sometimes they'll wave and flop before my eyes half the night. Last spring I got so that when one lady gave me a plain, mild sort of a carpet to beat, I was possessed to steal it. I kept it three or four days and beat it over and over again, just for comfort's sake. A good many times since then I've stopped in front of her house and almost gone up to the door and asked if I could n't go in and look at that carpet. I've been saving my money all summer on purpose to buy one like it. I got it just before this house-cleaning season started.'

I am afraid I laughed at his explanation, but, if so, Littledan was not the kind to lay it up against a boy.

When I went home I told my father

what I had seen and heard. At first he seemed amused and then he became thoughtful.

'It's best not to notice people's little queer streaks,' he advised, 'and we certainly ought not to speak of them, or, what is worse, laugh at them. Queer streaks, when we learn their origin, often turn out to be very sane and logical.'

Father's hint was sufficient, and I never again made light of Littledan's drab carpet. During two seasons of each year — the one when the robins were nesting, and again when the leaves were falling — I saw it beaten daily. I associated it with the winding up of the day's work and the setting of the sun. It was done with the solemn regularity of the Angelus. In time I came to look upon it as a sort of ceremony, much like a benediction. Even after I had grown to manhood, with yet a lingering taste for visits with Littledan, his sacred carpet received its regular beatings.

But at last came the inevitable change at the cottage. I remember distinctly that it was the day after the great blizzard that I found Littledan sick and alone. He had shoveled paths all day, and it was his last work. I took turn-and-turn-about with the neighbors to make him as comfortable as possible, but he grew steadily weaker.

One night when I felt sure that there was no longer ground for hope I ventured to ask him if he had any relatives.

'I don't know,' he said feebly, 'but I understand what you mean. Won't you bring me that box?'

It was the little tin chest of his earthly treasures, and he opened it in my presence for the first time.

'I suppose that is my father,' he explained, fumbling out a very old and very dim daguerreotype. 'My mother died when I was a little boy. She

worked at a farmhouse up in the New Hampshire hills. We were not allowed to come to the table with the others. She kept that picture and this brush under her pillow and laughed and cried over them most of the time, as I remember it.'

He showed me an artist's brush, and after contemplating it, went on, —

'She used to tickle my face with it. She said he had painted pretty pictures with it. I never heard her called any name but Mary, and no one ever called me anything but Dan. She used to stand on the river bridge and hold me in her arms while she looked down into the water. The water scared me, and when I cried she would go away from the river. Finally, so they told me, one night when she was alone, she fell in and they found her drowned. Then an old woman took me, and when she died I was quite a lad. They talked of sending me to the poor-house, but I ran away.'

He put the brush and picture back in the box and closed the lid.

'I've told you this,' he continued, 'so you'd be sure and have them buried with me. I can't burn them up.'

He turned his face to the wall and when he spoke again it was on another subject. 'After I'm gone you can have my carpet.'

WHERE COOKS GO

I SEEM to hear a great deal nowadays as to the advisability of telling children fairy tales. 'It seems to me,' said an anxious mother, as I passed her tea one afternoon, 'that I should acquaint my offspring with the real truths of life, in order that I may prepare them for its trials. For life has many tribulations, to be sure, and one of its greatest worries I am now enduring! My cook has gone!'

I am sure this lady little knew how

far she was straying, when she made this last assertion, from the straight and unimaginative course which she was advocating. She said her cook had gone, but failed to realize the wonderful vistas of mystery and conjecture which this single and seemingly simple statement had opened. For, where do cooks go? We hear of their going, even unto the thousands and tens of thousands, but only upon the rarest occasions do we hear of their coming back.

'My cook has gone!' It is final, it is despairing, there is no beyond. Once a cook has gone she has disappeared, vanished, irrevocably spirited herself away.

Perhaps there is a sort of Pied Piper who walks the city streets, invisible to mortal eye, and calls enticingly to the cooks to follow. Along they come a-scrampering, — good cooks, bad cooks, permanent cooks, temporary cooks, — crowding and jostling one another for first place, as though the piper were the proprietor of a prosperous intelligence office. There is just a chance that he is; a grasping person, who seeks to fill his coffers by securing a corner on the cook market. Perhaps I do him wrong. His only object may be to invite all hard-working culinary artists to join him on a life-long vacation, a veritable Cooks' Tour.

But this piper is merely a conjectural figure and might easily give way to some other theory. The mother of a friend of mine has had five cooks in two years, and all have gone and married. Yet my friend remains single. Such a chain of circumstances might lead to the inference that, matrimonially speaking, the attribute of cookery is a desirable one, and that all cooks eventually marry. This would not be hard to believe, for is it not often said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and moreover

the best way to tame the male animal is to feed the brute? It therefore does not seem impossible that every 'single' masculine creature should fall victim to any cook's cajoleries. On the other hand, it may be the gastronomically inclined men who persuade the reluctant cooks to wed, wishing confidently to exclaim with Webster, 'Me and my cook, now and forever, one and inseparable!'

But there is a doubt in my mind as to whether marriage would account for so complete a disappearance as that of an evanishing cook. We live in an enlightened age when married women are no longer entirely on the shelf. It is easy to suppose, however, that these men who marry cooks are of the old school; the sort that think of home as woman's sphere, and consider the broader social occupations as in the nature of an un-sexing. It seems rather a pity that men like this do not confine their attentions entirely to cooks, for then there would be fewer philanthropists and musicians lost to the world because of selfish and narrow-minded husbands.

Until this happy day arrives it is to be feared that all women must suffer, more or less, because of the opinions of those men whom nature surely intended exclusively for the husbands of cooks. So that we live in a sad world, where the state and the nation are forced to be a sort of half-orphans with no mother to guide them, while the women who would like to assist them in their bereaved state, must instead limit their activities to such confines as the stronger sex have selected and defined as household arts: such as rearing their children to an age when the men can look after them in public schools, and as buying and cooking produce which the men have exposed for sale in the city market.

Which last remark naturally brings

us back to the question admitted to be of vital importance to all sorts of women. Who will solve it, who will be the great social benefactor, who will settle the point once for all, and proclaim to harassed housekeepers and hungry householders, where it is that cooks go?

How fortunate if I could be that prophet, that philanthropist! How fortunate if I could delve into the infinite mystery, and wrest from the beyond a few facts to lighten humanity's burden! But beyond theory I cannot go; the only fact embodied in this paper is its brevity, which approximately represents the average stay of the ordinary cook.

UNDER THE TREES

WHETHER there is gypsy blood in my veins is a question which I answer sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. Of a sleety night when I hug the fireside, filled with Pecksniffian complacency at the contrast between my comfort and the misery of the homeless wanderer, I incline to the belief that all my ancestors were drowsy, square-toed burghers, nourished on sauerkraut and beer. But once outside, with the sleet slapping me in the face, and the wind pushing against my body, I feel that such an ancestry is inadequate to account for me. At these times I am sure that some ever-so-great grandfather and grandmother were married over the tongs; for which folly, Grandsir and Grandam, allow me to return you my fervent thanks.

For there is something melancholy in the contemplation of your indoors product, spending his whole time rehearsing for the more permanent immurement in the family sepulchre: in vain does Melibæus's reed summon him to beechen shades. What he calls his conscience is forever teasing at him to 'improve' his time — all ignorant as

he is that there are some times so perfect that to dream of 'improving' them is an impertinence. Such are these heaven-sent days when from morning until dark one may lie under the trees that shade some cinquefoil-covered bank, and watch their branches against the sky.

They tell me that all ills have their compensations. I sincerely hope it may be so. To me, at any rate, long days spent underneath the trees have, in some sort, made up for much weariness of mind and body. It is wonderful how different trees, perfectly familiar from porch or window, look when you come to them for rest. It is the difference between a friend's face as one sees it every day, indifferent, preoccupied, stern, and the same face bending over you when you are ill or sad.

There is a something peculiarly caressing about a pear tree in early autumn when the full-formed fruit is mellowing and taking on a richer coloring. Lounging beneath its downward curving boughs of a sunny afternoon, one receives a gracious suggestion of Pomona, the ruddy-cheeked and strong-armed, stooping so close that the autumnal perfume of her garments stirs the senses headily. Under such a tree, on such an afternoon, might John Keats have felt out his poem, 'To Autumn,' whilst old dreams of peace floated through his drowsy brain.

I claim connoisseurship in these matters, and much experience has made me somewhat precious as to the aerial background for my various trees. For naked beeches, the misty azure of an afternoon in Indian summer; for Lombardy poplars, a leaden sky and a black line of slow-flying crows; but for the wild-cherry, a day of high winds driving

tumbled masses of cloud through sapphire heights. There is an inexpressible austerity in those sparse leaves of the wild-cherry, all blown in the same direction: so at midnight, while the multitude of pilgrims slept below, may the Stylite on his pillar have stretched out yearning hands toward God: such intensity of longing breathes in the passionate

Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto, of the Monk of Cluny. And, gazing upward through the intervals of the scant foliage of this tree, I have seen the bright sky shining through, as Roman Catholic mystics have fancied they saw the Host glow through the sheer linen of the corporal.

But, before all, last of all, beautiful always, the oak! Whether its branches show green against a dark-blue sky, — gold where the sunlight touches them, — whether its leaves show magenta in the light of the setting sun, or black and silver in the moonlight, there is no tree of them all to compare with it. All a summer's day you may lie stretched beneath it, so strong and so friendly, not to you only, but to all the little lives that swarm about its roots. All kinds of busy creatures, ants, spiders, daddy-long-legs, beloved of your childhood, go scurrying over you on this errand and that, as unafraid, almost, as if you were dead. A feeling of kinship comes to you: a knowledge that all this life in oak and grass and insect, and the good dog lying at your feet, is but a little part of the ageless flux and reflux: soothingly as a cool hand on an aching head, there comes to you the realization that soon, fears, hates, and loves forgotten, your tired body shall rest under the trees all the days and all the nights.

